

# Lil Baby, Business Is Business (feat. Gunna)

Yeah, yah  
Uh  
Run that back, Turbo  
Yeah

I tote a TEC 'cause niggas be shady  
And a surfboard 'cause we're really wavy  
I need some love to go with this hate  
Give mama a hug, we finally made it  
Puttin' Ms in all the Mercedes  
Spend a whole M in the mall, boy you crazy  
Clinch to that shit, bet' not trust your old lady  
Business is business, so you gotta pay me

Uh, Bentleys on Bentleys, we mob through the A  
Benjis on Benjis, we stack every day  
Business is business, so you gotta pay  
New Lamborghinis make me wanna race  
Still eat fettuccini, I'm stuck in my ways  
My bed Tempur-Pedic, I fuckin' get paid  
My flow a disease, kill these rappers like AIDS  
Yves St. Laurent on the lens of my shades  
Gunna back up, I was goin' through a phase  
I doubled up and got my bitches straight  
You learned how to drip from you watchin' my page  
Niggas be tossin', somebody decay  
Off-White'd the coupe and the inside is beige  
I pop this shit like I've been doin' for ages  
So many dead faces I got me a grave  
YSL, nigga say, "Slatt" every day?  
I pop me a pill, one got stuck in my throat  
This Rollie a Presi', I don't need to vote  
Your ho super ready, she at my condo  
I stay with that .9, they should call me Marlo  
I'm the greatest of all, my emoji is goat  
Bouncin' my life, got my back off the rope  
Too real can't turn my back on the bros

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Brought out a dub and I'm ready to spend it  
You dropped the ball I got it, we winnin'  
Spaceship for a car that ain't rented  
They know who I am, I ain't walkin' through Lenox  
It didn't take long, I ran up them racks  
Bought it, ain't like it, ain't takin it back  
I shoulda playin' linebacker, I want a sack  
I got this cheetah print all on my jacket  
I got the belt and the shoes to match it  
I'm from the hood, I'm keepin' my ratchet  
My bitch the baddest, she ain't bougie, she ratchet  
I get him flipped, then I buy him a casket  
I'm servin' real, I ain't just singin', rappin'  
I got on Soldier Re's, they're classics  
I got a .31 doin' gymnastics  
I sold a brick, it was still in the package  
\$6,500 was spent on this coat

Got a bitch in the condo, she snortin' the coke  
I don't wanna fuck her just want the throat  
I'm savin' my money, I ain't goin' broke  
Don't want no handouts, that shit ain't no joke  
They listen up when I speak, I'm the pope  
I'm bringin' cash, ain't payin' no notes  
I got the stick just in case they want smoke

I tote a TEC 'cause niggas be shady  
And a surfboard 'cause we're really wavy (Surfboard)  
I need some love to go with this hate  
Give mama a hug, we finally made it (Finally made it)  
Puttin' Ms in all the Mercedes  
Spend a whole M in the mall, boy you crazy  
Clinch to that shit, bet' not trust your old lady (Bitches ain't shit)  
Business is business, so you gotta pay me (Business is business)