

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