

Cash

Lil Baby

Cook that shit up, Quay
4 pockets full, niggaIs you mad?
'Cause I'm getting cash
And in my place
Bought a new Wraith
She in my face
I want her head
I want her legs
I want a redhead
I want her head
I want her neck
I want her legs
Don't even beg
We can fuck on the floor
We can fuck in the shower
Hey, your friends at the door
Tell 'em give you a hour
And they know I'ma GOAT
I got paper and power
Man, these niggas some hoes
Everything they say sour
I bought a billi' and blew out her brain
Since I got money and people done changed
I'm keepin' my fourt, I'm up on my aim
Jump out of line, I bust at your brain
Shoebox money, it ain't nothin' to me
I could make a hunnid in my sleep
These niggas carryin', that's all they see
They just wanna be like me
Takin' this swag and then give it back
I didn't get mad, I went and got more
They just wanna be like him
I don't wanna be like them
Used to wanna be like him
'Til I stayed down and ran up an M
Baby ballin', they should put it on film
Shootin' for bricks, I don't aim for the rim
Fuck the gym, I don't work out
Take a sip of he lean, wash the Perc down
I got on all my jewels, foreign, and all my shoes
These niggas mad 'cause I won't lose
I gotta win, I just began

No fake love, no fake friends
Just 30 in the FN
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I want her head
I want her neck
I want her legs
Don't even beg
We can fuck on the floor
We can fuck in the shower
Hey, your friends at the door
Tell 'em give you an hour I go deep in her throat
Keep that shit on the low
Don't nobody else know
That's our business fasho
We can fuck on the counter
I keep takin' these downers
Pop me a Addi, a Percocet, pour me a four
Baby, we grown, we could fuck on the floor
I'm gettin' money
That's why they mad
That ain't my fault
Nigga, I'm a boss
Get white chalked
Playin' with an O.G
I got bags
These niggas owe me, they know me
Standin' in the kitchen and workin' my wrists
I made a duece, turned to a nick
I make a nick, turned to a nine
I made a nine, turned to a split
You know the rest, I made a split, turned to a brick
We in this bitch, we got it lit
We got them sticks Is you mad?
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Tell 'em give you an hour

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

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