

SCOREBOARD

Baby Smoove

I'm so quick to call a play, they been done threw you off the backboard

If I up my price now, they give me exactly what I ask for
Take the jersey off your back, you ain't with the gang no more
She gave me head for some hours, I'm like, "Damn, I know your neck sore"

Soon as I wake up, I hit the blunt and put my chain on
Soon as I wake up, I hit the cut and put my rings on
I can show you how to make like twenty mil' off eight songs
Ain't no S on my chest, it's an F with this Bape on
Everybody know if you run up, I'll make you fall back
I been rich for some years, ain't seen you niggas with the ball yet

I heard niggas goin' broke, I swear to God I could've called them at

I don't respect no nigga tellin', that shit over, you a whole rat at

Nigga think it's sweet, they gon' spin until they get him
You gotta make that shit count, you can't hit nobody innocent
Chopper back a nigga down, get in that paint, then we finish him

You the type to go around tellin' niggas that we killin' it
I don't wanna hit your blunt, swear to God you can face that
Right there with my zipper be exactly where her face at
You the type of nigga tryna pinch at your man's sack
Every bullet in here hit a nigga like a ho back
Hundred-twenty, all fifties, it look good than a bitch
I only got this Glock 'cause it's good with the switch
You want me on a song, twenty thousand for a hit
This cup dark as fuck, like three hundred every sip