

# Lil Baby, Never Hating

eah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Fresh like the first day of the school on the weekend  
I put this shit on today, for no reason  
Got somethin' to smile about, I fixed up my teeth  
Straight from the lot, call up Herm, get it geeked up  
Thousand horse power, my car gotta keep up  
Act like I'm slow all the time, but I peep stuff  
What kinda guy let a bitch keep the beef up?  
I let 'em live for a while, now the lease up  
Nail in the hammer, I done built it from the ground up  
Brodie say he workin', but the bricks, them went down somethin'  
They handle the business, I do not go around them  
You can get a hundred if you want to, we got pound spots  
I'm the one that's really havin' motion, what they talkin' 'bout?  
Cars, I done did that, chains, don't need no more  
So many clothes, startin' to feel like a hobo  
Every milestone, tryna buy me a new home  
Potholes keep on fuckin' up the Forgi's, take the rims off  
The way she twist and suck it, like she tryna take the skin off  
Bro 'nem, in a striker, but it's good, we swapped the VINs out  
Don't bark up this tree, I make the chopper knock his limb off  
Thousand dollar after every road, that's what they hittin' for  
All I do is fuck her, I done turned her to a nympho  
FN's, blackouts, Gen5's, Gen4's  
Trippin' for the family, I don't play about my kin folk

I took the guys to L.A. for a business meetin'  
God, watch my friends, I can handle my enemies  
Fuck I look like havin' smoke with my many me's?  
Niggas gotta be jokin', you kiddin' me?  
Y'all real kids, been small-time ballin', now it's real big  
I was standin' in the bleachers, on some cheerin' shit  
Never been a hater, I don't care enough  
This shit ain't gon' stop until they bury us

Fresh off the jet, I end up in the projects  
See somethin' I like, no police, I'ma cop it  
Don't follow my page, I post racks every day  
For these niggas and bitches that's countin' my pockets  
Ooh, hurdle this bitch in Huaraches  
Lambo', Ferrari, Bentleys, I got options  
I took the private jet out to Nevada  
4PF CED, they got smoked like a rasta  
Trenches with me  
Somethin' seem suspicious, somethin' seemin' fishy  
I'm four pockets full and look like biscuits  
Overprice us and we uppinn', uppinn'  
Fire, fire, fire, fire, that sound sound delicious  
You can't use the dishes, in the kitchen cleanin'  
Woo, woo, litty, can't abort the mission, bitch, I got addictions  
I don't do photo, pictures, keep it low and with me

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