

Bloxk Party (feat. Drego)

Sada Baby

[Verse 1: Drego & Sada Baby]

My dog just caught the bag, I ain't runnin' from the grams

You got that internet beef, you run straight to the 'Gram

Pussy nigga got shot and he ran to the Gram

If I get shot I'ma shoot 'til it jam in my hand

You in your phone all day, ain't makin' no bands

I told my lil dog count it as fast as he can

Soon as he run, it's off with his head

I need that bag and your life like fuck is you sayin'?[Verse 2: Sada Baby]

Like I'm that one nigga, fuck the other side

Percocet and new Patek made me come alive

Like how you bomin' Game? I got the chopper on me

Ooh I got the drop on him, JJ up the Glock on him

[Verse 3: Drego]

Man, I got to sneak it in the party, pocket rocket on me

My baby meet you on the side, Chris Rock for you

Boy, I can see the whole field right off Barlisle

I know he tried to slide 'cause his car loud[Verse 4: Sada Baby]

Big brick of white look like Brock Lesnar

Got testers, slidin' everywhere because I'm off tether

I might fuck a Cardi B, Ruccis offsettin'

Diamonds wet, look like pee, Skuba R. Kelly[Verse 5: Drego]

Man, I might sing for the pussy just like R. Kelly

I told her pull up to club icky, I'ma change the weather

I got her out her Vickys, she wouldn't let me let up

We been in and out them wars, I swear we need some medals

[Verse 6: Sada Baby]

I ain't never had time for no arguments

Big ass shotgun look like Lauri Markkanen

Tooda got the tan, AR with the cartridges

Moncler, Rollie arm-wear, thats' my starter kit[Verse 7: Drego]

Do you believe in my dreams like Coretta bitch?

Don't let him come in that door dog, we measuring

This lil bitch like Keyshia Cole, dog she heaven-sent

Drego lay low and get them extras then[Verse 8: Sada Baby]

Get to preachin' to you niggas like I'm Malcolm X

And we got powder everywhere, just took it out the press

She hit the road with my load, took it out her dress

She turn me on, now I want to do it

I'm lit, in a foreign whip

Auntie got a script, I'ma flip the bitch

Sweet chin music, watch me kick the shit

Yes I can move it, I be whippin' it
I will pull my gun and get ignorant
I will fuck the party up with my dance moves
I want to take me a trip out to Cancun
But I gotta sit still 'til this bag move
Domo arigato, Mr. Robot-o
If he know like I know, my niggas we got those
Drums with the hollows, drugs in my poncho
I been wanting big bands since a snot nose[Verse 9: Drego]
The bag is so feminine, my MT hitters they some gremlins
The narcs hit the block, still gon' hit the fence in my Timberlands
The smoke on the floor, alright inhale it then
The way you talk you need a show, David Letterman
You ballerina all on it, it's not sellin', damn
I called my baby whip it quickly, ain't gotta touch my hands
I know some young niggas really eatin' in the ten
All this blood from the streets, I need to wash my hands
You never know who out to get you, better watch your mans
Before you get to blowing cheese, better make a plan
First night again, it wasn't in her plans
Bougie told me fuck the city bro, we want the rest
Who gon' be there in the end, all this shit a test
All my old hoes say I still hit it the best
Get your mans dog, I heard his watch it tick tick

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