

# Lil Baby, Pure Cocaine

When your wrist like this  
You don't check the forecast  
Every day it's gon' rain, yeah  
Made a brick through a brick  
I ain't whip up shit  
This pure cocaine, yeah  
From the streets, but I got a little sense  
But I had to go coupe, no brain  
Ain't worried 'bout you  
I'ma do what I do  
And I do my thang  
Do my thang

Bought her brand new shoes, told her kick rocks  
Don't stand too close, diamonds, kickbox  
Stay in red mean go, so I don't stop  
I know they wish they could catch me but keep wishin'  
You think I done turn into a fiend for these bitches  
Tryin' to stuff as much as I can in these bitches  
Make your bitch fuck on my man it's no difference  
I ain't never pop no Xan, I sip sizzurp  
If I ever have to turn on the gang, I won't do it  
If I put it on a song, I seen it, or been through it  
I can't put it in my song, I know how the Fed goes through it  
And free all of the opps, but ain't no time gone  
Gave me momma ten bands, sent her to Cancun  
Got the crowd going dumb but I ain't no damn fool  
If I went in there and did it, then maybe you can too  
We done came from a long way from broke and sharing shoes

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Got a quarter million dollars in a book bag  
New Era, I'ma dope boy, nocap  
I'm livin' my best life for real  
Just left the dealership, no tag  
If we opposite it won't work, it won't last  
Be the 'opp-o-site' knocked off, toe tags  
Ain't been home in a month, got my hoe mad  
They need me in the trap but I, can't go back

I jumped out of Porsche with a ho that's 'bout to snap  
I got M's in the bank, give a damn what they think  
Every vibe I ever shot my shot at, call it  
Everything you ever seen me riding in, bought it  
Big dog status, I ain't gotta sell drugs  
Put my craft in the rap then I took off, yeah  
New G Wagon, no key, this a push start  
I can hit the gas make it disappear

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