

## Deli (Freestyle)

DaBaby

I'm tired of this chain, this shit heavy  
Shit, I'm from the Southwest of Delhi (Yeah)  
Shit, I got this thing from New York like to cuss me out, talk like Sharkies  
ha on Belly (Uh huh)  
Yeah, nigga now I'm back for that get back  
I was just trying to eat, they ain't let me  
I put the switch on this bitch, it's a chopper, I hit it (frrrrr)  
It sound like propellers  
I heard niggas think Baby ain't got it  
Tell my travel agent, "Order that private"  
Nigga, I ain't even got nowhere to go  
But I feel like flexing, so take me to an island  
I hate when it's raining outside  
Drop a nigga off when the sun shining  
Pull up presidential in a phantom, Obama  
Send a couple thousands to my baby mamas  
I got a bitch from the Bronx, say she's feeling me  
But I really won't fuck 'round with Hennessy  
Tell my boy Set to go holla' at Cardi  
Yo' lil' sister a motherfucking Barbie (Baby)  
That shit niggas talking about garbage  
I set this bitch off, get me started  
You know I smoke out the pound of shit stank  
When I walk in the bank, smell like somebody farted  
Come on with your big ass, yeah  
Hit him up, gon' get that shit bag, uh  
When they found him, he was dead on the motherfucking scene  
I'm the one did that (Nigga)  
I got him, gon' play that cool, they ain't know it was me  
I'm the one spent that  
And that FN ain't got kickback  
Yeah, pull up back-to-back Benz's, they mismatch  
Tip the driver and send his lil' bitch back  
You got it lil' buddy, yeah  
I get a lil' nigga out of here, buddy  
I hustle day and night, yeah, nigga gotta' be cutting (Uh-uh)  
Becoming like the nigga gotta' be, baby  
I'm known to get on your ass, drive a bitch crazy  
Get to that bag, taking my babies  
Stay with that fire, standing on business  
I'mma shoot at you niggas every time that y'all playin'  
'Bout to switch it up to plain Jane jewelry  
'Cause everything that glitter ain't gold  
Niggas hoes, they ain't fooling me  
Let it blow, nigga, ain't but fear of me  
Except if my security don't bust it, I'm shooting my security  
Growing up, nigga, mama made you fight back  
I can't even shake the shit off from like that  
I'm out the way, let me the fuck alone  
If you ain't got a casket or ice pack  
Shout out to Ice Spice