

Backwoods stuffed with a 3-5  
When I creep by, I'm prolly throwin' peace signs out the window  
I'm busy, I ain't got time for pretendin'  
Yeah, hit her one time and forget her  
Sweat when we fuckin', work out like it's tennis  
We ain't goin' steady, try not to catch feelings  
She tryna start rappin', she want her a feature  
I ain't into mixin' my hoes with my business

Plus I got my own bitch at home I be chillin'  
I can't even lie, I be feelin' alone even when in a room full of niggas  
Devil played with my mind for a long enough time, now he don't even know how  
I'm livin'  
Had to give it to God, I went and got on my grind and I turnt up on all of t  
hese niggas  
Plus I stay with that iron, I'm Baby, don't pay me no mind  
Told the bitch play with Sega, don't play with my mind  
Take DaBaby away I'm still John, that lil' nigga gone stay on his grind  
I got all the way up out the mud before I got here, they ain't really want m  
e to shine  
Plus I ain't never think I was like one of you niggas, I've been this way si  
nce I was five  
Think I done passed it along to my daughter, her confidence quality, she onl  
y three  
Got a whole other beautiful daughter, they look like each other, can't wait  
till the day that they meet  
I knew it was room at the table for me to get somethin' so I turned up and g  
ot me a seat  
Just to get what they want they gone say that they love you  
You gotta be patient and watch how they creep  
Took the diamonds off all of my teeth  
Won't let 'em put me in the box  
Momma bought them Reeboks 'cause them bitches was cheap  
First day of school we had new soldier Ree's  
When I'm talkin' to God only time on my knees  
Even while on your knees with your hands in the air  
Police shootin' before they say freeze  
Left a piece of us dead on the streets

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You gotta believe me, all that shit easy  
Tell a fuck hoe get out, if she ever think that she don't need me  
I'm Toosii, look at my watch, now it's two-tone  
What you think? Give me the chance, I'll get you gone  
You know I'm flyer than a bird, I be fly with the words  
I'll fuck 'round shit on your tombstone  
Back to the basics, I ain't buyin' no Asics  
I told gang grow weed 'fore he cop from a nigga

'Cause these niggas be hatin', he know that they'll fuck 'round and lace it  
Go to New York, so fly with the pole  
Young nigga flyer than a hoe  
I be one deep, never four deep, put Forgis on the rims then I go slide with  
ya hoe  
But excuse me I never ain't ask for this lifestyle  
Niggas gettin' low, we shootin' them pipes out  
Police tell him freeze, put his hands up, he go to pull his pants up, damn,  
now he lights out  
My momma treat me like a veteran  
My brother think that I'm ahead of him  
I tell him just 'cause I got a lil' money, I ain't actin' funny  
He the reason I'm better than shit that I used to be  
I take a Only Fans bitch turn her into a star, yeah right, nigga gotta get u  
sed to me  
I could give a damn 'bout a hoe 'cause the last bitch I fucked with she ende  
d up usin' me  
I know she mad that she ended up losin' me  
I know she mad that the lil' bitch a fool to me  
I been had it, baby, none of this new to me  
Better think twice 'fore you think about losin' me

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Plus I got my own bitch at home, I be chillin'  
I ain't really pressed for no bitches  
I know you ain't callin' yo self a real nigga, upset 'cause you pressed for  
a picture  
I know that they ten steps behind on a few of my gifts and they don't really  
get it  
They know if they touch one of mine, I'ma air this bitch out, I put that on  
Miss Linda