

Lil Baby, How

Runnin' up this money been a breeze Phew
Flew her in, she fuck me 'til she leave Uh
She done fell in love, I'm sellin' dreams
I done fell in love with buyin' jeans Jeans
Hate I found a love for sippin' lean
Hellcat faster than a Demon, new G-Wagen with no key
Put baguettes in my AP, I ain't on playin' about they beef
Niggas know I play for keeps, treat my brothers like they me
Had to make myself a boss, it ain't no nigga workin' me
I invest a couple mil' and let my money work for me
Know they hate the way it happened, probably somewhere cursin' me
I don't know nothing 'bout no killin', all I know is murder beats
I got rich and understand my next three cars gon' be a lease
I ain't never losin' sleep about no beef, I roll in peace
I put diamonds in my teeth, came from grindin' in the streets
Get a load and break it down and sell it all and then repeat it
Pray to God for all the dawgs behind the wall, they need they freedom Free y'all
When I be on TV and perform, I hope they see me See me
Once it's up, it's stuck, we get over on niggas, not get even
Forgiato rims on my dually, I ride diesel
Only rock Amiris with my team, not no Diesel
Got some niggas up in Philly play with birds like they Eagles
She keep sayin' I'm the man, that shit boostin' up my ego
Still in Atlanta sellin' bags like they legal, I'm just sayin' Yeah

How you try to run off with the wave and you ain't surfen'?
Gave 'em all the drip, them niggas still acted thirsty
I ain't even counted up to see what I'm worth yet
All I know is put it up and keep on workin'
I can't even hold you, I been gettin' loaded
Devil on my shoulders
God got my back, so I keep on rollin', yeah

Drop-top McLaren Oh, everybody starin' Lookin'
Lil' one from the hood turned into the man Big dawg
Get a lot of money Yeah, try to stuff it in my pants 4 Pockets
I might do the woah Woah, nigga, I don't dance
Rings on my hand cost a fortune
Shout out to my mama, no abortion What's up?
D-Boy, white Air Forces Crisp
Different kinda bags, I got choices Flavors
And I got the swag for a loyal ticket
Think I'm hearin' voices in my head sayin', "Kill him" Kill him
Know she'll forgive me, I'm one of the real ones
Really from the trenches, turn a dollar to a nickel Get 'em
Baddest of the baddest, guess I gotta wait to pick 'em
Try us, then we smashin', then they go to playin' victim Kill 'em
I don't know what happened, all I know is he got hit up
I'ma need a napkin, chains drippin', VV's lit up
I'ma get the money and go hard long as I get up Get up
We gon' beat the trial, I told lil' bruh to do some sit-ups Push-up
Win, win, win, no lose or draw, I never give up Nah
Nigga what you bangin'? What you claimin'? Throw that shit up 4, Baby

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