

## 8 Figures

DaBaby

Aye man, fuck all dat shit, man, it is what it is, man  
From now on I look my demons in the face, nigga, the G way (Kid)  
Aye, big bruh, tell these niggas it's whatever with me (Started)  
Tell my pops I said what's happening  
Yeah, niggas ain't fucking with me, nigga  
Ain't nothing you can do with me, nigga  
I'm already broken in half, nigga, I'm already empty, nigga  
At the same time I'm still full of love, nigga, my heart is still pure  
I can't even explain this shit, nigga  
It's Kirk, long live G

Let's go

Started from the bottom, me a eight-figure nigga  
Ahh, got a cramp in my back  
I was carrying ungrateful bitches and niggas  
I got it though, cut the light on and I see  
A soul full of pain when I look in the mirror  
I'm broken now, ain't believe in this shit  
I'll trade anything just to see big brother get up  
How you even mean to do this

Fuck it, I'm in my feelings  
I wanna kill something too, G (Oh, yeah)  
Had to call my Dominican boo thing  
She caught me down, I'm on FaceTime with movie  
Sought me down on that page, niggas goofy  
Knock 'em down, pay for brains like I'm Boosie  
Hate that I gave 'em time that I could of gave my brother  
A shame how they turn 'round and do me (Do me)  
It's a shame how they turn 'round and flip  
A shame how this money gon' turn into murder  
A shame how they run down and spent them  
Couple more on my list and we still got a burner  
A shame how I still ain't forget

The nerve of you ungrateful motherfuckers  
To act like I ain't the trillest  
And to do me like that  
But you gon' feel it

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How you even mean to do this

I was carrying ungrateful niggas and bitches (I was carrying)  
Heard you be telling niggas I got up and left you in the trenches (What, what?)

And it's crazy now, niggas I put in once a time on my hit list (Brrt)  
I done got so fucking rich it be damaging my friendships (Whoa-oooh)  
Most of these niggas ungrateful, you get some money, they hate you (niggas, they hate you)

I tried to put you on money, but you let this money shit make you (You let it make you)

You ain't never give a nigga twenty thou' while he broke

Never hear him say, "Thank you" (You ain't never...)

That's why I be on angles

You niggas getting handouts at the goal line, fumbling and still tryna blame me

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