

Lil Baby, Man Of My Word

How she actin' funny? I bought her her titties
Niggas she be fuckin' ain't none of my business
Uppin' my quota, that's a part of my Fendi
Don't matter where I'm at, bitch, I'm known for the trenches
We the first niggas put drums in the city
We rob the niggas put drugs in the city
Fuck where you from 'cause I know that you with it
Check on his ass, I'ma handle my business
Trust you enough to fuck you more than once
And you gotta be a killer just to hang with us
If you talkin' about murders there's no hangin' up
Run up on 'em (Bow), ain't no one-on-one
I got the money so who I'm runnin' from
I got a lawyer that cost a honey bun
Before I buy pussy I'll buy a hundred guns
Judge told me nigga died with my gun
2010 Reese said Ralph Lauren
Died close, feel like he died in my arm
Reinstated, they denied my bond
A nigga play with Smurk, he not that smart
Sucked it twice and I'm still not hard
Niggas cry loud when they get in shock
That nigga word don't stand on my block
Fuck what you heard I'm the man on my block

Stop playin' bitch, I'm Smurk
Bitch get naked, gotta put on my merch
I got your Uber, I kept my word
She a freak actin' like she a nerd
No shirt when I'm off this perc
They slide every time we heard
Lost bro, I know it hurt
We gon' catch em first

We runnin' game on them boys, gotta sit out
After I hit, tell 'em Amere, make her get out
Hundred mil come and I still ain't gone chill out
I'm really down, got show her how I get down
Hard on the bitch, man, I should have been pimpin'
Hard in these streets, the majority with me
He can't be serious, you gotta be kiddin' me
I'm really laughin', these lil' niggas temptin' me
I get offended when niggas say, "Tap in"
I brought the bro nem Celine just to trap in
I got more clothes in my closet than Saks Fifth
I watch JB make a deuce do a backflip
I know you really don't know, you just act hip
I done took off for real, now how that feel?
Bro ain't ever gon' change, I know that's real
This one outta, here straight to the backfield
I sleep good every night, now I'm happy
How you go where you go? I'ma trappa fo real
How you know what you know? I adapted fo real
We too rich with the Fe, get this shit in the mail
My lifestyle expensive, this shit high as hell
Lil' Bro tryna score so I gave him a layup
I gotta go somewhere, no, I can't layup
Bitch stop playin', you betta not tell

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