

3 Headed Goat (feat. Lil Baby & Polo G)

Lil Durk

[Lil Baby]

These ain't no Guess jeans
I dropped out of school, I'm still good at math
But, n----, don't test me
I play to the left, they went to the right
They try to finesse me
Still riding 'round with that blicky, I hope they don't catch me
Police had raided our spot so we went to the next street
Play like I'm dumb, as soon as he pop, I'm goin' retarded
He say I'm hot and he say I'm garbage, I'm rich regardless
We in Miami in the middle of the winter, and we on them jet skis
Then we in Atlanta, I'm runnin' the cat and workin' the red key
I cannot mention my homies inside of my song 'cause I know they be trappin' a lot
I can't keep takin' these pills, when I'm in the trenches they say I be cappin' a lot
I know a n---- who say he got rich off the dope but I know he be actin' a lot
I know some n----- who said that they took down the city but n----- be lackin' a lot
Yeah
That s--- was awful, n---- had that dog food
The day they shot you, I slid on a Mongoose
You cannot come back around me, you turned your back on me, I cannot forget
The police was lyin', they say that they caught you, but n----, they made you admit
Your name was found, you put in that work, they took your stick, you a b----
F--- my opps, they be on my d---, they all be mad we rich (Turn up) Only twenty-five, livin' like
a boss, riding 'round with a chauffeur
I don't sell drugs, still be paranoid, keep lookin' over my shoulder
N----- lyin' like I'm stealin' swag but it's my s--- like I wrote it
Uh
These rappers really nice as hell
I'm a different n---- when I'm pissed off
Man, he say he gon' press up on who?
I'ma get the steel like I'm Chris Paul
Back to back suburbans, I'm a big dawg
I was in the slums servin' Fentanyls
I be laying junkies havin' withdrawals
I been gettin' to it, lotta missed calls
Turn it off, what the f--- is he talking 'bout?
I should slap you for sayin' he hot as me
I don't know who could f--- with me honestly
They know I'm the man so they watchin' me
Different color bands like Monopoly
Man, he must not be usin' his head
If he thinkin' I don't keep a Glock with me

That's like suicide if you play with us
Got a better chance at the lottery
Call an ambulance when that chopper sweep
Make the crowd dance, choreography
Once I got a plan, ain't no stoppin' me
Three-car garage, million-dollar crib
With a foreign b---- ridin' on top me
Lotta people done said I wouldn't be s---
Well, I guess they owe me an apology These ain't no Guess jeans
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>