

Okay

Lil Baby

(Danny... Danny... Danny)

Why the fuck they put my business on the blogs
Sista know they neva gotta get a job Brody said he rather spend shit and rob
Damn dawg
And he ain't playin dawg
That's ya plan dawg
That's ya man dawg
Fuck both of them I want them all gone

Shit been gettin shakey I'm staying where I'm safe at
Couple spots they 'ont know where I stay it
Why would you be playin you know I 'ont play that
Flippin words when you know I ain't say that
I been good so I'm guessing its payback
Smoking woods in the back of the Maybach
I'm the hero so they gotta face that
Hit Dior where the fuck is my cape at
I'm on a otha one
Bought another car then another one
Bank account like I just won a settlement
Sippin walking I'm addicted to medicine
Pockets on elephant, large
I get two pretty women to come kick it with me at the playoffs we'll have a
menage
I go in any nigga city bunch of killas with me errbbody gotta ride
Swear I nod off before I fall off its that drink talking yeah
Fifteen foreign cars and I pop off and I run ATL
When I get old I might have back problems these Cuban links big as hell
I don't fucked M's up with these lawyers tryna get my niggas outta jail
500 racks for a bond, I'll do whatever for brodie
We came up from cars that was stolen
Before it drop ima be on top of this fashion
I'm standing' as tall as the owner
You stabbed me right in my back when you could have just asked what happen
When you being disloyal
We sharing all of this shit
From the money, the cars, the hoes
It don't matter the order
One of my niggas got out and another one in so I'm getting sick and tired of
that order
I see you drowning I'm coming to help you I'm risking it all ima die in that
water
I'm rich as fuck I can do what I wanna
Came over sober, she left here a stoner
She know she rather sleep inside a corner
Well I fuck her like I'm fresh out the tunnels

I can't change I'm stuck in my ways
Poppin half and half I'm up for a day
Oh you getting money now, Okay
Tell em don't play with you, Okay
I'm proud of you, supposed to be proud of me too
I do everything that I can do
Make it happen don't make an excuse
I show improve
I'm the one and not the two
Lotta money on ya now

Shit together, got accounts
Glad you took a different route
Tryna buy you fools a house
Glad you really made it out
You can't sit waitin around
Gotta get up and get out
You gotta get this shit now

I got a Cullinan because I just wanted one
Run up a check and look out for my brother some
I asked did he trick and that nigga was stutterin'
I knew him for years and he don't know my government
You can't come around if you keep on recording me
I'm trappin, you trappin, that shit be a tournament
Voice of the trenches and I could be a general
I'm pour up a cup with the niggas who murder
But I ain't gon' hold you
Nigga had told I told
Niggas be using emojis
Saying I'm bogus
I was just down on my back
I couldn't send cash, I wrote you
My brother did ten
Got out of jail, I'm global
I take care of my block, I'm supposed to
I'm done fucking hoes who local
Popped me a ten ain't feel it
I gotta go boot up some doses
Ask can I leave them streets alone
Bro went to jail and I got him a phone
Just cause he think cause he lost his motion
My brother think he ain't coming home
Fentanyl and felonies getting you gone
Switch on a nickel, I feel like a Stone
The niggas who died I'll never respond
I'm slapping the bitches who ain't listen to Von

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