

# Lil Baby, Still Runnin

Back of the phantom to get me side head  
Ain't got no purple then give me some red, yeah

Yo Nick Papz, make it slap

Nigga know I back out every time the pack out, big boy scrapin' up fenders  
I was in the trap house chillin' with the Mac out, gang gang, me and my members  
Nigga, we ain't totin' no sticks 'round here, just Glicks 'round here with extenders  
Nigga, don't take no pics 'round here everybody on parole shit censored  
I got a check, fell in love with it  
I got the neck for the hell of it  
Money, respect, get the Cullinan  
Come down the lil' block like a elephant  
I got the lil' Glock with the drum in it  
We don't want them to know what's crackin'  
I 4500 my jacket, they say I'm too rich to be strappin', yeah  
Suicide doors in the Phantom, it looks like you get in it backwards  
Double platinum, that's a double murder when we slide, I just put a hit on a rapper  
Sneak dissin', before you know it you talkin' to God, and he tell you get in the casket  
Stack up the M's and spend all the odds, we takin' this shit to the maximum, yeah

Must be outta your mind, you think we ain't spinnin' for bro, we spinnin' for sho  
Had a switch on me not a thirty-eight dummy, but we be spinnin' for ghost  
They pull up for sho, we spinnin' the cribs and traps for sho  
We spinnin' his shows and we took Ls for sho  
But in Chicago they know we winnin' for sho  
You do it for what, better not say that you do it for \*\*\*\*  
Them niggas be tucked, that nigga was fucked  
That moment he ran and he knew he ain't duck and his ass out of luck  
We do it for Von, we don't wait till it die down, we load up we do it tomorrow  
We do it on feet, ask all the opps about us or who say we shoot out the cars  
That Rolls better be bulletproof little nigga, you know we gon' shoot out them stars  
Them little bitches Za, I told 'em to fuck her and slut her and send her right back to the block  
Glock on switches  
Two of those when I ride through the city  
And we thought a nigga died but he didn't  
Two Glocks when you ride through Philly  
Turnin' up if you die in Philly  
Turnin' up if you die in Philly  
Turnin' up if you die in Philly

Anything close to a dub and a young nigga walk for a hundred, he damn near get caught  
Long as I send him the items, consider it bought  
I call the shots on the boss  
I'm ridin' with a semi  
Two of them, I can't die in my city  
Do a shootin', it ain't gotta be pretty  
Catch him out and we handle the business  
I ain't gettin' in no nigga business  
Thirty million my mind in the trenches still  
Fuck her good make a nigga not turn her out  
They got Brody on camera, he comin' home  
Run it up from a scale to a microphone  
Treat these hoes likes a motherfuckin' Nike store  
And you know he ain't there, why you hype him up?  
Anytime we out smokin', just pipe me up  
Never know the outcome so you try yo luck  
Get whateva you want when I'm tryna fuck  
Don't be tellin', nobody can't fuck with us  
Put the fo' in the pew with the fuckin'  
I should never depend on my fuckin' self  
Really need it if I ever ask for help  
I just know I'ma blow if it's life or death  
I made all them hoes, you ain't never left

I'm way higher, I'm up in my altitude  
I was broke, I would go in an attitude  
Now you play with the kid, he embarrass you  
As a rider, no fear with no parachute  
With no parachute