

Right Now (feat. Young Thug)

Lil Baby

I can't wait around for nobody, I need it right now
I might buy that car if it make the right sound
Solitaire ear ring bling from a mile away
I can't do what she want me to do, she tryna take my child away
I think my past tryna haunt me (haunt me)
What do everybody want from me?
What do everybody want from me?
What do everybody want from me? (from me)
I gotta give it to 'em, if I don't
I might go to the hood, I'll make a song
Turn the trap spot to the studio
I'm tryna make a way for my folks
Seein' how I'm Oakland City only hope
I gotta get it, I ain't got time to play
Ain't got no time to waste
I've been havin' nightmares about goin' back to jail, so I wake up
Drankin' all this lean, poppin' Adderall so I can stay up
Niggas that I used to love actin' like they're mad
'Cause I got my cake up
Ain't gon' never let it get to a nigga,
Keep on grindin', gotta get another million
Condo on Peachtree, I paid the rent for the closet
They just wanna talk about my past
They don't wanna accept the fact that I'm a boss
Everything I wanted, I'ma go and get it
I ain't trippin' 'bout a cost, yeah
Everybody want a piece of the winnings,
They're never there when you're lost
Seen my main man try to cross me
I'm tryna pass it down to my offspring
All these hoes see me flossing, seen my first mil', felt awesome
They can't follow me, I lost 'em
Had to boss up, so I bossed up
Now I'm bossed up
I can't wait around for nobody, I need it right now
I might buy that car if it make the right sound
Solitaire ear ring bling from a mile away
I can't do what she want me to do, she tryna take my child away
I think my past tryna haunt me (haunt me)
What do everybody want from me?
What do everybody want from me?
What do everybody want from me? (from me)

I gotta give it to 'em, if I don't
I might go to the hood, I'll make a song
Turn the trap spot to the studio She gotta be piped up to feel my emphasis
She hot, yeah, she sizzlin', but can't love her more than a studio
Serena and Venus, yeah most of my chains tennis
So I wore it all to the studio (studio)
My baby mama got pregnant
Had to buy a bitch a car to get an abortion
She just wanna see tears and sad faces on my shorty
But I can't get mad
That's the way it go when you're fortunate
Leave a million cash in the street, nigga better not touch it (on God)
Act like they came to lay hands
So their trust don't get busted (no cap)
Straight from Mossberg to his borough
Birds, bless the J's on that cizzurb
Ridin' in the Lambo that the lil' kids say "Bingo" to
My last two years were the worst ones in my career
But I'm still rich as you
Disneyland's where your kids go
On a private jet when I'm into you (when I'm into you)
Them lil' bitches that be hatin' need to pipe down (pipe down)(I can't wait around for nobody, I
need it right now)
I might buy that car if it made the right sound
Solitare ear ring bling from a mile away
I can't do what she want me to do, she tryna take my child away
I think my past tryna haunt me (haunt me)
What do everybody want from me?
What do everybody want from me?
What do everybody want from me? (from me)
I gotta give it to 'em, if I don't
I might go to the hood, I'll make a song
Turn the trap spot to the studio

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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