

Lil Baby, Hurtin

Cook that shit up, Quay
What's the chances that you'd make it from the bottom?
Let's go

Gotta beat the odds, I'm tryna blend in (Blend)
Hit that boy so many times, he made CNN
Fear of God pants, I don't fear men
Pull up in an old-school, the fifty in the rear end, big dawg
Takin' chances, gettin' packs, and tryna get 'em back
I watched the law take my bro, I'm tryna get him back
I pray to God that I don't have to get nobody whacked
Ain't gettin' into that, I try to tell 'em facts

What's the chances that you run you up a couple mil'? (Huh?)
And you really come from sleepin' out the projects
What's the chances that you run you up a couple mil'? (Huh?)
And your two main men catch a body

I got it the worstest, I ain't have to rehearse this
Made me who I am, I'm gettin' bands, I'm breakin' curses
Trap spot do six figures, still got sheets, fuck curtains
Excuse me as I go off, have flashbacks in my verses, I'm tellin' you
I done put my heart inside a box and tried to sell it to 'em
Beefin' with my partners, do a nigga like I never knew him
Fucked around and seen her with a nigga, I woulda never knew it
Always talkin' 'bout what I'm gon' do, but I don't ever do it, yeah
Beefin' with myself
Keep on wanting syrup, but knowin' it don't help (It don't)
It's like I got money to please everybody else
They act like they with you, but I'm knowin' they don't care
They in it for self (Yeah), I got it for sale if it's rollin' (Rollin')
I got out of jail and I showed 'em (Showed 'em)
Couple bitches know they wish they would've held it down
It feel like they build me up, try to tear me down

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And you really come from sleepin' out the projects
What's the chances that you run you up a couple mil'? (Huh?)
And your two main men catch a body

I gotta stay solid
I grew up 'round dope boys, I don't need no stylist
I got grown man money, can't be actin' childish (No childish)
I been through too much shit, barely even smile (Huh?)
Sippin' on this bale, I wish bro was with me now (Now)
It was time that we'll go broke, we'll pick a play and take 'em down
Kick me when I'm down, when I get up, I'll prolly shit on you
I can't even lie, I'll prolly see 'em, I just spit on them
These pieces I got lit on me, this piece I got gon' hit on men
I ain't ever did no fraud, but I'm known for pullin' cards
Ask about me in my neighborhood, I'm known for goin' hard
I've been bustin' on that glizzy ever since I had got robbed (Bah-bah, bah-bah)
I done really beat the odds

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I got it the worstest

