Baggin'

Marshmello

Mello made it right

God sat me down and told me, "Youngin', you the one"
Givenchy, Louis, BAPE, the only thing, I'm from the slums
White gold, Presidential, maybe I should run
Still get 'em by the ton, sixty-five three times a month
Bag, what you doin'? Baggin', baggin'
2020 McLaren, Moe got me thinkin' 'bout than cashin'
Bitch, I'm a savage (Ho), Megan, savage (Nasty)
Heard I fucked her friend, she keep callin' me a savage
She gon' suck it 'cause she nasty (Freak ho)
Once I fucked her I be laughin' (Fuck off)
We will never meet again, only thing I eat is tens (Bad ho)
Bag, what you doin'? Baggin', baggin'
Youngest of the mob (I didn't know Marshmello could make a beat that hard, man)

After everything I gave how you tell me I ain't shit?
All the money that I made, that was 'posed to keep us lit
You was out here suckin' dick, I was tryna pay the (Rent)
I was tryna pay the, I was tryna pay the rent
Free my niggas from 6, if not weed, then it's a brick
All my youngins takin' hits, 1500 for a mix
Show you to make a ten, I get three brown from a gram
I know how to make a dance, twenty-two just for the pants
Ho, quit lying bitch you a fan, if it's you, I want the head
I fell back on sellin' meds, I'm supposed to be with Techs
Faced some fire, and the feds ask me, am I Dugg
Ask God, not at all, four million with all the cash

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Youngest of the mob, R.I.P. my young nigga Rob

Prolly throw a six, never a five, pour me a four
Tell the world get off my dick
I get nervous when I get mentioned
Bro do four a week in Cinci, could be five, but he too picky
Keep that fye, bitch, don't get Ricky'd
Without my guys feel like something missin'
Too many proud fucks, too many bitches
Moral of the story, I don't fuck with you niggas
You tryna get fame, fuck 'round, get painted
Throw it up, let nigga know what you claimin'
Big 4, Big 4

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