

Lil Baby, Social Distancing

Section 8 just straight cooked this motherfucker up
What's happenin', Chi Chi?

I told her to fly and she scared of the virus, I sent her a private to get here
I made four hundred dollars off of each of these pounds
I ain't trippin', it's gon' be a good year
Solomon drivin' while I got my hands on the chopper
I'm keepin' my eyes in the rearview
I'm from Atlanta where they pay to triple cross niggas
They'll dap you up, then they'll kill you
These niggas fake and I'm real, I don't feel 'em
My niggas takers, ain't worried 'bout 'em stealing
I run with apes and some baby gorillas
I know a few (Shh), I can buy me a nigga
Said I wouldn't change but my change a lil' bigger
Four-carat ring leave a scar if I hit you
Look like a spaceship, got stars in my vehicle
These niggas fake and I don't wanna deal with 'em all

I'm social distancing
Man, these niggas can't touch me, I can't get sick
Good excuse for me to pour up medicine (Syrup)
She say I ain't got no heart and I'm devil-sent
I'm on some savage shit, ah
I got the drop on the opps, switched the cars
I got a hundred inside of a drum
We pull up clapping, a round of applause
We just gon' say that they won the award

Slide in the daytime, then come back at night
We gon' make sure that nobody play with us
They make me mad, I'ma turn up
Let's talk about money, I swear I been savin' up
I'm really sick with this shit, got 'em throwin' up
He hit a lick for a brick, now he goin' up
My niggas rapping, you see us, we blowin' up
Hit the bitch for a rack, then ignore her
I'm so sick of these rats and these whores
I might marry my girl and just go away
Eat her out if she rich, got expensive taste
We ain't got rush, told the pilot to fuckin' wait
Ain't no way I can go on no fuckin' date
I don't know her and she don't know me
My lil' boy 'dem turnt up at a young age
You can say that it run in my genes

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Utwór 'Social Distancing' od Lil Baby.