

# Belly

## Lil Baby & Gunna

Ah-ah-ah, hey  
Run that back, Turbo You niggas bogus, I see the imposers  
I used to sell yola, trap on Motorola  
Spittin' these vocals, labels think I wrote it  
Slippery wet paints, the coupes are candy-coated  
Just left the bank, I need a bag to hold this  
The streets like a farm 'cause all we ride is horses  
Let my face tell it, we done made a fortune  
I'm ridin' with my dawg and he ain't gotta question  
I got a bitch like Keisha off of Belly  
Police got dogs and they can't even smell me  
Keep me a cup, I got a lean belly  
20s on me, I call 'em green relish  
Balmain my jeans, if not, they embellished  
Too many vibes, they think I'm R. Kelly  
PH in the sky, we got 'em already  
PJ in the sky and I don't wanna land it  
Creepin' at night, the VLONE bandit  
I prayed to the sky and none of this was handed  
Worked all my life and now I understand it  
Crawled up like a mouse, but I could never tell it  
I got the sweetest sauce like jelly  
Try disrespect me, you all get beheaded  
I got the drip, they call me Dripavelli  
I held him down, that nigga was my celly  
Fuck you fuck niggas, never made me heartless  
Thank God, came and got me, used to shop at Target  
They cut out the coupe before we hit the market  
We don't pack our bags 'cause we gon' shop regardless  
Backend, I'm back in, paid up for the party  
I done came a long way from openin' up for Carti  
Shades and my bracelets Cartier Carti  
Police's cases, all that we avoidin'  
The lean in my cup gettin' more and more muddy  
I shown all my love, I've never been a bully  
Got every color VLONE hoody  
Just jumped in the game and still I ain't no rookie  
I got this sauce, cream and puddin'  
I came with the drip, got everybody lookin'  
Cherish your blessings, easily could be taken  
Send a front in, it's easy to get a book in  
You niggas bogus, I see the imposers

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I'm ridin' with my dawg and he ain't gotta question Yeah, cash all my backends, I bought me a  
Patek

Addicted to cabbage, the money relax me  
My mom and them happy, I bought them a mansion  
I still rock the fitted, but I don't be cappin' (Skrrt)  
These camouflage denim like I just went campin'  
They still can't believe that I made it, they happy  
I been gettin' money before I was rappin'  
I'm ridin' in the Wraith like I play with the actors  
No pleadin', arraignment, ain't takin' no charges  
My young nigga's solid, I know that he got me  
He keep his mouth closed, I'ma buy him a foreign  
Penthouse, hotel suite whenever we're tourin'  
How foreign my tint is, I still rock the Jordan  
Packin' out shows, love my fans, they important  
And I'm still in the trap, in the hood like a motor  
Spend thousands on fragrance, she fuckin' my odor  
I just started rappin', I made me some millions  
Man, shout out Atlanta, I'm runnin' my city  
These bracelets came healthy, they cost me a 50  
I leveled it up, I've been handlin' business  
Gettin' 20 a night, every day, different city  
I just keep puttin' this syrup in my kidneys  
This the big one, boy, this not the Jubilee (Jubilee)  
I got Gunna with me, rockin' VLONE, Supreme (Yeah, yeah) You niggas bogus, I see the  
imposers

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I'm ridin' with my dawg and he ain't gotta question (Uh)

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