

Anyway (feat. 2 Chainz & Gucci Mane)

Lil Baby

Cook that shit up, Quay I'm takin' off again, suicide doors, I won't let 'em in
Four or five cars, livin' like a god, payin' for my sins
And this life that I'm in important
I can hop in the Benz, a foreign
Marlo said they come in in the morning
I got vibes, every state I got choices
Gucci coat like we stand on the corner with Mitch
Like I'm straight out the 'partments, I'm rich as a bitch
Takin' mine off the top, let lil' bro keep the difference
Put an A in Atlanta, stand up for my city
I was re-in' up daily, they thought I was kidding
I was puttin' my profit up, saved me a milly
I keep pourin' up Fantas so shit gettin' ridiculous
Hope the doctor don't say that I need a new kidney
Pull up any kind of way I wanna
She know I got that dope boy persona
Drop top, winter, spring, fall, or summer
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the numbers
I done got the ball, I fuckin' cannot fumble
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on runnin'
I be rockin' new shit, I got every color
This shit ain't enough, I need another come-up
Pull up any kind of way I wanna
She know I got that dope boy persona
Drop top, winter, spring, fall, or summer
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I fuck with Lil Baby, no infant (Uh)
I used to make plays at the Quick Trip (I did)
I spent a twenty on Quick Picks (Tell 'em)
I run it back like a pick six (Woo)
Add it all up, it's a re-up, man
I'm ballin', I need equipment (Ballin')
I just bought a lift kit (Yeah)
Said she fell in love with a misfit (She love me)
And fuck your opinion, you know how I'm livin'
My closet say, "To be continued" (Fuck you)
Back in the days I used to make plays
At Spondivits off of Virginia

Ain't no contender (Nah)
Tattoo my name on placentas (Woo)
I read a bitch like a kennel
Made a half a mil' in a rental (Woo)
All of my verses suspenseful
My cuz a blood, menstrual
He draws down, pants
I know that they care for your instrument
I ball, I need me an agent
I just might be your replacement (I might)
I got a whole lot of money
But I got a little patience
I got a whole lot of money
But I got a little patience (Alright)
I got a whole lot of money
But I got a little patience
My bitch a trip, vacation
Too many chains, plantation
If you a real nigga
It ain't no expiration Pull up any kind of way I wanna
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I done got the ball, I fuckin' cannot fumble
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on runnin' (Huh, Wop)
I be rockin' new shit, I got every color
This shit ain't enough, I need another come-up (Go) They say Gucci's a criminal
Flood my timepiece with emeralds (Burr)
Not conserve' or no liberal
Donate Rollies for Christmas (Huh)
Heard I shop at Bar Harbor
I spent reckless on denim (Wow)
She so fine, got her addy
Fucked, told my folks where to send her (Well damn)
New 'Rari, half an M
See the horse, know the emblem
It's Big Guwop, it's him
Always us over them (Fuck 'em)
Niggas say they gon' do this and that
Then duck when I see 'em (Huh)
Don't compare me to Slim

I could never be him (No)
Copped so many new baguettes
That I'm gettin' sick of myself (Bling)
Big bully, crushed my peers
So now I pick on myself (Huh)
Highly decorated soldier, I got hits on my belt
Big diamond choker chokin' on me, man like Conor
McGregor (It's Gucci) Pull up any kind of way I wanna
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