

# Lil Baby, Really Did It

I gave my nigga hope and I really did it  
I'm tryna get my niggas out the trenches  
This thirty hangin' off them Glock extended  
I trust in my dog, he really with it  
I know if he get knocked, he ain't snitchin'  
We weren't raised like that  
Sippin' syrup, man you know we really sippin'  
And fuckin' these bad bitches, we really did it  
And when a nigga fly, fuck he drippin'  
A young nigga with a hundred thousand, he winning  
Put your money to your ear and show you gettin' it

Eighteen with a hundred racks, what you know 'bout that?  
Came from selling packs, seeing niggas get whacked  
Money to my ear, fuck what Jay-Z said  
I'ma stay down tryna get it, I need Jay-Z bread  
I really did it, in them kitchens with my niggas  
Keep them pistols, probably served a thousand midgets  
Hundred bags of the strong, got 'em gone, did it all off a phone  
Told my bitch ain't comin' home 'til that fuckin' pack gone

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When I first seen my first hundred thousand, I was twenty  
Ridin' 'round bumpin' P, screamin' No Limit  
They tried to knock me off my pivot  
Told him keep me in the game coach  
Got a couple dollars, lost a couple partners  
Fuck a nigga who done changed on me  
Make a nigga drop some change on him  
We weren't raised like that  
You know your brodie told on brodie while you praised that rat  
The way that I got it they thought I print it  
I caught my first harder than carter sentence  
Just when I had started they thought I'm winning  
I cut bitches off now they thought I'm tripping  
I gave my niggas hope, I really did it  
They gave my cuz a bow, I really miss him  
Codeine all in my system  
Won't ever leave this house without my pistol  
Now never beat a double but a triple, nigga

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