

Polo G, Don't Play (ft. Lil Baby)

Uh, uh

In a Hellcat, watch me race and drift
That lil' boy a problem, don't play with him
Like to ride in traffic with the Drac' gripped
We'll wipe his nose like a handkerchief
Say you ridin' for him, then you dyin' for him
Like a crash dummy, leave him layin' stiff
We was sellin' white like Taylor Swift
Pockets weak, he ain't got no weight to lift
Club action-packed all night
Jayson Tatum what I ball like
I be pimpin', got a lot of bad bitches
Mike Vick, start a dog fight
Got a smart mouth but her jaw's nice
Neck on freeze, all ice
We been stackin' bands to a tall height
Leave a hunnid K at the mall life, uh
Fuck it, off again, Las Vegas, MGM, uh
Bad bitch, shoot my shot just like I'm playin' in the gym
She showed all her friends what I say in her DMS
Drippin' all this water, can my haters even swim?
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Sellin' iCarly
I'm unstoppable, niggas can't guard me
Go up top, I'm too rich to be arguin'
I been chillin', I hope you ain't thinkin' I lost it
I gave 'em salaries, I'm on that boss shit
I don't play no ball, but you play, we gon' cross you
She wanna fuck with the kid 'cause I'm saucy
If you wanna ride me, you know it's gon' cost you
I do what I want to when I'm ready
SF90, this bitch litty
I'm confident, bet whatever they bettin'
I don't play games, I'm not that petty
Full-court press, I'm not gon' let up
I don't care, I guess I'm fed up
I'm doin' good but could be better
I don't talk much but I ain't gon' shut up (yeah)
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Always on it, why the fuck would I waste time?
If I get a shot, I'ma take mine
Watch me score like LeBron up the baseline
They left me in the dark like I can't shine
From the rain, now it's Rolls-Royce umbrellas
Velveeta, that boy got dumb cheddar
I'm just chasin' paper, ain't know nothin' else
I ain't losin' sleep 'bout a bitch, no, I won't stress her
Leave a ho then I move onto somethin' better
Catch her peepin' the drip, I'ma jump better
Mike Amiri and new Saint Laurent sweater

And I always pop out with my young steppers
They on go, all he need is one gesture
Keep on gassin' 'em up 'til that pump wet him
Niggas diss on the gang and they touch stretchers
Torch his top, turn his homies to pallbearers
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