

Who calling my phone?  
Fuckin' on my new boo with all my ice on  
Hit you in the mirror with all the lights on  
One time, I almost bit your ear off, call me Tyson  
With the rappin', I'm a heavyweight, I'm a icon  
Couldn't wait to get up in her, hit her with the Nike's on  
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm  
I ain't even have to goddamn pop it off like that

Yeah, yeah  
Now I'm back on niggas ass, no mercy  
I ain't buyin' bitches bags, no purses  
Had a black truck waitin' on her ass, she was worshipping'  
Baby, Baby, say it two times, I'ma pull it out and spell it on your ass in a  
cursive  
Put me on the schedule, throw that ass in a circle  
Fuck a wedding, I can get you half, it ain't worth it  
Niggas just turnin' up way back in 2011  
They'll tell you I had bags of the purple  
Ghetto bitch, fine shit, she can barely see  
But she cute as fuck, she be wearin' glasses like Urkel  
Baby top five and he not five, four, three, or two, that nigga be snappin' l  
ike turtles  
Put the beat in a body bag, it's a murder  
Hit it from the back, I be dancin' like Shmurda  
Hot nigga, hot nigga  
I wouldn't play with me any day of the week  
You got a gun and it's not with you, gun your ass down  
He won't even get a chance to scream, I'ma leave him on the scene  
If the Glock hit him, baby, calm down  
They know if they get started with me, it's one thing that's guaranteed  
Ain't no stoppin', I'm walkin' shit down  
Baby ever get done with the hoe, you could do your thing, bro, I am not trip  
pin'  
Take that motherfuckin' mask off your face, that switch off your Glock, you  
lil' niggas not spinnin'  
Wordplay, I got rich off poppin' it  
Ooh, that nigga there the truth, he got some Pac in him  
Nigga got some work that's better than the work that I got, I ain't hatin' o  
n the nigga, I'ma shop with him  
And he came in holdin' hands with her, caught her outside, ask her who she w  
ith, she say she not with him

Why you serious?  
Best motherfuckin' rapper, nigga  
This shit history you witnessin', nigga  
It's Baby, gimme another one

Yeah, what?  
Where the function? Where the? Where the?  
What? What?  
Where the function?  
Ain't got no pussy in a while and I want some  
They tryna hit me on my line 'cause it jump on  
I'm in Jamaica out of town with the bum-bum  
Where the bum-bum? Maybe with a bad girl  
I point this .40 at your face before I back down

I got this pistol from my brother, it was passed down  
I like the color of her lip gloss, it was pastel  
It was pastel, Baby is a rude boy  
I'm 'bout to hit the dealership and get a new toy  
My brother oldest daughter graduating high school  
I'm 'bout to rob her boyfriend like, "Get a new boy"  
Yeah, get a new nigga  
Your uncle, he don't play that shit, and I know what to do with it  
I up this bitch and spray that bitch, my nephew is a thoroughbred  
It's in our blood, we raised like this  
My uncle used to let me hold his pistol at the age of six  
My daddy sent me pictures holdin' guns when I was eight or nine  
As soon as I got older, nigga, I wanted a nigga to play with John  
No discriminatin', every one of them niggas, I laid them down  
Better give that nigga a hug 'cause he's a goner if he play around

It's Baby, nigga

Yeah

And I'm the best motherfuckin' rapper, nigga, this history you witnessin', n  
igga

Please Say DaBaby, the motherfuckin' mixtape, nigga

Yeah

(Where the function? Ain't got no pussy in a while and I want some)

Nigga I do any type beat, you know what I'm sayin'? Any type vibe

(They tryna hit me on my line 'cause it jump on)

That's a fact

(I'm in Jamaica out of town with the bum-bum)

(That's my Baby)

Gimme another one