

# Still

Lil' Wayne

Uh, trust fund baby  
Lump sums baby  
Got a bunch of 'em baby  
Not some money baby  
Got much money baby  
Brrp brrp, the money comin' baby  
By the dump truck baby

Young Money baby  
Tryna' fuck someone baby  
Boutta run something baby  
I'm over here havin' too much fun baby  
That ho dreamin' havin' my trust fund baby  
Gotta suck something baby  
What's up, baby?  
What that talk 'bout? Run that tongue for me, baby  
Yeah, give me some head for some bread  
Ooh, that's lunch money baby  
Rich nigga screamin' out, "Fuck money, baby"  
Like what money, baby?  
Blood gang baby, that's blood money baby  
Love got her own money, love money baby  
Laughin' to the bank now, no words for the baby

Tell 'em hush lil baby, I don't trust nothing baby  
Fuck that shit, I'll bust one, baby  
Got a few guns baby, not one gun baby  
Need two cups baby, not one cup baby  
You done blew up baby, I done fucked already  
But we could keep that between just us, baby  
Shh I done said too much, huh, baby?  
Frrr, I done made too much, huh, baby?

Still in the coupe goin' crazy  
Not the Vette, that's a Lamb baby  
Blockin' these bitches like spam baby  
Swipin' my card, I got scams baby  
I pull up with Tunechi like Weezy baby  
She asked for my kid and I told her, "Maybe"  
That my baby momma then she get a Mercedes  
Bitch I'm rich forever, have a trust fund baby

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Not the Vette, that's a Lamb baby  
Blockin' these bitches like spam baby  
Swipin' my card I got scams baby  
I pull up with Rich, he a soldier baby  
She asked for my kid and I told her, "Maybe"  
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My kid get a trust fund  
I got rich and bought more guns  
I been shootin' like James Bond  
Help me up I had no bond  
I fucked a bitch now she rich  
Plain Patek on her wrist

If I fuck her it's a risk  
Goin' raw, tryna' miss  
Pull it out and tell her kiss it

Still in the coupe goin' crazy  
Not the Vette, that's a damn McLaren  
I pull up with Weezy, your baby starin'  
Bitch colder than the chain, than the ice I'm wearin'  
How I turned to a martyr I don't do no carin'  
I just caught a million dawg, need a veterinarian  
I'm a real deal boss, ain't no damn comparin'  
Half a million Plain Pateks, I don't even wear 'em  
Fuck her from the back and smack it  
Good pussy, I'm a addict  
Bought a Benz and then she matte it  
Lunch money, I'm her daddy  
Throw it back, she got a fatty  
Baby mama get a new Benz  
Came with my chopper, I got no friends  
It's a triple stack, I was rollin'  
Pop a pill and break her back in

These niggas be actin'  
Tell your bitch 'cause you really were lackin'  
I ain't stressed out, I'm really relaxin'  
Pinky armour, money be stackin'  
Young nigga tryna catch a Kardashian  
Drop off baby then I end up crashin'  
Can't love a ho, I'ma end up passin'  
In the coupe goin' crazy like still  
Young nigga, Fresh Prince like Will, for real

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Goin' brazy