

Sorry Ms. Jackson

DaBaby

Baby, please
Damn, I'm sorry, baby
You done fell out with the Billion Dollar Baby
Hatin' niggas, "How, he ain't even got no billion?"
But I don't want a billion if a billion gon' drive me-

Damn, I'm sorry, baby
You done fell out with the Billion Dollar Baby
Hatin' niggas, "How, he ain't even got no billion?"
But I don't want a billion if a billion gon' drive me crazy
I'm in the Redeye for most of the week, Monday and Friday, I drive Mercedes
She already made an assumption to me, so I deny the conversation
I stand on business, I won't have a seat
Uh, niggas forget that I had a summer, hand jackets, these niggas for beats
Sorry, Ms. Jackson, your daughter was sweet
I got a few cars I can pick her up in and you know she gon' be safe with me (That's)
I bring a bitch outside with me every day, and I bulletproof all of my Jeeps
Ms. Jackson, your daughter a freak
They better come show me somethin', I'ma keep givin' these niggas the beats
That what you get when you think this shit sweet
Yeah, now it's the media, ain't even police
You know how it is, we don't believe in freedom of speech
Better tell Ms. Jackson, "That nigga Baby a beast"
And I ain't backin' down from nothin', my heart bigger and braver than me

Baby
Please Say DaBaby