

No Love

DaBaby

You don't love me, don't tell me you love me
'Cause I can go fuck on your friend
I can hook up with your buddy
I ain't got time to pretend
I'm tryna get me some cuddy
And I ain't really tryna be friends
I'd rather get to the money

I tried to talk to the ho
Told her my dreams and she looked at me funny
Everything I done dreamed I done done it
Everything I done dreamed I done done it
Now I done it, it's time for some more dreams
Run it up, I need some more cream
The internet world helped you know me
And I don't believe talking, so show me (shh)
I got the gas, you can roll it, uh
I'm frontin' bags to my homies
I'm still in the streets like I'm homeless
Still sellin' P's to promoters
She ain't really fuck with me back then
She don't really love me, she acting
I'm treating the show like the streets
We pull up and count up the backend (bitch)

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What she do?
She tryna freak on the low low
She tryna cheat on her boyfriend
He keep on blowing her phone up
Press the red button, ignore him
I got the bags of the low in
I got the bags of the O in
That's a good number, don't be cheap
If you buy more than ten, it's gon' decrease
We selling gas like we BP
Watch how you creep when you see me
We on the screens of they TV
Bad bitches download my CD
Sucks for you, you ain't believe me
You took the boy for a joke
I held it down, I had hope
I was down, I was broke

They wanted my heart and my soul
I stay on my grind and I grow
Got this K and this nine, I'ma blow
I ain't wastin' no time on a ho, so bitch

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