

Lil Haiti Baby

Future

Yeah, yeah
It's that EVOL, ah
You understand me? I bagged this bad bitch, it was nothing to get her
You want a whole brick? Oh it's nothing to get 'em
Oh, you want diamonds like this? It wasn't nothing to get 'em
I had to focus, then it wasn't nothing to get 'em Hey, thirty thousand on a watch, I swear thank
God I'm ballin'
Feds watching on my spot, they say somebody called 'em
Hottest nigga in the streets, they see my Audemars
Hottest nigga in the streets, three thousands grams of shoo
Boston, Georgia, I'm with that game, you got that girl that blow
Oh, you want my life, that's locked for me, that's all I know
Catch me pissing out the codeine from the night before
This for Khaled, this for niggas 'round the Ace and bottles
This for G-rod, C-Rod, all these niggas banging B's
This the greatest story never told, you gotta see it
I, I got some names but I ain't gon' never drop 'em
Aye, she say my name but she won't ever drop me
You want an R&B chick, shawty it ain't nothin' to get her
You want to run around the town, well it ain't nothin' to get her
You want to drive around in that Rolls, you know it ain't nothin' to get her
You know that I'm gonna make homies ride for me, it ain't nothin' to get 'em We threw away
that money cause that mula swole
I throw that grams of bar, I'm servin' in the cold
Got fifty eight grams of bar, we servin' up here?
They say they got Magnolia, shawty bangin' either
They trapped out Angola, they was out the NOLA
Then fuck around and then know you, got to be a cobra
They cooped up with that yola, not that good coke cola
I fucked around and showed them that my heart is colder
My water whippin' issues now we packin pills too
They packin' gats and lots these niggas sending missiles
They say they hate the kid, the kid was getting' mula
You wanna ask around, then you can ask my jeweler
Bodies came around, he shot 'em on a bike
Oh he poppin' wheelies, a lil Haiti baby
Oh they say that nigga he just a lil Haiti baby
Oh they say that boy he just a lil Haiti baby
Shoot in broad day, he shoot in broad day
Shot the whole window up in broad day
Oh that's that lil Haiti baby, Haiti baby
Oh that's that lil Haiti baby, Haiti baby Dumping down the pills, I feel my head explodin'

Roll a pound of dope, I gotta keep on smokin'
Money comin' in, we ain't gon' never spend it
Ten thousand bags of kush, we ain't gon' never listen
I just wanna be there for my nigga, woo
I just wanna go back to the Bentley store
I just wanna go back to the Lamb' store
I just wanna buy another Rover though
I just wanna get back on a yacht tomorrow
I just wanna buy another spot tomorrow
All this money comin' in, can't never spend it
I swear, all this money comin' in, we're still winnin'
Shoot in broad day, shoot in broad day
Shot the whole window up in broad day
Oh that's that lil Haiti baby, Haiti baby
Oh that's that lil Haiti baby, Haiti babyCoke in all the cars, we ain't got no facade
Pull up in that 'Rari, we don't know facade
Pull up with that yappa, it wasn't no facade
Lettin' off all the rounds, it wasn't just no facadeBodies came around, he shot 'em on a bike
Oh he poppin' wheelies, he a lil Haiti baby
Oh they say that nigga, he a lil Haiti baby
Oh they say that boy, he a lil Haiti baby
Shoot in broad day, he shoot in broad day
Shot the whole window up in broad day
Oh that's that lil Haiti baby, Haiti baby
Oh that's that lil Haiti baby, Haiti babyDumpin' back these pills, I feel my head explodin'
Jumpin' out these whips, we ain't on no facade
Pull up in that 'Rari, ain't no no Facade
Pull up in that 'Rari, ain't no no Facade
Shoot in broad day, he shoot in broad day
Shot the whole window up in broad dayEVOL
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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