

Beach Party

Babyfxce E

(Rich100, show 'em how you do)

Stop braggin' 'bout that old shit, boy, that shit past tense
This bitch don't look how she look in her pictures, she a catfish
I grew up on Arizona and Branch doin' backflips
He know how to make it look good for Snap, naw, he ain't that lit
Don't know where I would be if Key ain't put that bag behind this rap shit
Play with the gang and see, them boys gon' show you that they really fap shit
He got off that road and spent that shit on clothes, he tryna act rich
I love makin' pros and pros make me feel like I'm livin' lavish
I can't hide my gun, I shouldn't've worn these shorts, but it's hot out
Bro be drivin' fast, told him stop the whip so I can hop out
My opps don't be on shit, they always on the Snap, but they don't pop out
I know my mama love me, but I know she ain't proud that I'm a dropout
I told her I'ma go back and finish, me and Baby K
I'm in that kitchen doin' business, I feel like Rachel Ray
I'm reminiscing 'bout Lil Will, I do that every day
This a forty-thousand-dollar trip, we just hit seven states
We finna hit this nigga block two whips deep, tryna make somethin' shake
By the time the police catch us, we got separate plates
By the time he know he dead, he at the heaven gates
I told you shut your mouth, boy, what the fuck I say?
I got that blicky on me, you can't catch no fade
He thought I was scared to knuck and buck, ain't know I had that thing
All that strong shit gon' get you blew, boy, you is not my weight
You better get off your ass and make some bands and pick up your pace

I ain't have no motion, I had to make somethin' shake
I'm like, "Ma, you need some pape", go get it out the safe"
Don't put no trust in no security, I put it in my Drac'
Go make 10K in dubs and spread it 'cross my face
Okay, 10K in dubs, Roman numeral, it's with an X, nigga
Trippin' in the striker, it's me and Lik, we on the West with it
Chop like a dog, I let it go, this bitch gon' fetch niggas
All my niggas dangerous, so you better send your best niggas
I don't use the shit I sell, bitch, that's bad business
And if I feel bad tension, I just shoot at niggas
Don't think your mans won't slime your ass out because you grew up with him
Ayy, Lik, what the fuck up in that cup? It got me movin' different
Throw my money in the safe, stack it up, and now I'm back broke
Beat her off a pack, I pull her tracks and leave her back broke
Boys get behind us, put it in track, that's what the Scat for
Hundred round on the Drac' got my Glock makin' fat jokes
He ain't even got no opps, what he strapped for?
He ain't even got no strap, what he cap for?
It's just me and Boogz trippin' out of town, bringin' racks home
And if we ain't on the road, we at the trap gettin' Scats gone
If a nigga disrespect my brother, he disrespectin' me
Lik just hit a jugg for a Glock, I told him, "Let me see"
My niggas in the D don't call me Fxce, they call me Baby E
Niggas look at us and be like, "Damn, that's how we 'posed to be"
Nigga