

## Off Rap

Babyface Ray

She ain't even make me work for it  
I ain't give that bitch a dime, put a Perc' on her  
I ain't never lettin' up, I'm puttin' pressure on 'em  
All these extras off of rap feel like dope money  
Niggas in my mentions, "When them shirts comin'?"  
Thinkin' in my head, when that work comin'?  
Frustrated 'cause you broke, boy, don't hurt nothin'  
Don't talk me to death, nigga, serve somethin'

Can't offend me, I'll leave your bankroll in Fendi  
These niggas talkin' too much, lookin' pity  
Met her in the club but the bitch leavin' with me  
Glizzy in the club, get the strap like I'm...  
I mix the heroin with the Off-White  
Thirty-three for the jacket, that's a soft price  
I'm in them Cartier frames and they chalk white  
Fear of God, some racks, so I walk light, ooh  
Set up in your territory like it's Fortnite  
I speak the truth but I disrespect my court right  
You know you supposed to treat the hustle like a sport, right?  
State to state, gettin' backends, nigga, tourin' life

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Nigga, serve somethin', yeah  
Ooh, nigga, serve somethin', yeah  
Well, the climate didn't change but them birds comin'  
Yeah, she got a pretty face but she ain't worth nothin'  
I tell her anything to fuck, she think the Percs comin'  
Wake up, nigga