

# No Compadre

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