

Lil Baby, Right Now

I can't wait around for nobody, I need it right now
I might buy that car if it make the right sound
Solitaire ear ring bling from a mile away
I can't do what she want me to do, she tryna take my child away
I think my past tryna haunt me haunt me
What do everybody want from me?
What do everybody want from me?
What do everybody want from me? from me
I gotta give it to 'em, if I don't
I might go to the hood, I'll make a song
Turn the trap spot to the studio

I'm tryna make a way for my folks
Seein' how I'm Oakland City only hope
I gotta get it, I ain't got time to play
Ain't got no time to waste
I've been havin' nightmares about goin' back to jail, so I wake up
Drankin' all this lean, poppin' Adderall so I can stay up
Niggas that I used to love actin' like they're mad 'cause I got my cake up
Ain't gon' never let it get to a nigga, keep on grindin', gotta get another million
Condo on Peachtree, I paid the rent for the closet
They just wanna talk about my past, they don't wanna accept the fact that I'm a boss
Everything I wanted, I'ma go and get it, I ain't trippin' 'bout a cost, yeah
Everybody want a piece of the winnings, they're never there when you're lost
Seen my main man try to cross me, I'm tryna pass it down to my offspring
All these hoes see me flossing, seen my first mil', felt awesome
They can't follow me, I lost 'em
Had to boss up, so I bossed up
Now I'm bossed up

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She gotta be piped up to feel my emphasis
She hot, yeah, she sizzlin', but can't love her more than the studio
Serena and Venus, yeah most of my chains tennis
So I wore it all to the studio studio
My baby mama got pregnant, had to buy a bitch a car to get an abortion
She just wanna see tears and sad faces on my shorty
But I can't get mad, that's the way it goes when you're fortunate
Leave a million cash in the street, nigga better not touch it on God
Act like they came to lay hands so their trust don't get busted no cap
Straight from Mossberg to his borough
Birds, bless the J's on that cizzurb
Ridin' in the Lambo that the lil' kids say "Bingo" to
My last two years were the worst ones in my career, but I'm still rich as you
Disneyland's where your kids go, on a private jet when I'm into you when I'm into you
Them lil' bitches that be hatin' need to pipe down pipe down

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