

Lil Baby, Spazz

Yeah, Southside
I go nuts on Southside Beats
Baby, okay

Super Bowl ring, we ballin' hard, we won the championship
Everybody got somethin' to say when I ain't even ask 'em shit
Bunny rabbit broke, take a brick and do a magic trick
A hundred racks a show, get on the stage and do a backwards flip (yeah)
I'm in L.A. with some real Crips
I want Stella McCartney, this real drip
Cartier on my face with the wood tear
Put the knife on the K, it's the real deal
Make 'em get out this bitch like a fire drill
If I won't hit a bitch then the guys will
I've been on it, today I took five pills
I'ma run up them M's 'cause it's God's will
How you gon' check me?
She like my gangsta, she wanna arrest me
She wanna sex me (yeah)
I got the blocka, she know not to test me
Comin' at you niggas 3D
They gon' put this shit on repeat
Everything I say, they repeat
Any nigga try to sneak diss
I ain't gon' say nothin' back, yeah
I'ma keep gettin' these racks, yeah
When you speak 'bout me, speak facts, yeah
Got an FN on the kickback, yeah
Big nose, hood on the demon
Big to the streets, I'm a deacon
They wouldn't even peep what I was preachin'
They just wanna see me with the leaches
Big ballers, I ain't in the bleachers
Courtside, high five the ref
Codeine got me talkin' to myself
Blowin' up, I'm blowin' out my belt
Real G top 5, nah, for real
Only 25 before the deal
Every time we slide, a nigga kill
I just hope to God that they appeal

G5 sittin' in the cell
He 'bout to come (came home)
I got this money on me right now
I don't even answer my phone (put 'em on)
I had these bitches in state to state
They tryna give me some play (leave me alone)
They know that I ain't got time to waste
I'm tryna get in their face (I'm goin' home)
I might just give you a couple of dollars
And make sure you good on a model (good)
They know they'll probably gon' see me again
Unless I'm in that new Benz
I put the Forgiatos on the car
Naked Tundras on the truck
I got the money, I'm runnin' it up
And I've been puttin' it up (them M's)