

Anyway

Lil Baby

(Cook that shit up Quay)

I'm takin' off again, suicide doors, I won't let 'em in
4, or 5 cars, livin' like a God, paying for my sins
In this life, ain't no man important
I can hop in the Benz, a foreign
Mario said they cornin' in in the morning
I got vibes, every state I got choices
Gucci coat, like we stand on the corner
With me, it's like I came straight out the apartments, only just a beat
Bitch I get mine off the top, let the bro keep difference
Put a 'A' in Atlanta, stand up for my city
I was re-in up daily, they thought I was kidding
I was putting my profit, save me a milly
I keep pouring up Fantas, so shit getting ridiculous
I hope the doctor don't say that I need a new kidney

Pull up
Any kind of way I want her, she know
I got that dope boy persona (Drop top)
Winter, spring, fall, or summer
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the number
I done got the ball off, fuckin' cannot fumble
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on running
I be rockin' new shit I got every color
This shit ain't enough, I need another come up
Pull up
Any kind of way I want her, she know
I got that dope boy persona (Drop top)
Winter, spring, fall, or summer
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the number
I done got the ball off, fuckin' cannot fumble
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on running
I be rockin' new shit I got every color
This shit ain't enough, I need another come up

I fuck with Lil Baby, no infant
I used to make plays at the QuikTrip
I spend a 20 on Quick Picks
I run it back like a Pick 6
Add it all up, it's a it's a re-up, nigga
I'm ballin', I need a quick minute
I just bought a lift kit
Said she fell in love with a misfit
Fuck your opinion, you know how I'm livin'
My closet say To be continued'
Back in the days, I used to make plays
The spot there was off of Virginia
Ain't no contender
Tattoo my name on placentas
I read a bitch like accounts
Made half a mil' in a rental
All of my verses expensive
My cause a blood, menstrual
He drove down pimps
I know that they care for your answer
I ball, I need me an agent

I just might be your replacement
I got a whole lot of money
But I got a little patience
I got a whole lot of money
But I got a little patience
I got a whole lot of money
But I got a little patience
My bitch a trip, vacation
Too many chains, plantation
If you a real nigga
It ain't no expiration

Pull up
Any kind of way I want her, she know
I got that dope boy persona, drop top
Winter, spring, fall, or summer
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the number
I done got the ball off, fuckin' cannot fumble
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on running
I be rockin' new shit I got every color
This shit ain't enough, I need another come up
Pull up
Any kind of way I want her, she know
I got that dope boy persona, drop top
Winter, spring, fall, or summer
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the number
I done got the ball off, fuckin' cannot fumble
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on running
I be rockin' new shit I got every color
This shit ain't enough, I need another come up

(Guwop) (Go)

They say Gucci's a criminal, flood my time-piece with emeralds
Not conserv1 or no liberal, donate Rollies for Christmas
Heard I shopped at Bar Harbor, I spend reckless on dental
She so fine, got her address, told my folks where to send her
New 'Rari half a M, see the horse, know the emblem
It's big Guwop, it's him
Always us over them
Niggas say they gon' do this and that, then duck when I see 'em
Don't compare me to Slim
I could never be him
Copped so many new baguettes that I'm gettin' sick of myself
Big bully, crush my peers
So, now I pick on myself
Highly decorated soldier, I got hits on my belt
Big diamond choker chokin' on me like Connor Mcgreggor
(It's Gucci!)

Pull up
Any kind of way I want her, she know
I got that dope boy persona, drop top
Winter, spring, fall, or summer
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the number
I done got the ball off, fuckin' cannot fumble
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on running
I be rockin' new shit I got every color
This shit ain't enough, I need another come up
Pull up
Any kind of way I want her, she know
I got that dope boy persona, drop top
Winter, spring, fall, or summer

Young niggas ballin' like we hit the number
I done got the ball off, fuckin' cannot fumble
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on running
I be rockin' new shit I got every color
This shit ain't enough, I need another come up