

Mr. Clean

DaBaby

What the fuck a nigga mean?
Bitches treat me like a king
You can call me Mr. Clean
I just lied to your hoe
Put on autotune and told her I can really sing
Run up on me I'ma squeeze
Packin', count the back end
Then we leave
Fuck the show money, that ain't no money
I make more money sellin' P's

Thank the Lord he blessed me with another plug
So you know I ran off on my other plug
I miss the [?]
They can get it, I'm runnin' up
My niggas be hatin', I smell it
I duckin' and dodgin' felonies
I would just pull up broad day and start blowin' at you
But I know they gonna tell on me
I left in a rental car, had about twenty on me
But came back with just money on me
I'm fucking these bitches, she just can't stop squirtin' on me
She be suckin' and slurpin' on me
Call up the DaBaby and tell 'em, stop shittin' on me
All this sauce be drippin' on me
See me in person and said it looked different on me
Saw all of my pictures, put kisses on 'em
Can't fuck with niggas 'cause niggas be switchin' on me
I always saw a bitch in homie
I'm in the mall with my daughter in flip flops
But I still got a pistol on me
I buy my [?] guy with me
But I still keep the ride with me
Two forties feel like the mob with me
Fuck what they talkin' bout - I be like

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