

# Lil Baby, Time

Young'n from the projects, fucked around and got it poppin'  
I'm like fuck a Maserati, bought my bitch a Bentley truck  
G5 my blood brother, he be throwin' B's up  
And me, I got Chanel swag, you know I be C'd up  
I pay cash for every car, you still be the laughing stock  
Kept it real, that's why I'm fly  
Look at me, I'm on the track  
Don't look down when I'm on top  
I'm done entertaining clout  
Play with me, you gon' get shot (For real)  
Now they can't resist us  
Hear 'em tryna diss us  
Really need to miss us  
Prolly with your bitch, bruh  
I bought her a Porsche off a piece of my endorsement  
Richer than my classmates  
She know how my kids taste  
Now I'm on this cash race  
I can't come in last place  
I done finally went legit  
They count it, so I'm a tax payer  
So you know that mean I'm goin' hard  
'Til my last day  
Still can get 1,000 lbs a week, the gas way

I got six watches, I'm ahead of time  
I'm goin' all out, if it's 'bout mine  
I'm gettin' my shine on, I been on my grind  
Feel like I'm different, I'm one of a kind  
Brand new Birkin bag, keep her up to par  
Baby, you look better naked, you should take it off  
Had to play my role, now I'm taking charge  
Just got off parole, made the brody take the charge

Runnin' through in that Phantom, with the sticks, yeah (Skrtrt, skrtrt)  
All these blues, niggas askin' am I Crip, yeah (Cuz, what)  
Make a move, we X you out, ain't goin' tic-tac (Brrt!)  
Put a tag on your toe for all that chit-chat (Yeah, yeah)  
The richest nigga in my city, that's a big fact (Big fact)  
And we don't do them little planes, we on a big jet (Big jet)  
My dog still movin' that 'caine and he ain't quit yet (Quit yet)  
I had to tell him when he came "Don't bring no bricks back" (Gang, gang)  
Feel like I'm the chosen one, Rolls truck, I ordered one  
I ain't mean to buy that bitch a watch, but I bought her one  
Richard Mille, cost a quarter milli' I got more than one  
FN on me, lighter than a bitch, feel like a water gun (Gang, gang)

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Living like a porn star, Rollie, 7 pointers  
Opps wanna join us, but we ain't switchin' sides  
Neck look like a freezer, ain't savin' no skeezers  
They gave me a reason, now they gotta die  
I don't want no smoke with you  
If you don't want no smoke with me  
But dog, if you want smoke with me  
We switchin' shifts, sleep and creep

I did what they couldn't do  
Guess that's why they mad at me  
But what's up with your vibe, dog?  
Why she keep on @'in me?  
This my strategy  
Keep on stackin' G's  
Make 'em proud of me  
I went Prada tee  
I went Prada jeans  
I went Prada fleece  
I'm from poverty  
Real talk

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