

Thinking About Drilling

Baka Not Nice

So, one time Baka told me a story about, uh- (Grow up, nigga)
When he has a young ting over-
He said the conversation went somethin' like-

I said, "Bae, how you feeling?" (She say, "Bae", how you feeling?)

She was too high, chillin' on the ceiling (Oh, okay, mm)

She start talking 'bout some shit, I wasn't listening (I wasn't listening)

I was too busy thinking 'bout drilling (Too busy thinking 'bout drilling)

She wanna shop (She wanna shop), I want some top, though (I want some top, though)

"Baka Not Nice, how could you not know?" (How could you not know?)

Hey, pull up to the crib, we at the top floor (We at the top floor)

Put her on some coke, now it's a rock show (Now it's a rock show)

I need a hot ho (Hot bitch)

One that bring me money and set up niggas (And set up niggas)

Ones that get the bag and don't stunt niggas (And don't stunt niggas)

I don't got no shooter, I go hunt niggas (I got huntin')

She wanna pull up, I don't punt, though (You wanna kick it)

I'ma ask my question at the front door (I say, "Fuck it")

Yeah, smoking somethin' louder than a skunk, though (Nigga, it's toasting)

Casamigos bussin' from the liquor store (Let's go)

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