

# Gotta Know

DaBaby

I don't like bitch-  
ass niggas who come around hatin' 'cause that shit weak (Yeah)  
Talkin' ain't gon' buy you nothin', if it ain't no paper, then that shit cheap (Let's do it)  
I'm the type to show one of these niggas he ain't who he think he is, a niggasweet (Yeah)  
I'm the step-  
daddy that don't really like it, I'm belt to their ass with the beat, nigga

Do my little dance, Glock on my waist  
I'm one of them, not finna play  
I like a bitch that don't fuck with you niggas  
She want you niggas get out of her face  
Deebo that nigga, he got in his place  
Cheat on that nigga can't handle his bae  
She will come here for the man in the way  
I got that yeah in my hand every day

At the red light with my hand on the Drac'  
It is what it is like Cam'ron and Mase  
Her attitude givin' that she really don't fuck with you niggas  
Baby girl damn near is gay  
Cybertruck outside standin' in the way (Yeah)  
Poppin' my shit with my fans  
I be out this bitch poppin' my shit with my fans  
I appreciate them like I'm right there with them every day (Woo)

I waved around my left hand  
I showed them twenty percent of the shit I can do  
While I studied the game like a rookie  
The whole fuckin' time, I still had my right hand on the play  
Baby done playin', the man on the way  
Dobbin' your shit, put your hand on my face  
Hop out and help me, just stand over there  
Parkin' the Phantom, it damn near no space

I shouldn't even drove it, I left it in front of the store  
By myself, they know he ain't no ho  
I fuck around and don't even lock the door, yeah  
Step on these niggas, bitch, it'll be shame on me, I'll stand on their throat, yeah  
Come sex with a nigga if you put that thang' on me, they don't even gotta know

They don't even gotta know (Shh)  
They don't even gotta know (Yeah)  
They don't even gotta know (Yeah)  
They don't even gotta know (Yeah)  
That's my Baby  
They don't even gotta know  
They don't even gotta know  
They don't even gotta know  
They don't even gotta know

Yeah, ride with me, baby, put your hand on my dick  
Hop out the Benz with my hand on my blick  
One thing about it, I move how I move

I can't be havin' your hands on my mits  
I'ma be right here, man on all ten  
Y'all niggas' bitches, don't stand up for shits  
Y'all the type niggas to hang with your friends  
And talk about niggas, that ain't what this is

Man, fuck all them niggas, ay, listen, my bae  
Come here, tryna get in your face, in your rear (Come here)  
They ain't got me no pape', then no deal  
I be out on the lake at the crib  
Army niggas, I pay to patrol  
Plenty rounds when I leave out the door  
Zip your mouth, you won't be my little ho  
Simmer down, they, they don't even gotta know

They don't even gotta know (Shh)  
They don't even gotta know (Yeah)  
They don't even gotta know (Yeah)  
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