

# TOES (feat. Lil Baby & Moneybagg Yo)

## DaBaby

My heart so cold I think I'm done with ice (Uh, brr)  
Said if I leave her, she gon' die  
Well, bitch, you done with life (Okay) Better not pull up with no knife  
'Cause I bring guns to fights (Boom) Say you got that sack, I got that sack  
But ain't no ones in mine (Nope)  
And my lil' bitch say I'm gettin' too bougie  
I don't even like dubs in mine (Alright)  
What I look like with all them twenties? (Huh?)  
Know them hoes like how I'm coming (Yeah)  
What I look like with all this money? (Huh?)  
How I look havin' all these hoes? (Uh)  
When I crack a smile, white gold (Bling)  
Yeah, I'm talkin' diamonds, froze (Yeah)  
Came from the bottom, toes (Woah, Kenny)  
Yeah, backend Baby (A hundred)  
That's what they pay me a show (Let's go)  
That's probably some cap in my rap  
By the time this shit drop, they gon' pay me some more (Uh-huh)  
And I can still go back to the trap  
Send a box, pick it up, make a play at the store  
Feelings still hurt from when I saved that ho My heart so cold I think I'm done with ice (Uh, brr)  
Said if I leave her, she gon' die  
Well, bitch, you done with life (Okay)  
Better not pull up with no knife  
'Cause I bring guns to fights (Boom)  
Say you got that sack, I got that sack  
But ain't no ones in mine (Nope)  
And my lil' bitch say I'm gettin' too bougie  
I don't even like dubs in mine (Alright)  
Nope  
Too raw, dope (Yeah)  
You know I'm one the one of the G.O.A.T.'s  
She let me put it in the back of her throat  
Walk in the bank with a M in a choke (Yeah)  
I'm tryna make a deposit  
Let 'em try play with the money (Pow, pow)  
Shawty gon' take off your noggin  
Long as she want it and pick it, I'm buyin' it  
I had the Rover for a year, I don't drive  
I get 'em whacked, I don't advise 'em to try it, yeah  
I'm runnin' shit, I ain't lyin'  
I got a backend for one twenty-five

I bought a Patek for one eighty-five  
This shit gettin' easy at this point My heart so cold I think I'm done with ice (Uh, brr)  
Said if I leave her, she gon' die  
Well, bitch, you done with life (Okay)  
Better not pull up with no knife  
'Cause I bring guns to fights (Boom)  
Say you got that sack, I got that sack  
But ain't no ones in mine (Nope)  
And my lil' bitch say I'm gettin' too bougie  
I don't even like dubs in mine (Alright) Heartless, don't need a valentine (Forever)  
I call 'em racks, not bands (Why?)  
Ain't no rubber band on mine (At all)  
I used to be down, down, down, down  
Waiting on taxes time (Fucked up)  
Look at me now, now, now, now  
They pay me to flex and shine (I'm up, let's get it) Big speaker like an eighteen inch sub (Yeah)  
I'm a hundred, you a dub (Nothin')  
Lookin' for me, I'm booked up (Where you at?)  
Diamonds on my earlobe, ice on dyke (Huh?)  
One-fifty on studs  
Rugrat, young nigga got it out the mud My heart so cold I think I'm done with ice (Uh, brr, Big  
Bagg)  
Said if I leave her, she gon' die  
Well, bitch, you done with life (Okay)  
Better not pull up with no knife  
'Cause I bring guns to fights (Boom)  
Say you got that sack, I got that sack  
But ain't no ones in mine (Nope)  
And my lil' bitch say I'm gettin' too bougie  
I don't even like dubs in mine What I look like with all them twenties? (Huh?)  
Know them hoes like how I'm coming (Yeah)  
What I look like with all this money? (Huh?)  
How I look havin' all these hoes? (Uh)  
When I crack a smile, white gold (Bling)  
Yeah, I'm talkin' diamonds, froze (Yeah)  
Came from the bottom, toes

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>