

# Lil Baby, From Now On

FaceTime we still talk in codes, I think the Feds on every iPhone  
No more Polo t-shirts, put that shit on, everyday from now on

Switchin' up my image, no more pictures with my styrofoam  
Why the fuck I keep buyin' these houses if I'm never home?  
I'm with gang, they never wrong, supermodel, I'm steppin' on 'em  
Search for 'em, my weapon on 'em  
Buy three, four bags at one time  
Treat the condo like a trap house  
Other spot a baby compound  
Bad bitches gettin' the run-around  
Bruh a track star, he run shit down  
I made this shit half of a one pound  
I told bro 'dem, "One band, one sound"  
She like, "Fuck the club, let's stay in"  
'Cause she gotta get a new tape in

Pockets too big, they could never belittle me  
Bae, I'm a hell of a nigga  
Ain't with the arguin', what's your dilemma?  
I buy her Kelly's, the real one  
How you the hero but stay with some villains?  
I ain't gon' switch up my niggas 'dem  
I run the game like I'm born with the ball  
Youngin' ain't corny at all  
5 foot 9 but I ain't that small  
Feel like I'm 7 feet tall  
Bro ain't stoppin', he just on pause  
He comin' trim when I call him

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In millions of dollars, walkin' in Prada, drinkin' out of styrofoam  
Gotta talk in code, when you on FaceTime, like the Feds on the phone  
Live a billionaire lifestyle, but I still get bricks to ya' door  
Lil' one got the stick ready to go blitz, lil' one stay on go  
Flatline, nigga, one car  
Pull the pounds up in U-haul  
Dodgin' a life sentence, poppin' all this shit I talk  
I done piped up another nigga bitch, I'm too rich, my fault  
I just alley-ooped a hoe to my dawg, he just slam dunked her  
Ballin' like Bron, and now I'm startin' to feel like Messiah  
Codeine drinkin', but I swear the money get me higher  
Bitch told the judge that I'm on pills, my mansion got marbles  
Charge a M for a show, still a serve a bell to you tomorrow

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Everybody can fold, bet I won't  
Everybody want it, but I don't  
I make niggas follow and I lead  
I make bitches cum and I leave  
Virgil Maybach, it's so sweet  
We just get 'em, ain't no beef  
You can get her back, I can't keep her  
We be gettin', shhh, that's our secret  
Rappers wanna kick it, can't reach me  
You and five of y'all niggas, can't see me  
Really straight to war, nigga, can't beat me  
Akademiks know he ain't as rich as me  
Brodie ready to eat for a twenty piece  
Ain't got nothin' to say to you mini-me's

Ready to buy a lil' nigga contract  
Yeah, yeah, whatever, we on that  
Disappeared on them, they got weird on me, I'm the fall back king  
Number one shit, me and King Pluto, that's a smooth tag team  
Gotta live with it, can't wake up from it, this is not a bad dream  
Look how life changed, TV's in the shower, used to steal flat screens

Shhh, I know that they listenin', fuck 'em  
Know not to ask me about nothin'  
If I ain't somewhere gettin' money, then I'm fuckin'  
That's that Swiss sound  
I ain't goin' out without a fight, I'm tellin' you that shit now  
Whatever I get, I'ma show my brother, that's how we get down  
If you get offended, it is what it is, bitch, I'm from Atlanta, so I gotta slick mouth