

Freestyle

Lil Baby

DaVinci (DaVinci, DaVinci)

Yeah

Shoutout the whole Oakland City, man

You know what I'm saying? The whole 4PF

Know what I'm saying? I put this up

Yeah

[Verse]

Shoutout my label, that's me

I'm in this bitch with TB

I'm in this bitch with 4 Trey

I just poured up me an eight

Real nigga all in my face

Five hundred racks in my safe

Five hundred racks to the plug

What you know 'bout showin' love?

What you know 'bout pullin' up in Bentley trucks?

Make these bitches fall in love

All of my niggas on go

None of my niggas no ho

All of my niggas want smoke

All of my niggas together

We came from the bottom, we used to wear each other's clothes

None of my niggas gon' fold

Couple pussy niggas told

They ain't my niggas no more

Hold it down for the four

In the nine with the woes

Marlo my dawg, that's for sure

We won't fall out about shit

'Specially not 'bout no bitch

We ain't gon' fall out 'bout hoes

Me and Ced get them loads

We let 'em go for the low

I got my hood in control

I got my left wrist on froze

I got my right wrist on froze

I got my necklace on froze

Both of my ears on froze

I been gettin' faded, I'm sippin' on maple

If she won't fuck, I won't make her

I don't like bitches with makeup

If she want titties, I pay for 'em

Get outta that when I wake up

I pass the ball, I don't layup
I'm a big boss, I got say so
They'll wipe you down if I say so
Dracos on Dracos on Dracos on Dracos
.40s on .40s on .40s
I just bought me some new water
Wetter than Katrina, shoutout New Orleans
I made a promise my niggas gon' ball
Hard in the paint, change my name to John Wall
Geekin' off trees like a leaf in the fall
Find a new plug then we takin' em all
Pull up in a brand new Benz truck
Hop out fresher than a menthol
Lil' nigga, but I'm big, dawg
All I gotta make is one call
Get a nigga block, took off
Cross a nigga up, Hot Sauce
Ooh, I got 'em mad, my fault
Talkin' 'bout the shit that I bought
Poppin' these Percs, I done turned to a savage
Hundred racks stuffed in the mattress
Hundred racks stuffed in the attic
Hundred racks stuffed in the sofa
These niggas play gangster, but they won't approach me
I know they never approach me
They know that they'll catch a bullet
I rock the gang to the fullest
I run with some real ones, don't hang with no pussies
I ain't no killer, don't push me
I see how you niggas be lurkin'
I hope you don't think you no bully
I'm livin' the life, I should star in a movie
Ridin' in a Vert with an Uzi
12 get behind me, I lose 'em
They tryna guess what I'm doin'
They tryna guess who I'm screwin'
That ain't even they business
They ain't wanna fuck with me
Now they see a nigga drippin'
Now they wanna fuck with me
They can't get in touch with me
Hardly ever in the city
They just know I'm gettin' bigger
They just know a nigga busy
I been runnin' up them digits
Yeah

