

# Blueface, Studio

Blueface, baby  
Laudiano  
Yeah, aight  
I was down, I hit the studio  
Hop in the booth and let the truth be told

When I was down, I hit the studio  
Hop in the booth and let the truth be told  
Not a stripper but I gotta keep a pole  
They gotta pay me now just to get up close  
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Niggas lookin' up to me like I made it  
I was down, you ain't care, now I'm up and they hate it  
I hate waitin', but I had to be patient  
Anything I did, I had to be the greatest  
Only one Blueface because I'm never changin'  
When you make it, everybody start to fake it  
You wouldn't understand 'less we could switch places  
But I ain't trippin', these Balenciagas ain't got no laces  
Hate niggas, my Glock racist  
Defender workin' with the same nigga judgin' my cases  
Went to jail twice, beat both them felonies  
They found large amounts but couldn't prove I was sellin' it  
Midtown patriot like I'm Bill Belicheck  
If you don't want smoke, dumb nigga, then stop inhalin' it  
(Stop inhalin' it)  
(Broke boy, you don't want smoke)

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Lifestyle expensive  
Premium in my Benzes  
I tote Glock with extensions  
I like a bitch with extensions  
Broke boy, don't come up missin' over a mention  
I'm just tryna drip in high fashion in a mansion  
But I'm never too popular to pop at ya  
That .40 go "bang," but the MAC go "grra-ta-ta"  
Leave more shots than ticket sales  
Leave more shells than Taco Bell  
Tote everywhere, I can make bail  
Free the mob out them jail cells  
Gotta keep a Glock on me like a lunch pail

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Yeah, aight, five bands just to get up close  
I been livin' fast, lil' baby, suck slow  
I was down 'til I got up in the studio  
Hop in the booth, then I let the truth be known  
Gotta keep the heat just in case it get too cold  
Niggas want smoke 'til it's sparkin' out the .40 nose  
Now all these bitches want me like I'm Mike Jones  
I'm like a man smokin' at a gas station, I'm finna blow  
Niggas want beef 'til I heat the shells for tacos  
Just 'cause I put my meat in her cheese, I'm still not yours  
You was late, I was on time  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You wasn't here from the start  
You can't get nothing from finish lines  
I'm selfish, niggas can't have none 'til I finish mine

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