

# Man Of My Word

Lil Baby

How she actin' funny? I bought her her titties  
Niggas she be fuckin' ain't none of my business  
Uppin' my quota, that's a part of my Fendi  
Don't matter where I'm at, bitch, I'm known for the trenches  
We the first niggas put drums in the city  
We rob the niggas put drugs in the city  
Fuck where you from 'cause I know that you with it  
Check on his ass, I'ma handle my business  
Trust you enough to fuck you more than once  
And you gotta be a killer just to hang with us  
If you talkin' about murders there's no hangin' up  
Run up on 'em (Bow), ain't no one-on-one  
I got the money so who I'm runnin' from  
I got a lawyer that cost a honey bun  
Before I buy pussy I'll buy a hundred guns  
Judge told me nigga died with my gun  
2010 Reese said Ralph Lauren  
Died close, feel like he died in my arm  
Reinstated, they denied my bond  
A nigga play with Smurk, he not that smart  
Sucked it twice and I'm still not hard  
Niggas cry loud when they get in shock  
That nigga word don't stand on my block  
Fuck what you heard I'm the man on my block

Stop playin' bitch, I'm Smurk  
Bitch get naked, gotta put on my merch  
I got your Uber, I kept my word  
She a freak actin' like she a nerd  
No shirt when I'm off this perc  
They slide every time we heard  
Lost bro, I know it hurt  
We gon' catch em first

We runnin' game on them boys, gotta sit out  
After I hit, tell 'em Amere, make her get out  
Hundred mil come and I still ain't gone chill out  
I'm really down, got show her how I get down  
Hard on the bitch, man, I should have been pimpin'  
Hard in these streets, the majority with me  
He can't be serious, you gotta be kiddin' me  
I'm really laughin', these lil' niggas temptin' me  
I get offended when niggas say, "Tap in"  
I brought the bro nem Celine just to trap in  
I got more clothes in my closet than Saks Fifth  
I watch JB make a deuce do a backflip  
I know you really don't know, you just act hip  
I done took off for real, now how that feel?  
Bro ain't ever gon' change, I know that's real  
This one outta, here straight to the backfield  
I sleep good every night, now I'm happy  
How you go where you go? I'ma trappa fo real  
How you know what you know? I adapted fo real  
We too rich with the Fe, get this shit in the mail  
My lifestyle expensive, this shit high as hell  
Lil' Bro tryna score so I gave him a layup  
I gotta go somewhere, no, I can't layup

Bitch stop playin', you betta not tell

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