

Lil Baby, No Friends

I come from a different type of cloth
Than these niggas
I'm gonna buy a different type of car
Than these niggas
Ain't gon' fuck on none of these lil' bitches, baby
I gotta switch it up man, I gotta move different
I'm a boss nigga, yeah
Show them youngins howto level up
Four Season hotel, 60 levels up
But I'm a resident
If you gon' do the crime, go hard
Don't leave no evidence
I got'em all on my wave
'Cause it's evident
But where was y'all when I was lost
Didn't know where to go?
She think I'm fly, she like my pimpin'
But I can't save no ho
You only get one chance to cross me
Then it's, "Say no more"
I gotta tell 'em go

I ain't hit you baby mama
Hit her with the curve ball
I ain't hit you baby mama
Hit her with the curve ball
And I'm still the same young hitter
That used to serve y'all
Don't ever get it twisted
My youngins really flip shit

My youngins really flip shit
Don't ever get it twisted
'Cause I really flip shit

I don't need no friends
I just wanna win
I got this new Benz
And it's all I need
She listen to her friends
They wanna get in
She don't understand that they'll slob on me
If I let 'em, ain't gon' let up
I'ma keep on scribin'
Heard they lookin' for me
I can't tell 'cause I ain't hidin'
It don't matter if I'm frownin'
'Cause my woman smilin'
Had a family, went legit
Ain't no more public housin'
I gotta stay from 'round it

I gon' pull up AMG like I don't know my alphabet
Youngins ain't on Instagram
But they still want a 'blue check1
If 12 go grab one more of my dogs
I'ma sue the vet
I thought they all wanna see me ball
They'd rather go hide the nets
All these pointers in my watch
But my Rolex ain't tellin'
Gonna drank to death
But when I'm on it it's like I'm in heaven
And it hit shootin' dice, said

"Where they from? ", we told 'em, "7"
Used to go to church
Till I seen MC serve the reverend

Life getting bigger, no small faces
Don't know why she don't wanna fuck
When I ain't wearin' my necklace
They ain't picture me like this
So, I sent all of'em selfies
Pray you don't get caught in midst
'Cause when we slide, it's deadly
I'ma pay her for that pussy
I won't lie right there
\$900, them jeans came from where? Moschino
When that paper cornin' in
It drive you senile
It drive you crazy
Pray you take these lying hoes back
Or they all faded

I don't need no friends
I just wanna win
I got this new Benz
And it's all I need
She listen to her friends
They wanna get in
She don't understand that they'll slob on me
If I let 'em, ain't gon' let up
I'ma keep on scribin'
Heard they lookin' for me
I can't tell 'cause I ain't hidin'
It don't matter if I'm frownin'
'Cause my woman smilin'
Had a family, went legit
Ain't no more public housin'
I gotta stay from 'round it