

2 For 6

Babyface Ray

Who the hell is Carlo?

Uh, uh

Uh, yeah

Stick got a coolin' kit

Had to quit shootin' shit, know I'm too legit

Back and forth, forth, back, couldn't keep doin' it

Clear they block, had to show my opps who was rich

Too much yellin', fussin', trippin', need a newer bitch

New Maybach three-fifty, I get two for six

I ain't lyin' (I ain't lyin'), foreign ridin' (Skrtrt, skrtrt)

Cashed out, but I'ma do that some more times

Spent a million on a crib, four times

Eighteen, was in my hood, Porsche flyin'

We too lit, ain't sellin' shit, endorse mine

You want advice? Of course, pussy boy, grind (Yeah)

Ayy, loyalty is law, can't spot a bitch with no flaw

Stuntin' like my niggas, feed the fam like my Pop

Fly high, nigga, boy, closet like the mall

Boss who? Cut it out, we the ones in charge

You the type to get that shit and let your niggas starve

They say "Sky the limit", in the Cullinan with stars

Do the 'Raq, you play, I get you whacked

This shit like chess, you make a move, my boy know I'ma get you
back

We outside, they might think I'm blind, got that stick attached

Off the bench, I'ma go for fifty, tryin' to get the max

Off the hip, pop up in your city, tryin' to get them racks

Off the strip, disrespect me, nigga, they gon' hit your hat

We ain't even walk in the club yet, we in the back (Right here)

Let lil' bro 'nem whip the Urus, I jump to the 'Llac (The 'Llac
)

Doin' hot shit out the skat, then hopped in the track (Vroom)

Way, way back then, I had a fed mac' (Grr)

But I ain't never goin' back, 'cause I'm havin' sack (You know
that)

Nigga, I was havin' crack, now I'm havin' plaques

Pay-outs go out every month, that's like eighty racks (Phew)

That ain't shit, that's how I function, I'm okay with that

Dreads got a Ghost Glock, put a K with that

We ain't have to buy the stock, no, it came with that (Uh)

Hit his top again (Bah)

Flip his shit, park the drop, get in the drop again (Ayy, ayy,
okay)