

# 10 Bands

DaBaby

Yeah, Baby Jesus Jesus

Look, I think it's safe to say I'm the man  
I'm picture paint on the hand  
From the city where niggas hate everything they don't understand  
In a city where bitches date just to say that they got a man  
Soon as he get a chance, he gon' fuck around with her friend  
That's life, and that's the way that we do  
Screaming who wanna see me 'cause honestly I can't see you  
Start off knocking your dreams and ironically wanna be you  
Most of these niggas see-  
through, they ain't the type you should lead through, uh  
I wouldn't have it any other way  
Just ran into this stallion just the other day  
She told me that she like me, thank you  
I told her that I like her booty, can't take it  
She started laughing so I know she choosy  
I told her we should go and check a movie  
Maybe go and eat some sushi  
Chicken shrimp and steak hibachi  
Yeah, at Kabuto's they treat me like family  
I know this pretty thing from Cali, she speak fluent Spanish  
I'm so far from being average, she don't understand it  
I been working like a Mexican that's in Miami  
She told me I'm way too busy, I told her I'm tryna get it  
Maintaining my tunnel vision, obtaining a fucking million  
That holy thing that we're after, we saw it when we was children  
Yeah, I'll be rich before I'm 25  
That's the type of shit I was saying 1999  
Go ask my mama, I was born in 1999  
Another wild 90's baby riding with a gun  
Fuck holding back, I think it's time to shit on everybody  
If it's not making me better then I don't care about it  
You play with me, in a minute shooting at everybody  
No, this track remind me of the summertime  
Blowing X and smoking K-Lo with the windows down  
Twitching ice, turnin' music, I'm that nigga now  
I see you niggas on my case, them niggas really rowdy  
It's not how I rock  
When I pull it out, hit the floor because it's already cocked  
When I'm not 277 doing circles and shit  
I see how that nigga hatin', that boy worse than a bitch  
Old pussy ass nigga, put a skirt on that bitch  
Paid my mama to get a rental, put some work in that bitch  
Fill that motherfucker in gas then I skrrt in that bitch  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout the type of gas that work for the whip  
Aw man, I'm talkin' OG Bobby Johnson  
Do you like that nigga son? It's the realest shotta  
Don't worry 'bout Baby Jesus, Baby Jesus got it  
Rest in peace to Vel-O Johnson, free my cousin Dotty  
Come on, yeah, nigga  
10 bands, 10 bands  
100 bands, fuck it, man  
Baby Jesus in a sprinter van  
Baby Je-Je-Je-Je-Jesus, aw man