

DO DAT (feat. DaBaby & Lil Baby)

Stunna 4 Vegas

B-B-Bankroll Got It (Real niggas all gangstas)
On mami (Uh),
This nigga full-time Is got rich in six months, you heard? (Huh, no cap)It's gotta be that Billion
Dollar Baby shit, know the fuck goin' on
Nigga really got rich in six months, for real
I watched that shit with my own fuckin' eyes
Really three, but that nigga spend too much
Goddamn, this nigga get so much
Goddamn money, nigga, what the fuck (Ten)
Oh my God, I got a taste of the Rich Youngin
Okay (Okay), I'ma give them a taste of this shit
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uhHe got rich in six months, how he do that? (How he do that?)
I keep my foot on their neck, but y'all knew that (Y'all knew that)
We ain't goin', your shit'd got blewed back (Bah)
Your ass get whooped, said, "Smoke," we could do that (Ooh)
I break her neck, she like, "Who that?"
Your ho, these diamonds on me get your boo wet (Uh)
She ate the D like she knew me (Uh)
I'm the shit, hottest youngin', she already knew that
We all put a bitch up like a throwback (Freak ho)
She mixed the purp with the Moët (Uh)
So many racks, I got gold (Racks)
Hit the space and I dance in this bitch like I'm Kodak (Uh)
Make 'em freeze like he took a Kodak (Freeze)
My lil' nigga move on 'em on my whistle
That bitch think I'm hot, sizzle
I'm a pitch (Uh), told me her nigga is shit (Uh, uh)
I won't go back and forth with no rap nigga
I got business to attend to
Too many racks to count, lil' nigga, I flip you (Flip)
We fill him up, wet him like a pencil (Brrt, brrt)
No diss, I'm tryna send a missile
I need M's, bitch, I'm on a mission (Cash)
I'm with my, I'm with my shooter, but I got a stick, too (Uh, he up)
He up, then I'm upp'in' this bitch 'til it click, too (Bah)
He got rich in six months, how he do that? (How he do that?)
I keep my foot on their neck, but y'all knew that (Y'all knew that)
We ain't goin', your shit'd got blewed back (Bah)
Your ass get whooped, said, "Smoke," we could do that (Ooh, let's go)
I break her neck, she like, "Who that?"
Your ho, these diamonds on me get your boo wet (Uh)

She ate the D like she knew me (Uh)
 I'm the shit, hottest youngin', she already knew that I say, "We gon' call that boy Rich Youngin'"
 (Rich)
 He got rich in six months, I can vouch (Let's go)
 Okay, you done got slick at the mouth (Yeah)
 That lil' bitch talkin' shit, kick her out (Like, bitch)
 I made my young niggas do that (Yeah)
 Go pull up and post up a pic at your house (Cheese)
 Make him tap, BDB in the cab (Let's go)
 Beat his ass with that stick, he come out (Okay) I done went and spent a whole lot of money
 with Johnny
 I got a whole brick in my mouth (Yessir)
 My bitch get the money
 Bitch send the deposit if you want my bitch to come out (No cap)
 They want fuck me, Big 4 and my DJ (Big 4)
 Throw my shirt on a ho, it's on eBay
 Windows down and heat on on the freeway (Hm)
 I pull up with Rich Youngin', they holler that nigga Got rich in six months, how he do that?
 (How he do that?)
 I keep my foot on their neck, but y'all knew that (Y'all knew that)
 Goin'-we ain't goin', your shit'd got blewed back (Yes get whooped)
 Your ass get whooped, said, "Smoke," we could do that (Ooh, let's go)
 I break her neck, she like, "Who that?"
 Your ho, these diamonds on me get your boo wet (Uh)
 She ate the D like she knew me (Uh)
 I'm the shit, hottest youngin', she already knew that Baby
 It's Baby and Baby'n full-time
 I ran that lil' shit up in no time
 I'm puttin' dick in your bitch if we lock eyes
 I'm so hot, start a fire when I walk in
 Hit her friend, I ain't stop when she walk in (Nat)
 I can drop every month and go top ten
 Make her do what I say, let her get what she want
 Bitch, you better shut up when I'm talkin' (Shut up)
 Lot of cars, how the fuck I miss walkin'? (Nah)
 I drop hit after hit, I don't miss (Never)
 'Posed to be somewhere servin' in one of them houses with pounds
 How the fuck I get rich? Who the hell said that life was a bitch?
 I got too many bitches but one life to live
 Fuck how they feel, if we got a problem, then money'll solve it
 My dollars and followers match
 I really started from scratch
 Pistol and pack, now I get millions to rap
 Influence the youngins to trap
 Put my whole hood on the map, first the water was tap
 Now a jet for a nap, now the motor in the back
 Meet promoter with racks, keep her head in my lap
 And my hand on the strap, ain't no dyke shit

On that Chief Keef, "I Don't Like" shit

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>