

4 Pockets Full, but I ain't Lil Baby
I ain't even trippin' 'cause that's just how I'm livin'
Get on that beat and I get to walkin'
Fans say, "Double be snappin' and tickin'"
'Fore I got in the studio, I was on business
AR with the 30, I slapped in 60
Might put in 100 today, 'cause that's just how I'm feelin'
Jumped in the water with sharks, I ain't fuckin' with fishes (Let's go)
I was young when Beano died, fucked up my pride
Know I'm still gon' slime out a bitch
Double 0 took plenty of L's, I'm fine because I'm Big Slime
Lil Double gon' handle the business
Remember them days them cars wasn't mine
But we still slid n' slide n' rolled on niggas
Til' the day I die, I'm slime, promotin' the violence
We really scored on niggas
Gang unit been on my ass, watch what you say up on a post, lil nigga
Ma Dukes said I'm a monster, livin' too fast, but you gave birth to a killer
Watch him go make a move, that lil bro gon' blick him
Know these bitches ain't shit, but these niggas gon' fix 'em
Snap 'em up with that chop and take 'em a picture
Hoe think I'm a rapper, she don't know I'm a killer
I can't fuck with a nigga, when you fuck with niggas, that fuck with them gu
ys
Even though that we fuck and I don't like her picture because she's not my b
itch and I am not her guy (Whoa)
Opps get too high and they drop they lo' for a broke ass bitch and they trus
tin' these hoes
Pull up, we slide, hop out, shoot fye
Seen a grown man cry, 'fore he lose his soul
(No bap, uh)
Seen a grown man cry, 'fore he lose his soul
I was just deep in that water when I was a baby, I shoulda did what I was to
ld
Like, "Fuck it. I really do it, won't change it for nothin'"
If you chasin' yo dreams, then you gotta trust it
She fuck my team, then that hoe lucky
Hoe want her a ring, I give the hoe nothin'
What the fuck do you mean?
Some lust and trust? Bitch, I'm a thug
And I'm CEO of my gang, lil bitch, so I do it for us
Got a couple of snipers, they junkies, they good with the action
Catch 'em, whack 'em, hop on a bus
Bad bitches be twerkin' to my song, sending me pictures with no thong, when
I hit their city, it's up
Remember them days with no iPhone
I was really livin' down bad, stuck up in the dust
Have you ever woke up, been mad as fuck?
'Cause your pops been gone, and you feel alone, and you only young, but you
act grown
But you gotta stay strong, 'cause they want you to put it on
Copy my style, wanna be like a clone
But these niggas rats, they don't know what what I'm on (Whoa)
(Uh, let's go)
These niggas copy, they look like a clone
These niggas rats, they don't know what I'm on
Fuck all that talkin', put one in his dome

Slatt, Slatt
I'm thumbin' through racks
I beat up the trap and I get the shit back
Slatt, Slatt
Thumbin' through them racks
I walk up, hit 'em with 100 sum' shots in his back (uh, uh)
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