

# Lil Baby, To The Top

Yeah  
Free G5, on a G5  
Yeah yeah yeah

Toast to 'em all  
She said she love me but I know the truth, she been fuckin' my dawg (my dawg and all)  
Lately I been feelin' crazy so I ain't been answerin' calls  
I just been gettin' the money and savin' it  
Keepin' my back on the wall  
I'm never gon' fall  
Straight to the money no stop  
I'ma go straight to the stars  
Free all of my niggas sittin' in the cell blocks  
I'ma give it all I got  
I'ma go straight to the stars  
Condo at the top floor  
We was so high, you can ask God  
You can ask God

I know they hate it, I see they faces, they mad I made it  
I'm on they ass, I'm gettin' this bag, I ran it up fast  
Stand up in they chest no apology  
Mama sent a text that she proud of me  
Youngins in the hood watchin' out for me  
Money all colors like monopoly  
Park the Jeep, hop in the Vet  
Stay on they ass, stay on they neck  
Keep me a check  
Viper came yellow, I painted it red  
And I paid cash, you heard what I said  
Goin' crazy, I been feelin' the rage  
Last year I was sittin' in the cage  
This year I'm goin' all the way  
Taking drugs, tryna ease the pain  
I see 'em watchin'  
They on my drip, they tryna follow the wave  
They on my page  
They know that I'm paid, ain't been in town in days  
Most of these niggas they old news  
All these bitches been ran through  
I'ma save all the fifties and keep the hundreds  
Then spend all the dubs on getting money  
Straight from the 'jects to a jet  
We been gettin' real fly  
Free G5, on a G5  
Balmain denim, no Levis  
Strapped to a T, who want war with us  
Dually sit up like an armored truck  
I brought it out, it's a one of one  
Nigga screaming gang, they ain't one of us

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Draped down in Gucci, she rock Givenchy, she matchin' my fly  
I know it's wrong, but fuck if it's wrong, I don't wanna be right  
Let's take a trip, if we leave now, we can land tonight  
We gon' take a trip to Dubai, guarantee you won't see nobody  
Nobody safe where I come from  
Young niggas goin' straight dumb  
Fifty hollow tips in each drum  
Throwing fours up with lil one  
Hoppin' out trucks, we suited up, we ready for war, yeah  
Yeah that's my boy, that's really my dawg  
We went from boys to men

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