

Lil Baby, Never Recover (feat. Drake)

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up
Ayy, yeah
Tay Keith, this too hard
Ring, ring, we drip too hard, ayy
Run that back, Turbo
Yeah, ayy, look

I bring up money, they change up the topic
I got a 19 and it fold in my pocket
She gave me her number, now I gotta block it
I'm mixin' the dirty bills in with the profit
Clean that shit up and I give it right back to him
If I don't fuck with him, then I can't rap with him
I wanna be there when somebody catches him
I want a witness to see that shit
Man, these folks, these folks gotta goddamn hear this shit, no cap
I bring up hits and they change up the topic
I got a 19 and it fold in my pocket
One hell of a year and a nigga still droppin'
They wanted to stop it, but they couldn't stop it
You told a story like shorty was feelin' you
She told a story like she split the bill with you
Look at my story, man, no one could write it
Now I see a million, I don't get excited
I might just YSL my shit, the Thugger way
Ain't no real sense in me goin' the other way
Cannot be seen in that shit from the other day
Virgil just chef'd me a whole different colorway
Please don't be stupid, it's Baby and Gunna
And Baby, he wanted her, so I just swung her
Next time I'm in Dallas, I'll look for another
You niggas fell off and you never recovered

Poured up some Hi-Tech and wait 'til it bubble
Young Gunna Gunna, I make this shit double
Hit Eliante and left with a puddle
It's me, Drake, and Baby, you know you in trouble
Run up my check, my bitch sprinted the shuttle
Sign plus an M, bought a Benz for my brother
Painted all black, the interior butter
I drip like a leak and that's word to my mother
Yeah, came out the street, gotta sleep with a cutter
Found me a bitch who gon' eat, it's a supper
My dick in her mouth like she teethin' or somethin'
Sound like it could be Drip Season this summer
Ain't no comparin' 'cause we number one
In black and white Chanel, I look like a nun
The police in shock, don't know who got a gun
Don't got what I got 'cause I shop in Milan
It's winter, I still took the top off the don
The kid was surprised that my trunk in the front
I know you a upset they don't shine in the sun
Cuban link look like a box of crayons
I'm still at the lot, tryna cop the Cayenne
I told the judge, "Fuck it", I'm goin' on the run
You want it, my dawgs'll look out for the bond

And I'm gettin' by, let 'em choose sides
We get M's in by the shoe size
I don't fuck with y'all type of kind
I done seen all y'all dickride
Bread winner like I'm Kevin Gates
And I swear to God, I don't get tired
From the trenches, now I'm goin'

Spend a whole hundred on a new wristwatch

Don't gotta drip, I can leave it to Gunna
Runnin' this shit, only been out two summers
That 4x4 truck, I post 300
Boy, at whoever, they know how I'm comin'
Ain't got no feelings, I'm here for the money
Treat every club like a Magic on Monday
Niggas ain't rich for real, they gettin' fronted
Gave her a dime, told her fix up her stomach
By the time she get back, I'ma switch up my number
Cap to her friend like I been on her bumper
Lately, I been the topic of discussion
Draco was foreign, they shoot it from Russia
Bad vibes at my show like I'm Usher
If she tell me "No" once, I won't even touch it
All I do is get her out here, abortion
Act like I've been rich, I used to have nothin'
Drizzy hit me up like he got another one
Money ain't even came in from the other one
Fuck it, I'm hot, so I might as well double up
Seem like everything I get on a numba one
They tryna team up to beat me, they huddlin' up
Ever catch me out in traffic, I'm cuttin' up
Every city we go to, it be lit as fuck
Tryna put the police on us, get rid of us

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