

# 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  
Everytime 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