

## Practice

Baby Smoove

Yuh  
Fuck you talkin' 'bout?  
Yeah man  
What I say  
What I be saying?  
I don't even remember what I be saying, bruh  
I ain't rap in so long, this shit crazy (wow)  
Haha, Dopeman  
What do I even be rapping about?  
Like, I don't even know how to start, or whatever  
Nah I'm finna be doin'  
It's all me

I'm a franchise player, I'mma take the game winner  
But what I made last year, it'll last for 12 winters  
I just bought a money counter, I wanna put a million in it  
I just bought a money counter, I put a thousand hundreds in it  
Look we had a good run, but I'm sorry girl, you're finished  
I just faced me an eighth, it took two days to finish  
I be smoking out the boat, this exotic I be grilling  
I went to sleep with 20k, really I just want the feeling  
I made a killing off of scams, but this rap shit is different  
Learned from the hood three times this week, they been trippin'  
I know you wanna be me boy, you hate how you livin'  
You can't even buy no food, worried 'bout the next nigga  
But little bit of nothing, and I'll have your head trippin'  
If that's what you call up, then I'm where your head is, nigga  
Them niggas really wanna play, I'll have your kid missin'  
Lil' niggas don't kill for me, cause they know my pay is different

My bad  
I was just playing with my money  
Bought my momma a Chanel purse, and filled it up with hundreds  
All my bitches understand that we can't go out in public  
He don't know them bullets hot, we gon' put em in the oven  
[?] my nigga, like what's crackin'  
Shit, he say just how it comin'  
1600, Kel-Tec, them bullets don't stop comin'  
I can't send it in the mail, I just wrap 'em and they come in  
I been doin it so hard, I can't get off the Mclovin'  
"Smoove what the fuck you mean you gon' stay out there? Shit jumpin'"  
It mean I found a small town, every store I hit open  
I remember rich times, I couldn't even get Rover  
I got pounds of Turtle Pie, man I swear this shit bone  
Held a baby by the chopper, then report the bitch stolen  
Got your baby on my side, just report the bitch stolen  
What I just spent on lean was a lil' Range Rover  
Bitch I face pints, I don't get no hangovers  
Catch his car at the light, give that boy a makeover  
I'm in Louis V', still sippin' cream soda  
I'm in Louis V', still sippin cream soda, you'll...  
Hold on  
I'm in Louis V', still sippin" cream soda  
You'll kill for that hoe, I just make her bend over

Yeah  
You know how this shit go

Franchise player type shit, man you know what I'm sayin  
Franchise guys, the big ticket  
Whatever you wanna call it  
You know what I'm saying, man  
Outta my fuckin' money  
You know  
You know what I'm sayin'  
Jam up the money counter on the daily, type shit  
You know what I'm sayin'  
I'll buy your life