

Lil Baby, Sum More (ft. Lil Yachty)

Jumped right off the porch and straight to the streets
I went and got me some dough
But that ain't enough, I want some more
I want some more and some more
Jumped right out of class and straight to the club
Now she dancing on the pole
But that ain't enough, she want some more
She want some more and some more
Jumped right off the porch and straight to the streets
I went and got me some dough
But that ain't enough, I want some more
I want some more and some more
Jumped right out of class and straight to the club
Now she dancing on the pole
But that ain't enough, she want some more
She want some more and some more

Redhead with me like I'm Yachty
Every nigga with me got a body
Bad mamacita call me papi
Back to back Lams and the Raris
Only thing I wear is red bottoms
Free my nigga Long, the feds got him
Standin' on the sofa poppin' bottles
Crack a nigga head with a bottle
Sippin' lean, tryna ease my problems
Run up on a gang of niggas, shot 'em
Gucci glasses, snakes on my collar
Made these bitches rake up every dollar
She said she gon' catch it, she gon' swallow
Had to switch it up, I'm on the road now
I'm a stand up guy, I ain't gon' lay down
Seventeen five on my feet
Blowin' money like I hang with Meech
Louis V mixed with Supreme
Hop out in Givenchy, oh it's clean
Gran Coupe, 2018
Try me, it's gon' be a murder scene
Everything I say a nigga mean

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Got four pockets full like I'm Baby
Keep Twaun with me case they play me
Goons at they door 'til they pay me
Baby blue brand new Mercedes
Six chocolate bitches came from Haiti
Nigga never made the honor roll
But the nigga made the Forbes List

Hundred thousand on my left wrist When the sun hit it look like Sunkist
Big pendant 'round a nigga neck
Talkin' same size as a starfish
And a nigga know killers, got killers
Nigga same kind as Scarface
And a nigga ball like Hardaway
And a nigga ball like Barkley
And I put that on my soul, I got pictures up in Vogue
I got bitches always killin' shit, they always at the moge
I meant morgue, I don't shop at the stores
I don't fuck with these lame ass sorry ass whores, on god

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But that ain't enough, I want some more
I want some more and some more
Jumped right out of class and straight to the club
Now she dancing on the pole
Orange stones in a nigga mouth
But that ain't enough, she want some more
She want some more and some more
Jumped right off the porch and straight to the streets
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But that ain't enough, I want some more
I want some more and some more
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She want some more and some more

I want S-O-M-E more
I want S-O-M-E more
I want S-O-M-E more, yeah