

Lil Baby, Fire In The Booth

Pull up in my hood, they treat me like I'm Capo
Grew up licking up the bread and we ain't no El Chapo
Had Timberlands, some Nike boots, we all in black mode
Running from police that's in the streets like ducking potholes
Keep my business out the streets and can't be fucking thot hoes
Keep my blicky in the cut, it gotta go where I go
Money over everything, that's still the motto
Balling hard today like we won't make it to tomorrow

Baby, I'm a millionaire, keep the baby, I don't care
50 G's, pick a ear, make a diss, disappear
I got on that shit for real, niggas on my list for real
Every time I pull up I look like I'm selling bricks for real
Still be in the bricks for real
Had to stop from popping pills
Five or six, seven foreign cars and only took a year
People ask me how it feel, never ask me how I feel
They know I got hitters in the stuck, I'm tryna get appeals

They said they was down, I seen them same people change on me
Now they wanna call they see me up but I done changed number
She say I look good but it's because I got these chains on
Tryna put that brain on me
All these fuckin' rings on

Still rolling up my problems, still thinking 'bout my partners
They'd kill you for a dollar, that's why I iced out all my crosses
Remember looking at the bosses, knew one day I'd get that sack
Now I pull up with that ratchet and I hop out with them
I keep having flashbacks from all them trash bags
I keep having flashbacks from all them Glad bags
I'm getting better and my shit flawless, I got 'em mad man
But my lil' whodie got a body count like Mad Max

I done came up too fast
I bought her new ass
If I get it, you can have
Bro know he can get my last
Why they hate? Kissin' ass
Super charged, super fast
They can say whatever they know
Baby got a lotta cash

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All these damn rings on me
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No ZZ, drop top breazy
The dash like water nigga, dancing, Chris Breezy