

Celebrate

DaBaby

I'm bout whatever you can read about it
I got twenty seven hoe blowin' up my phone, tryna come and suck the semen out me
They starin' at us saying where we go, you gotta be yourself, you wanna be around me
And I'm stayin' low from all the broke hoes and the fuck niggas I don't need around me
Got a book show, you wanna see about me

I ain't got time to celebrate, I'm goin' in
The streets used to love me when I had nothin'
Now that I'm up they all wanna be friends
I tried to do right and they all turned they back on me, I won't ever go through that again
No time for no hoes or no friends
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I got a new bitch that tell me that she don't want shit from me
And I got another bitch claiming she sick of me, still askin' what she can get from me
I know a broke nigga havin' his hand out, he wanna act like a friend now
And they want the smoke until I blew they mans down, tryna act like they fans now
I pray to god they all understand now, play with me it's a man down
I'm in the city and they're in a van now tryna sell me a damn pound
They give me a deposit to come out the house now, I get to paid to go out now
Shorty ain't no other way to get out now, 'less you show what you 'bout now
Got everybody ridin' around with that stick now, it's lay down or get down
Talk on the internet don't make a diss now, it's already lit now
Go tell the associate you need some all black, go pick out a fit now
My life in the history books, whatever I do they won't forget now
And that's why I stay out

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[Rich Homie Quan:]

No time for honda no time for benz
Pull up in the maybach, old school car more than your new school
Shit so original but got an A-Track
Im rich under thirty they gon' hate that
Mind of five men, nigga rate that(Ooo)
Ooh, Ooh, Ooh
While a nigga locked in jail might take the shoot(Shoot)
Shoot, Shoot, Shoot
I ain't never ran from a nigga, put that on my crew(Rich homie baby)
Shoot a nigga when I'm chasin'(Hey, Hey)
Move these bitches with the paper(Fade away)
We done ran a train on the baby sitter, it was rich homie and da baby
I would never sell my soul
Still doing sell out shoes
Still gettin' the bags in every week nigga, you can smell that dose(I know y
ou do)
I could pack a whole brick, motherfuckers in a pathfinder(Hey)
Cam Newton jersey, cuz I'm in Carolina(Aye)

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