PRACTICE

DaBaby

Okay
Boom, boom, boom (Firzt on the track)
Boom, boom, boom

I be feelin' like I don't be poppin' enough, I be humble
I'ma keep showin' my ass if I wanna
Hang up the phone on they ass, block the number
I told you don't play with me, nigga
And she be actin' funny, probably think a nigga need her (Uh-uh)
I thought I was faithful, she say I'm a cheater
They thought I was taken, I'm ready to mingle
The fuck is you saying, lil' nigga? (Go)

I do my lil' dancy-dance (Go)
I fill up my pants with bands, quit playing, lil' nigga
And I don't think the talk is cheap (Talk)
'Cause now when they talk to me, they paying me, nigga (Shut up)
I probably say the word "nigga" too much
I'm a real nigga, I don't be giving a fuck (Shh)
Tommy Hilfiger 'fits with the shit coming up (Go)
When you stay down like this, you rock Fendi and stuff (Okay)
He broke as hell, put a boot on him
I hit the bitch, put her out, put a move on her (Bitch)
He wanna be just like Baby for real
On the low tryna do what I do, don't he? (Yeah)
Just so you prepared, I'ma let you know
They probably told you I'm scared, but I'm ready, though (No)
The industry can't take the hood out of me
'Bout to go get some head from a ghetto ho (Uh-uh)
They do it nasty
Pull up new whip and it's flashy
Gun on my hip and it's plastic
This the deluxe
I like her, but don't give a fuck (Fuck)
I'm fucking her rough, I'm her daddy (Mmm)
That's how I live
She told me she wanna have kids (Mmm)
I told her don't know what that is (Uh-uh)
That ain't how we speakin' (Uh-huh)
I broke her heart into pieces
She probably gon' call Dr. Phil

I be feelin' like I don't be poppin' enough, I be humble (Pop it)
I'ma keep showin' my ass if I wanna
Hang up the phone on they ass, block the number (Brrt, brrt, brrt)
I told you don't play with me, nigga
And she be actin' funny, probably think a nigga need her (Uh-uh)
I thought I was faithful, she say I'm a cheater
They thought I was taken, I'm ready to mingle
The fuck is you saying, lil' nigga?

I always had a thing for ghetto bitches, where the Trinas?
I'm known to set it off like Queen Latifah
You wanna make Billboard? Come get a feature
You fucking with Baby, lil' nigga (Yeah)
Hot nigga, hot nigga (Hot)
Number one song on the Billboard, he still got a Glock with him (Hot)

You ain't gon' never see me hate on no nigga
I think this work better, I'm tryna go shop with 'em
Yeah, what you need, lil' nigga?
We havin' the bags of gas and they movin' fast (Fast)
Than you can imagine
That bitch on the way, my bro catch the pack like it's Madden (Go)
Havin' my way with an actress (Come on)
Fuck on the floor, fuck a mattress
They probably saying I'm not on y'all asses
I feel like AI, we talkin' 'bout practice

I be feelin' like I don't be poppin' enough, I be humble
I'ma keep showin' my ass if I wanna (We talkin' 'bout practice, man)
Hang up the phone on they ass, block the number
I told you don't play with me, nigga (We talkin' 'bout practice)
And she be actin' funny, probably think a nigga need her
I thought I was faithful, she say I'm a cheater (We talkin' 'bout practice?)
They thought I was taken, I'm ready to mingle
The fuck is you saying, lil' nigga?

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