Lil Baby, Rider

I love my nigga next to me
I got a rider who would die for me
I fuck back and forth
YSL

I do this for Maze in the motherfuckin' trenches
I go get it, I go get it
My niggas gon' and get it
I got some niggas comin' with me to the top and I'mma take 'em
And I know them niggas hatin', but I'm waiting, I got patience

I got bitches rollin' down on a nigga
I go ride on a nigga
I go ride all them niggas
And I shade all my grizzy
I go ride all them niggas
I go ride all them niggas
Go around all them niggas
I go ride all them niggas on my way to the top
I lost some homies, they got popped
Couple homies they got shot tututu...
I don't count it for a man

I want that money and I ain't first
And I ain't lost and I gon' get it and get it
Fuck I leave it all adjustin'
Bitches won't fuck my neck just they probably won't fuck my pocket
That's why all you niggas watchin', come try me, the option is only you nigga
I don't get no money, fuck with true niggas
I'm so stiff on y'all hoes
Nigga know how I harsh and I get money on them hoes racks racks
I'm tryna accomplish my goals
All these niggas bitches and I know it for sure
I got different whips, I got cars galore
I got different bitches, I got women galore
All I know is money and I need me some more
You know I ain't just talkin', they know this
And I just popped that motherfucker, I show shit
I'm already hood-rich, and I tryna go legit
I need another way I'm tryna rap about this shit

I got bitches rollin' down on a nigga
I go ride on a nigga
I go ride all them niggas
And I shade all my grizzy
I go ride all them niggas
I go ride all them niggas
Go around all them niggas
I go ride all them niggas on my way to the top
I lost some homies, they got fucked
Couple homies they got shot tututu...
I don't count it for a man

[Young Thug:]
Never had a job and never plan on getting one
I came here they rowdy bitches know it's one on one
Let's meet there, relax, I won
Change from the Pentagon next thing on her tongue
500 cash with me that's why I got this bag on racks
I came from rags to riches now tryna sell out the dome
My bitches skinny dippin' they all got thongs on
You ain't tryna get rich you gotta gone gone gone
I got my weed from Jamaica, Sean Paul
Tryna be the reason niggas hating on all y’all

Stayed down in this law, we get paid off
Big homie taught me if it's a plug don't run off, ay
Nigga stack a G like a Phillipean
And we smokin' weed, drinkin' codeine drank it, drank it
And I got some M's I could buy Hardees I could buy Hardees
And I got some water, you can't walk in these
Turn the mansion to a club, let's have a party let's have a party
We got options, you can drink some Act, red or green?
All this ... I drink
Got me tearin' up the fuckin' street
I see ... nigga, I know CD

I got bitches rollin' down on a nigga
I go ride on a nigga
I go ride all them niggas
And I shade all my grizzy
I go ride all them niggas
I go ride all them niggas
Go around all them niggas
I go ride all them niggas on my way to the top
I lost some homies, they got fucked
Couple homies they got shot tututu...
I don't count it for a man