

# Lil Baby, This Week

(Cook that shit up Quay)

Pulled up sippin' on drank  
Told them that I quit, but I can't  
I just ran through a whole pint  
Got a whole 'nother M in the bank this week  
Hope a nigga don't think I'm sweet  
Lil' homie graduate, buy him new Jeep  
Everything mine, don't rent it I keep  
All kind of cars, nigga check out my fleet

We ran them racks up in the basement  
We ain't have no cable  
Buy every bando on a dead end, we ain't got no neighbors  
Disrespectful to a bitch, no manners, yeah  
I was running through bags on Campbellton  
12 be squeezing too hard, you can't handle this  
I'ma lie to your honor, I'm scandalous  
I'm rich, got caught with another nigga bitch  
New G-Wagon, '18, no tints  
Can't keep up with the money I spent  
I don't keep count I just know that I'm gettin' it  
I be hearing rumors they gon' take my chain  
I ain't really trippin' if a young nigga get it  
Hope you got insurance, nigga you gon' die with it  
Breaking news, guarantee we make a nigga feel it

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Buy every bando on a dead end, we ain't got no neighbors  
We got the whole city on exotic, tell the plug to send all the flavors  
I never went for extortion, you can't pay a nigga to tell you I paid him  
Shout out the real ones who gettin' it, yeah  
Ride 'round the city, no ceiling, yeah  
I had to upgrade my living, yeah  
Took me some time, but I did it, yeah  
I'm ballin', I stay on my pivot, yeah  
Label me one of the real ones, yeah  
I see 'em shootin' shots, any one of'em hit me  
We killin' 'em dead

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I like how she watchin me  
This jewelry on me goin' insane  
I come from the poverty  
This money ain't makin' me change  
Everything lit and we go up, yeah  
Whole lot of four we throw  
My diamonds on fleek, they glow up, yeah  
Everybody sip lean, pour up, yeah

All the PT's came from cinco  
Hope them fools don't hit me with the RICO  
Deal can make a call and get a kilo  
Keep it real, you niggas know my steelo  
Hold that thought, just keep that on the d-low  
We don't pay no notes, don't go through re-po's  
We gon' hit 'em up and make 'em re-post  
I became a neighborhood hero  
Tryna listen to my conversation  
Bank account a lot of punctuation  
Told the plug, "Ain't no more situations"  
Trap house, rollin' Radric Davis

Pulled up sippin' on drank, yeah  
Everywhere I go, big bank, yeah  
Ain't never withdraw from the bank, yeah  
Give a damn what a fuck nigga think, yeah

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