

# No Friends (feat. Rylo Rodriguez)

## Lil Baby

Cook that shit up, Quay I come from a different type of cloth than these niggas  
I'ma buy a different kind of car than these niggas  
Ain't gon' fuck on none of these new bitches, they be  
hittin'  
I gotta switch it up, man, I gotta move different, I'm a  
boss nigga  
Yeah, show them youngins how to level up  
Four Season hotel, sixty levels up  
But I'm a resident  
If you gon' do the crime, go hard, don't leave no evidence  
I got 'em all on my wave 'cause it's evident  
But where was y'all when I was lost, ain't know where to  
go?  
She think I'm fly, she like my pimpin', but I can't save no  
ho  
You only get one chance to cross me, then it's say no more  
I gotta tell 'em go  
I ain't hit your baby mama, I hit her with the curveball  
I ain't hit your baby mama, I hit her with the curveball  
And I'm still the same young hitter, used to serve y'all  
Don't ever get it twisted, my youngins really flip shit  
My youngins really flip shit, don't ever get it twisted  
'Cause I'll really flip shit  
I don't need no friends, I just wanna win  
I got this new Benz and it's all I need  
She listen to her friends, they wanna get in  
She don't understand that they'll slob on me  
If I let 'em, ain't gon' let up, I'ma keep on stridin'  
Heard they lookin' for me, I can't tell 'cause I ain't hidin'  
It don't matter if I'm frownin' 'cause my woman smilin'  
I done finally went legit, ain't no more public housing  
I gotta stay from 'round them I'm gon' pull up AMG like I don't know my alphabet  
Youngins ain't on Instagram but they still want a blue  
check  
If 12 go'n grab one more of my dawgs, I'ma sue the vet  
I thought they all wanna see me ball, they'd rather go  
hide the nets  
All these pointers in my watch but my Rolex ain't  
tellin' (Hell nah)  
Know the drank the devil but when I'm on it, feel like I'm  
in heaven  
In the hood shootin' dice, ask what it playin', we told him,

"7"

Used to go to church 'til I seen MC serve the reverend  
I'm gettin' bigger, no small favors  
Wonder why she don't wanna fuck when I ain't wearin' my  
necklace  
They ain't picture me like this so I sent all them selfies  
Pray you don't get caught in Lil Mexico, when we slide, it's  
deadly  
I'ma pay her for that pussy, I won't lie, they petty  
And them jeans we came from wearin' Moschino  
When the paper comin' in, it'll drive you senile  
It'll drive you crazy (It'll drive you insane)  
Pray you take these lines and look back, oh, they all faded  
I don't need no friends, I just wanna win  
I got this new Benz and it's all I need  
She listen to her friends, they wanna get in  
She don't understand that they'll slob on me  
If I let 'em, ain't gon' let up, I'ma keep on stridin'  
Heard they lookin' for me, I can't tell 'cause I ain't hidin'  
It don't matter if I'm frownin' 'cause my woman smilin'  
I done finally went legit, ain't no more public housing  
I gotta stay from 'round them

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

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