

Baby

Quality Control, Lil Baby & DaBaby

Wheezy outta here Yeah, rest in peace to Bankroll, show 'em how to do it
Baby goin' crazy, he been gettin' straight to it
I done caught so many flights I end up fuckin' all the stewardesses
Catch me in Atlanta, no security with my jewelry
Found all them rings, my baby mama talkin' suin' me
Nother bitch tellin' lies on the pussy like she screwin' me
Catch him down bad, that's his ass, nigga, you or me
SL diamonds on the chain, he ain't foolin' me
We was skippin' school on the train, duckin' truancy
My main partner turned into a rat, he talkin' 'bout Rod and me
I pray the judge give that boy a bond so I can pop him
We was in the hood, sellin' bags, shroom, trap exotic
Fucked around and tried to go and lease a helicopter
Baby really a problem, somebody gotta stop him
And the haters watchin' too hard, I think they got binoculars
Every nigga with me on go, it ain't no stoppin' us
Niggas actin' like they got the bag, I'm tryna stop it up
Do this for the bros down the road, gotta lock it up
All you gotta do is say it's smoke, then we're poppin' up
Baby got the streets on hold, he ain't drop yet
I've been goin' hard, it's gon' be hard for you to top that
I make it look easy, but this shit really a process
I'm really a millionaire, still in the projects
Baby puttin' on for the city
Baby, he the realest
Baby prolly got a couple million
Baby hang with four or five killers
Baby got children
Baby prolly still drug dealin
Baby ain't a trapper, he a rapper
Baby makin' classics
Baby in the hood gettin' active
Baby keep it real with his people
Baby like a preacher
Baby prolly still sell reefer
Huh?
Baby prolly still got them 'bows
I tell my bitch I'm faithful, but I still got the hoes
Baby gettin' jiggy
On stage with the Glizzy
Baby CEO, he shake the game like he Diddy
You would think it's Mardi Gras, I got these bitches showin' titties

And I ain't throwin' beads
I pull them bitches' weaves
I'm stallin' bitches out, if I'm a dog, then she a flea
And when I fuck her doggy style the only time I'm on my knee
I barely wanna hit her, got her beggin' " Baby, please"
I tell a bitch to shut up
You 'bout to fuck my nut up
The label's CEO keep beggin' me to keep the gun up
They know, you play with Baby, Baby beat him, cut up
Private plane, wifi, on the FaceTime with Johnny
I told him ice my wrist up
I like to hold my fist up
How that boy Da Baby in the air not gettin' his dick sucked?
Why he keep the fire and throw them fours in every picture?
'Cause niggaBaby puttin' on for the city
Baby, he the realest
Baby prolly got a couple million
Baby hang with four or five killers
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Baby prolly still drug dealin
Baby ain't a trapper, he a rapper
Baby makin' classics
Baby in the hood gettin' active
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