

# Lil Baby, Going For It

Cook that shit up Quay  
Yeah yeah  
I come from the cook up, that's all I know  
Cook that shit up Quay

They thinkin' I ain't gettin' no money 'cause I never show it  
I'm tryna run me up a whole dime and I'm goin' for it  
Fuck I look like takin' chances  
Fuck this money, go and blow it  
I'm tryna run it back up, I gotta put mine up  
Puttin' up the money for lil Jason 'cause he growin' up  
I do four shows every week, man I'm blowin' up  
Last month I got seven, this month I want ten, I'm goin' up  
They tryna stop my shine, but they can't stop my shine

I just bought a brand new Rolex  
I'm a million dollar nigga, no flex  
Stretch these pounds, change my name to Boflex  
Hit your baby mama, now your ho next  
I want a rose gold on the Patek  
I want a regular one, I want it faster  
I'm doing numbers, call it mathematics  
I had a half a ticket in the attic  
It ain't gon' never stop, I'm everlasting  
They know how I come, they know how I come  
They know how I come  
They know how I come before I get there  
Cross 'em over, Raf Simmons footwear  
Balenciaga runners, these my fifth pair  
Ten figure nigga, I'ma get there  
Traphouse bunkin', we don't live here  
Could've been gone but I'm still here  
Pints of Activis, they the real deal  
Used to have to rob and I still will

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I'm on parole still, got a password  
I'm goin' straight net, fuck the backboard  
I remember when I used to ask for it  
I don't think back, I just press fast forward  
I want happiness, I spend my last for it  
Two twenty-five read on the dashboard  
Cost a quarter mil and I paid cash for it  
Poppin' percs, ain't thinkin' 'bout last  
I'm never pissin' dirty, fuck my PO  
Lost it all, got me fucked on my re-up  
Bitches talkin' down but fuck it 'cause we up  
She act crazy I got booed in Korea  
Never thought that rappin' would be my career  
I'm a trap star and that's what it is  
A couple million five, I ain't signing no deal  
Nigga out of line, we gon' spray, you get killed  
Draco with the drum, hop out and go dumb  
I come from the slum, two fingers and a thumb  
Nigga know I chunk it up, rep your set and throw it up

Nigga try to take my chain we gon' shoot up the whole club

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