

Handgun

DaBaby

Yeah
The lil bad boy did it
Been a long time since I had no feelings (Yeah)
Trying not to smash on niggas
In and out of town in the bag, I'm different (Bag)
Can't get in my past can't fit it
My bitch just bought me a brand new pistol
Handsome nigga with a handgun with me

All these niggas talking 'bout real nigga shit (Yeah)
What you know about real nigga shit
I'ma die for my family or sit in the pen (Pen)
Fuck you mean? I'm as real as it gets
She just got her hair done and she sent me a pic
I get home, she gon' sit on my dick
We was broke as the fuck tryna get us a M
Drive for me, I'ma hit me a lick

These niggas sit around talking all day
Like some hoes, that ain't how a real nigga get rich
Froze, a year's worth of rent on my wrist
I been through some shit to get this
Yeah, I know you lil friendly niggas lost a whole lot of friends to get rich
And that's why I don't fuck with friendly niggas now, I really never did
You dead

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New Patek, hunnid bands on my wrist
Can't take no chance, keep my stick
Bro scoring, ain't no chance, he might miss
Put that beam on his head, we strike shit
Hollows explode from the cans like, oh shit
Day ones only clan I roll with
Amiri my pants, Dior kicks in my bag
I just flex on my old bitch
Don't act like they don't say I'm the goat
But I don't really think that I hear that enough
She say I'm poppin', now I'm in her throat
I remember back then she wasn't giving it up
I went from Gucci, to Prada, to Dolce, and Louis, like lately I'm switching
it up
I keep a Glock in my Louis, and two other shooters, like who gon' get busy w
ith us?

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Cap, why you got all these bottles in the car? (Huh?)
'Cause bitch, it's just me and DaBaby
Cap, why you don't beef on Instagram with niggas? (What?)
'Cause that shit'll make me look crazy
Go to heaven I still see it in the cut
I'm in hell raising
I was dead broke, yeah zero (Nothing)
Niggas looked at me like Jason
Now they see the boss though
Now they look at me like Tatum (Celtics)
I'mma fuck all these bitches
I'm patient now they look at me like Brady
I have no more opps, now they play, we spin they block down
Someone coming, woo-woo
I think that's the cops sound (Skrرت)

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My bitch-
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