

RAW SHIT (feat. Migos)

DaBaby

They said they want some of that raw shit
Turn it up, I'm a sit in the car, bitch
If you turn off yo lights, you gone see me at night
Hoe, you know I'm a muhfuckin' star bitch
How I know you ain't from where I'm from?
'Cause you know you can't go leave your gun in the car, dick
Nigga like me walk down on yo ass
Leave you stuck in the sand like a muhfuckin' star fish Where the backwoods at, I'm tryna
smoke something
STG, swear to God they don't want nothing
STD, play with fire I'm a burn something
Back-to-back in scat pack doing donuts
Starting not getting head till I want some
She eat up the two-ball, the screwball like ice-cream
Who you know wear designer with Nike?
I smile and I show off my dimples, I'm icy
Name a label that's fucking with my team
Somebody come give me a challenge, excite me
Nigga better stay away from that water
I let this bitch off, it's gone hit you like lightning
How the fuck they let Baby go platinum?
I thought he was whack and they didn't even like em'
You can come see my plaque on my wall
Walk around in my draws, talking shit in my castle
Think he sick? Wipe his nose, I'm a napkin
Take his bitch, that's my hoe, I'm her daddy
Ship the shit to yo door, send the addy
Mix it in with the low, does it matter?
Nigga, know I was having that remix
I play pussy and burn ya, that's defense
Baby, pull out my dick and she eat it
She like how I be kicking that street shit
That's ya boy, he aight, he ain't me bitch
Check me out on yo screen, BET, bitch
Know I got the whole gang in LA
I'm strapped up with that thang in LA
I hop off the plane and I skate
She 'bout to come bring me some brain, that's my bae
I can't go back and forth with a hoe
Like a bitch who gon' do everything that I say
Say they want some of that trap talk
I get a brick, let it moonwalk

The K shoot silent but it still talk
Smoke with the pilot in the skybox
The Cullinan came with a umbrella
But guess no prongs, they stand together
I lift my arm and change the weather
Turn a bitch from nothing to a Cinderella They said they want some of that raw shit
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Might as well turn to a activist
The meeting was corporate, walked in like we been there
Man, they know we really was savages
Ain't in a UPS or with the Fedex
But a nigga be packing it
Ain't tryna bag or boast
Or tell em' something they don't know but a nigga be having it
Metal on me all time
Beefing with metal detectors and magnets
Bitch, I'm with Set and DaBaby
Hit the racetrack just to see who the fastest
This Dray came out of a cast
Don't make us put yo bitch ass in a casket
We wrapping up plastic
Actually, I get the backend, hot like a dragon I hit the cook then I ash it
I fish-tale the demon, I drag it
These niggas broke, maggots
Take yo bitch throat, stab it
Audemar baguettes got added
Crack the stick, pay the hit when it's static
Yeah my bitch is the baddest, I'm bragging
Quarter-mill on the Richard, it's plastic They said they want some of that raw shit
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