

# Lil Baby, Forget That

My diamonds hit harder when the light off  
I ride private to my shows, just a write-off

This beat from Murda

Got a thousand pounds for a thousand, buy them bitches now  
First they tried to steal my style, now they tryna steal my sound  
Thank God, I ain't been broke in a while  
Do what I do to a T, you my child  
I left the bitch in the field and she sour  
Move like a ghost in my town, I got power  
Reach for a chain on my neck, hear a boaw  
I'm hittin' 'em hard, make 'em throw in the towel  
Don't get 'em started, if you ask me, I'm the hardest  
Ain't come to play with these boys, I ain't Carti  
AMG big body, sound like it farted  
I hurt they feelings, ain't telling' 'em sorry  
These niggas boring, I'm on some more shit  
Hundred racks spent on my teeth, I like flossin'  
Ran up ten million and still ain't get cocky  
Fuck your opinion, don't need it, I'm poppin'  
Told all the bros catch an opp, then he droppin'  
Everyone hot on my label, got options  
Send your deposit, we come to rock shit  
Breakin' in cars, my lil' bro like a locksmith  
That nigga throw it up, he on them Roxies  
Why you keep buyin' these chains and these watches?  
How can I not? Every day I get profit  
Upped all my drip 'cause my Crips be watchin'  
I really go from these projects to projects  
They gotta take it with ease, they can't stop it  
Fuck it, ain't lettin' 'em breathe, they can die  
Think 'bout the bros every time I get high  
Free the guys  
Baby

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Not to mention, just a lil' bit richer, can't forget that (Nah)  
Flew here, we got chartered (Chartered)  
Shawty, she so raw, I might just let her have my daughter  
Naw, I'm trippin', yeah, forget that  
This the get-back, yeah

Had a lil' ten bands, I spent that shit on denim  
I pull up Usain Bolt Trackhawk, this is not no rental, yeah  
Project runner, I came up playin' cops and robbers  
You the guy with the badge, and I'm the nigga with the chopper  
My niggas catch bodies in the daytime (Yeah, yeah)  
VLONE Runtz, this shit won't make it past a canine  
I know real trappers that stay on the block, but they don't play lines  
But if they see 12, they know to run, though, like they Rajon  
I stack that shit up to the ceiling, no more sharin' clothes  
I bought a pendant, came from Watson, but I ain't proposed  
Ridin' with an AR, but he got murked with a revolver  
I sent the crackhead in the pharmacy for cough syrup  
No, she can't play me, but if she try, I'ma dog her  
They been askin' questions crazy, "Is you 'bout to drop a tape yet?"  
"Is you tryna go independent? Rylo did you sign with Baby?"  
Rolex like G-Shock to us, that's 'cause we finally made it

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