

No Compadre (Freestyle)

DaBaby

Boy I'm tryna tell you
Fuck it, go in off the muscle
Niggas never love you, don't respect your
Every time they see you, dap you up in public
Second that you turn your back, they all like "Fuck you"
What the fuck wrong with these niggas?
I wouldn't even get on a song with these niggas
You might as well go put a thong on these niggas
I smell the perfume or cologne on these niggas
Ah, time to turn up in the city
I pull up broad day with that choppa, let's get it
These niggas act like they can't get they issue
Bring Swerve out the cut and I send him to get you
Pull up like, "Who wanna see me?"
Try me if you don't believe me
I got 'em like, "Who Baby Jesus?
The one that cashed out on that new yellow Beamer?"
No play-play, no play-play, I'm bustin'
I'm 'bout whatever, won't back down from nothin'
Perfected my craft, exercising my muscle
Two guns in the club, kill the first nigga touch me
That's why I be chilling and minding my business
I'm half-way retarded, my mind is specific
Welcome to Charlotte, and this how we livin'
From East to the West, better be 'bout your business
In North to the South, fuck around, get your issue
Re-up in Charlotte then come with your pistol
Don't leave it in the car, I bring it in here with me
Please don't get me started 'cause I don't like quittin'
On I-85 blowing smoke out the window
Vroom, I'm Ricky Bobby, I send hits like Boozie
The first nigga try me, I pay for the bodies
Just call me John Gotti, yeah
It ain't shit to send a hit
Send a DM on the Gram, hit your bitch
Got a MAC-11, 32 in the clip
Keep a .45 with 15 shots off the hip
Glock in my tote, we strapped up in the V.I.P
Fuck the security, we in the club with them pistols
Catch him slipping, go knock the mug off a nigga
Ask what happened, "Sorry, I do not remember"
Know how we do in the fold
No pressure, I know what do with your hoe
Bet I make her feel special, I know what to tell her
I sell her a dream, let her put on my necklace
Then give her right back, know I had to finesse her
Baby Jesus got more bitches than Elvis
You know I got 'eem, got me feeling like Welvin
You already know that all dogs go to heaven
All my dogs is some felons
Fuck the law, ain't no tellin'
I switched up the pace on the rental
Pull up on whoever, just tell me who want it
I'm flat about all the subliminal messages
My confirmation and niggas respect the shit
I go to work like a muhfuckin' Mexican
I'm so unimpressed with these niggas

I expected the best from these niggas
I'm disappointed, that's to say the least
Somebody wake me up, I'm on the way to sleep
I find it funny how these niggas changing on me like I didn't do this thing
by my lonely
Like I ain't put work in, no handouts, I earned it, please don't say my name
, lil' nigga, you don't know me
I make it look easy, but don't get it twisted, you ain't built for this shit
, I promise
I love getting money, I love getting pussy, and both of 'em come with a whole
lot of problems
I'm the future of rap in my city, not to mention I'm known to fuck up some c
ommas
What you kids know about taking niggas money just to go and give it to your
mama?
If I love you, I will never let you struggle, I'll give you my last, know I
got ya
And it's Baby Jesus, you already know it, ayy