

# Baguetti

JID

(Woah Kenny)

I need a minute to meditate  
Gimme a second bae  
Full of regret, I've been stressing on everything  
So I'ma need everything, anything, pocket change  
Let it bang, let it bang  
It's a freedom sound, let it bang  
Let it bang, let it bang  
It's a freedom sound, let it

(Woof)

Man I miss my dogs, took off the (Roof)  
I took that shit off, sped right to you  
All you do is talk, that's all you do  
That's all you do

She said, "I need a mani and pedi, bae"  
Girl, ask yo man, he so petty, dang  
I do not roll up no regular  
My name ain't Reggie or regulate  
I feel like Dave  
Wait, you talking 'bout Reggie?  
Pull up on your ass, wedgie  
I got the glow down in my belly  
I been eating baguetti  
I threw a TD on TV I'm TD Jakes, and God said  
"He ain't gon' never gon' leave me, he won't forsake" wow  
Please preacher, I love it  
Duck back, divy up the duckets  
You ain't put a penny in the bucket  
Pass plate 'round, last supper  
Lotta shit changed since last summer but

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Can I holla, holla?  
Look, can I holla, holla, holla, holla at you Hallelujah, girl, you a jalapeño  
You da hottest, hollow points in a nina  
How ya doin', how you been, how you livin'?  
I ain't see you in a minute  
Grind hard, I've been in and out of cities  
Rippin' and trippin' and killin' them bigots  
You know your favorite ain't fuckin' with JIDDY

They takin' flavor they come to the city  
And push it to labels with the majors  
And you think that you made it  
But aha don't play yourself  
Born and raised here  
Been a slave in a grave  
I probably decay here  
You would know what I mean if you came from here  
But it's all I'ma say  
Welcome to the A  
East Atlanta, I was playin' with Klay  
Hit the 3, Curry with the pot  
With the D 50 shots in the sheesh  
Call the cops, get the sheets  
Bullets bounce to the beat  
Don't announce you a freak  
We accounting' for be accountable  
Gotta get the money, move a mountain for it  
Goin' through the forest  
I'm a wild boy, you on a wild horse  
Bow and arrow, hit the wild boar  
It's a feast, the mild score  
I pack up the sheets and power forward  
Take a charge and fall, power forward  
Hit the stage, break a leg like Paul George  
Out in Bali ballin' in my ball shorts  
Heard he hate me, no sweat off my balls, boy

I need a minute to meditate (Me too)  
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Full of regret, I've been stressing on everything (Me too)  
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