

Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?
Zuzi on the track

I'm rocking the Rollie, check my wrist game (Bling)
Say she wanna fuck me to my mixtape (Yeah)
Ask me can I eat her, bitch, I just ate (No)
I been a big dog (Grr), since the 5th grade (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm a bad boy (Yeah), these niggas bitch made (Yeah)
These niggas small fries (Yeah), we got that big bank (Yeah)
Know I'm an asshole (Yeah), don't think my shit stank (Pffft)
I'm rocking church shoes (Ooh), I feel like Rick James
And I don't Milly Rock, but everywhere I go
I get me a Glock, I don't really talk
Try me, nigga drop, diamonds in my watch (Yo, Pi'erre, you wann
a come out here?)
Ask me if I flock, nigga need to stop
Bitches on my cock, I pulled up with like 10
And I pass them bitches out, they know what we 'bout
Oh, there go DaBaby, that lil' nigga hot
Fresh up off probation, strapped up like a cop
They just left L.A., they on they way to Florida
They pull up wherever, just me and my woadies
I take niggas' bitches, turn them into soldiers
Ooh, you way too close, I don't think I know you
Hop out on 'em drippin', I hit 'em with them shoulders
The motherfuckin' coldest, somebody should've told you, ayy

That ain't DaBaby, that's my baby