

Forget That

Lil Baby

My diamonds hit harder when the light off
I ride private to my shows, just a write-off

This beat from Murda (Murda)

Got a thousand pounds for a thousand, buy them bitches now
First they tried to steal my style, now they tryna steal my sound
Thank God, I ain't been broke in a while
Do what I do to a T, you my child
I left the bitch in the field and she sour
Move like a ghost in my town, I got power
Reach for a chain on my neck, hear a boaw
I'm hittin' 'em hard, make 'em throw in the towel
Don't get 'em started, if you ask me, I'm the hardest
Ain't come to play with these boys, I ain't Carti
AMG big body, sound like it farted
I hurt they feelings, ain't telling' 'em sorry
These niggas boring, I'm on some more shit
Hundred racks spent on my teeth, I like flossin'
Ran up ten million and still ain't get cocky
Fuck your opinion, don't need it, I'm poppin'
Told all the bros catch an opp, then he droppin'
Everyone hot on my label, got options
Send your deposit, we come to rock shit
Breakin' in cars, my lil' bro like a locksmith
That nigga throw it up, he on them Roxies
Why you keep buyin' these chains and these watches?
How can I not? Every day I get profit
Upped all my drip 'cause my Crips be watchin'
I really go from these projects to projects
They gotta take it with ease, they can't stop it
Fuck it, ain't lettin' 'em breathe, they can die
Think 'bout the bros every time I get high
Free the guys
Baby

My diamonds hit harder, I ain't in no competition
Not to mention, just a lil' bit richer, can't forget that (Nah)
Flew here, we got chartered (Chartered)
Shawty, she so raw, I might just let her have my daughter
Naw, I'm trippin', yeah, forget that
This the get-back, yeah

Had a lil' ten bands, I spent that shit on denim
I pull up Usain Bolt Trackhawk, this is not no rental, yeah
Project runner, I came up playin' cops and robbers
You the guy with the badge, and I'm the nigga with the chopper
My niggas catch bodies in the daytime (Yeah, yeah)
VLONE Runtz, this shit won't make it past a canine
I know real trappers that stay on the block, but they don't play lines
But if they see 12, they know to run, though, like they Rajon
I stack that shit up to the ceiling, no more sharin' clothes
I bought a pendant, came from Watson, but I ain't proposed
Ridin' with an AR, but he got murked with a revolver
I sent the crackhead in the pharmacy for cough syrup
No, she can't play me, but if she try, I'ma dog her
They been askin' questions crazy, "Is you 'bout to drop a tape yet?"

"Is you tryna go independent? Rylo did you sign with Baby?"
Rolex like G-Shock to us, that's 'cause we finally made it

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