

# Gimme A Reason

DaBaby

Yeah, blame my mama for the way that I'm rockin', I'm way too conceited and cocky  
Yeah, anxious, waitin' on a bitch ass nigga to give me a reason to pop it  
Ungrateful, told 'em I ain't puttin' out an album 'til they gimme a reason to drop it  
Yeah, Blanket and I ain't goin' nowhere, niggas still gotta see me in Charlotte, huh (Yeah, yeah)

Pullin' up, parkin' two mill' worth of car front of the same store I used to sell Os (Yeah, uh)  
Pullin' up, parkin' two mill' worth of car front of the same store I used to sell bows (Let's go)  
Every time Baby drop, niggas be like, "Boy, you hell on them niggas," I know (Let's go)  
And he could have stayed on the charts for a decade, but he wasn't sellin' his soul

Fuck that, I done cooled off, now I'm good again, huh  
Standin' on business, no Coulda Been, huh  
Standin' on business, no Druski, nigga the bitches want me to come put it in, huh (Yeah)  
Bust down, part in the middle of her  
Head and I'm finna come give it to her  
I'm workin', no time to spend in a rush (Nope)  
Worser, y'all not real niggas to us, I still gotta tree full of apples (Mm)  
No longer breathin', we smacked 'em, nigga  
I'm the real thing and they're actin', yeah, why the fuck would they think I was canceled? Huh  
This shit in my blood, we gon' thug how we thug, 2019, my mama beat cancer (2019)  
2019, I found out my daddy wasn't breathin' no more, y'all was dancin', let's go

Talkin' 'bout packin' the mail, I wanna see someone bleed but I kept on advancin', yeah  
Boppin' around with my niner, you know where I be at, you play, I'ma stamp you, huh  
Y'all niggas gon' have to see me, you know every problem God gave me an answer  
Yeah, they tried to serve me a subpoena, before I pay them, I'ma blow up my mansion, nigga

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Blanket and I ain't goin' nowhere, oh, you angry, I got ya ho over here  
Goin' baby, talkin' my shit up in here (Yeah), look at my bitch, be like get over her  
It's easy, I brought the blick up in here (Blick) shake one of y'all like a pit up in here (Rrr)  
Knock out ya insides, they're way over there, fuck how they feel, I don't play, I don't care  
I tried to be humble, they fucked 'round and took it for weakness (Oh), yeah, I had to have faith  
I let go the wheel of the Maybach and gave it to Jesus, uh, they're back on my plate  
And I'm hungrier than a motherfucker, I'm plannin' on eatin', yeah, I'm already great  
Take over the vibe in the room and I ain't even speakin' (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Hold up

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