

# PROOF IN THE PUDDIN'

DaBaby

Uh, nigga, I been gettin' money since a motherfuckin' lil' one (Yeah)  
Say he gon' do somethin' to me, I told him, "That's a good one"  
I bait one of these niggas in, play stupid just to cook him  
And made so many M's, I put the proof up in the pudding, nigga (Firzt  
back like he left or somethin')

Speakin' of the pudding, nigga, go and get the cake  
Say you gettin' hungry, better go and get a plate (Woo)  
Playin' out of town, got the Glock out the lock box  
Tell the black truck, tell me, "Go and get a steak"  
I don't got friends, I'ma kick it by myself  
I'ma lock in 'fore a nigga gotta help  
It's hard for me to trip 'bout a bitch 'cause I'm player  
Baby stepdaddy, I be givin' out the belt  
Before I put a dress and some makeup on for the label  
You can tell them crackers put me on the shelf  
I was on the North with a pole, tryna put this shit together  
You would probably think a nigga was a elf  
Ridin' in a bulletproof truck, I be wantin' 'em to shoot  
So I can play dead, hop out and kill 'em  
Side hoes mad 'cause I'm not tryna hit 'em  
Cover up my ears, I am not tryna hear 'em

If it ain't my money, it ain't my business  
Them y'all hoes, them not my bitches (Mm)  
I'm too smooth, I can't block my pimpin'  
Doin' the speed limit, ridin' through Hickory  
He tryna get a half of  
Plus, I got the call that the nigga tryna stick me (I got 'em)  
But I don't mind demonstratin' for some straightenin'  
To get my point across clearly (Clearly)  
I know I'm two stacks from a million, but I'm still pushin' bills cle  
arly (Yup)  
I need me a bitch like Griselda, run the ex numbers like Matilda (Ooh  
)  
I don't mind cookin' up the shape, I don't hang with niggas 'cause th  
ey fake (Cold)  
I know you got a gun, but you bitch made, you ain't never bust a grap  
e

Bulletproof, I pull up like a tank, never seen these niggas at the ba  
nk  
Get up off the bench, get in the paint, gotta double seal it 'cause i  
t stank  
I ain't tryna talk like other niggas, bitch, I'm from the city, I'm a  
blank  
Restaurant, I'm in there with a Drac', electric car, that shit don't  
even crank  
I'm ridin' Forgis, not no donuts, I leave the dealership doin' donuts  
I keep it on me, I'm not no loaner, for any nigga that run up on us  
I put you six feet just like corona, we fresh street like we cook my  
Kroger's

When I hit the kitchen, I just pop my shoulder, but you wasn't tryna  
hear it when I told you

Nigga, I been gettin' money since a motherfuckin' lil' one (I been ge  
ttin' this shit, good)

Say he gon' do somethin' to me, I told him, "That's a good one" (You  
lyin')

I bait one of these niggas in, play stupid just to cook him  
And made so many M's, I put the proof up in the pudding, nigga