

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 Glocks 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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