

Joggers

DaBaby

I keep tryna pull up my pants (Uh-huh)
I got thirty thousand in my joggers (Mmh)
I got the pistol on the flight (The flight)
I just flew out to LA from Charlotte
That bitch ain't get shit from Christmas, she naughty (Hah)
In the car with her head down, she noddin'
And her boyfriend gon' act like he with it
'Til I put this four-five on his noggin

Fuck all that talkin', just put a few mil' on the table and give me a pen and
d I'm signin' (Bitch)
I just cut off my bitch (Why?)
'Cause you ain't really with me, be honest
She know I'm a motherfuckin' pimp, she don't get steak and shrimp
B done took a lil' bitch to McDonalds
Put a bag on your motherfuckin' head, better watch what you said
On my motherfuckin' pics and my comments (Bitch)
In the four I'm a motherfuckin' giant (Huh)
A king like a motherfuckin' lion (Yeah)
Oh, these lil' niggas act like they want that (Uh-huh)
We gon' slide in your DM's, we slidin'
Better call up the homicide unit, I make 'em pull out yellow tape with the s
irens
They gon' make me come set this bitch off
When I pull that bitch out it's too late to say sorry (Uh-uh)
Niggas thought I was pussy 'cause they heard me singin' to bitches like YK O
siris (Hah)
I got my mind on my money
Let's run up some motherfuckin' commas (Yeah)
Let's go to the motherfuckin' bank (Haha)
Bitch, I'm from Charlotte, we blank (Blank)
Mama told me to pull up my pants (Why?)
Got them racks on me, mama, I can't (Huh)

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Uh, I keep tryna pull up my pants (Uh)
This big .40 hangin' out my joggers (Uh)
I grew up around them apartments
Now I'm in LA like a Dodger (Ooh)
Won't beef over tweets
I send my young nigga walk down on your ass like he stalkin' (Get him out of
there)
Uh, leave him fresh to death in a coffin (Uh)
I'm on Runtz, from Cookie I'm coughin' (Uh)
Always up like I'm booted on molly (Boot)
These lil' niggas 12, they talkin' (Fuck)
They can't keep up, Stunna a problem
I can't keep these bitches off me (Goddamn)
Yeah, we bringin' eyes in the party

Make him play with that stick on him 'til he say sorry
Fuck who? I beg your pardon (What?)
Won't cop pleas when shit get started (Nope)
I keep tryna pull up my pants
This big pistol hangin' out my joggers (Wow)
She eat dick when I land
Hit from the back, she call me her father (Ooh)
For my bro, I'll take the stand
Hand on the Bible and lie to your honor
Big dawg, you lil' niggas is toddlers (Yeah)
On the way to the show in the Sprinter with choppers (Grah, grah, grah)

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