

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 (Brtrt!)
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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