

# Lil Baby, My Jeans

I just sipped can't do nothin  
Yeah

I got big racks in my jeans Big racks in my jeans  
I'ma mix some dirty with this clean Dirty with this clean  
Almost all my bitches ballin', no lowkey  
21, I'm 'bout to stunt on all your dreams Stuntin', yeah  
This money better not stop Ayy  
I hit the target with the bullseye Hit my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target  
Loot on the pigs every time Hittin' my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target  
Me and my dawgs gon' ride out Hit my target, hittin' my target, hittin' my target  
Me and my dawgs gon' ride, uh Target, hittin' my target, yeah  
Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah  
Money tall like Charlie Sheen, yeah  
Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah  
Spend your bonus on my lean Yeah  
Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah  
This money callin' me in my sleep  
Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah  
Don't trust a rich nigga that creep, yeah

Run that back, Turbo!  
Wheezy outta here!

I was daydreamin' 'bout money, then I woke up  
I be thinkin' all this pimpin' give the world to her  
If I ever get the check, give you the world, girl  
See us goin' up and down, roller coaster  
I'll be the FN, you be my holster  
Tell the city 'bout my love, I even post her  
Pourin' all this lean in my styrofoam cup  
4 Pockets Full, every one of these shows

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Top off the Lamb', I get a breeze, yeah  
My travel kit is this codeine, yeah  
I fell in love with Billie Jean, yeah  
But YSL like Wu-Tang with that cream, oh  
And I done bought you everything  
Boss you up and put your condo in the trees  
I bought some Gucci socks so long they can reach my knees  
Got a bust down Rollie with big racks inside my jeans, oh

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