

Lil Baby, Still Hood

You was fakin' it all along, felt that shit inside my bones
Had a feelin' you had told and I felt it in my soul
And you know yo word ain't strong, 'cause they know you gettin' old
Ever since I been on, we give the trenches hope

Keep it a buck ain't nobody fuckin' with us
I can't sit around and talk about other niggas
That shit old, I don't care what he did
We was cool, but it is what it is now
Broke as fuck used to live at my man's house
I work hard, they don't give me no handouts
Bro ain't really a opp, he just fanned out
Can't believe we just slept on the same couch
How you feel like it's fuck me then come back and switch up and ask me for somethin' with the same
We had spots in the hood, make sure everyone good, be at that bitch for two months, then we char
We can be anywhere, we gon' bang out
If you see me they pay me, I don't hang out
I got too many cars, need a bigger garage
Call the realtor, tell her to change houses
This shit deep, I take care of my kid's side of they family
I'm too rich to let somebody handle me
Naw fo real I pay rent for my young niggas' momma nem
If we gotta way out a chase I was one of them
Pay attention to me you can run it up
Ain't drove in weeks, gotta warm it up
You gon D.I.E. if you come at us
Gotta Richard Millie, it's a one of one
I was stuck on the block, ain't got nothin' comin' in
Eveytime I fell, I got back up again
I'ma practice till I fuckin' win
We ain't brothers, I don't call you niggas twin
Got the hittas trailin' me inside a Benz
Everything I got, I'm tryna times ten
And I don't fuck with y'all niggas, I ain't friendly

Yeah, I kept it real with you, why would you lie to me?
You complainin' and you don't gotta be
I'ma turn up for everyone watchin' me
I'm on point with this shit 'cause I gotta be
I ain't trippin' I just want to live good
Would've gave you my all, prolly still would
When I can't get no drank, I don't feel good
Been all over the world but I'm still hood

I wasn't born with a silver spoon
You askin' for drugs and can't get 'em gone
My uncle want drugs, I'll give it to him
He thinkin' he me when I put him on
Auntie fuckin' in the bedroom, I had to sleep inside a nigga bathroom
Puttin' duct tape on the air mattress so the air wouldn't really leave from it
Real niggas on stand by, all that fake love I don't need none
I don't really talk cash with a bitch unless the bitch really need some
One nigga told me he started with dimes and nicks, he say gonna die with a brick
One nigga told me forever gonna carry his gun, that nigga died with a stick
I grew up a little a bit different, my uncle went Catholic, I had to share a room with a junkie
I told you I grew up the toughest, came from nothin', had to wash up with a bucket
Police had told me slow down when I be in the city 'cause they say I'm startin' a ruckus
Fuck the bitch and get this bitch a Plan B and told her this shit come with my money

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We Got London on Da Track