

Commercial (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

Lil Baby

Tay Keith, this too hard
Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up[Lil Baby:]
I paid some extra before we even come out
And don't even wear it to show I ain't playin'
I hit the bitch and I gave her some racks
And I pull up my pants, she know I ain't stayin'
Go run the store, run and get rubber bands
I done got rich, I done put on my mans
Choppas in traffic, that's just how I'm livin'
They say that I'm trippin', they wouldn't understand
She take a trip, she come back with a tan
I take a trip, I come back with them bands
When I was dealin', it really was killin' them
Had them come pinch, tryna see what I'm payin'
She throw a hoodie on soon as we land
She don't like pics, I got too many fans
I'm runnin' shit, I can do what I want
And it's really a limit, you do what you can
I found the booth and I put that shit up
'Fore I run out of cash, they're gonna run out of land
I fell in love with this bitch 'cause her head was amazing
I swear I don't even know her name
I'm 'bout to takeoff, I gave 'em a chance
They gave me ten M&M's on advance
Thought I'd be trappin' forever, but God came and blessed me
I guess He was part of the plan
How he on fire, but he cool as a fan?
Can't get at you, we gon' get at your man
They can relate to me 'cause I be poppin'
Put in they face, let them see what I'm sayin'
I'm rockin' shows like I play with a band
Free all the bros, know I would if I can
If I don't mean it, I swear I ain't sayin' it
'Fore I was 21, swear I was savage, smash
Hold up, who got Backwood? I need roll up
Dior store can't keep up with me
I'm spendin' thousand like money is nothin' to me
I'm never comin' back, them people under me
Not the fans, yeah, the haters
Lotta bands on the table
They say I went commercial, I ain't know it
They want me catch a murder, I ain't goin' back

Play myself on my opposition, who doin' that?[Lil Uzi Vert:]
We got FN with extensions, we throwin' that
Her ass got my full attention, she throwin' that
Niggas talkin' way too much, I ain't goin' back
And forth with niggas, 'cause these niggas be holding racks
On the real, yeah, we know you don't own them racks
Four pockets full, push 'em down, they start pokin' back
I turn 8 million right until I'm a quarterback
Spend a million like I'm tryna bring Kobe back, 24 (Woo)
I'm ready, I'm ready, I use the crockpot like it's Betty
They say the drop hot, and it's ready
Might stretch it out but it ain't Fetti (Yes)
Say my dawg doin' time, but I know he ain't gonna snitch
'Cause it's still some shit he didn't tell me
My dogs at the celly, he told me the whole story over the celly (Brr, hello?)
Went up in my price in my pocket like Kelly
Fucked her in the telly', no I can't not say who, no telly
My head gettin' heavy
Ayy, you know I still got Balmains on my ass
No, I can't do no Amiris
Said I'm takin' trips, long flights they scary
She said her birthday in March, okay, cool
So, that means you an Aries
I told her "Gotta go," she said "You serious?"
Diamonds cold, it's December, my vibe Sagittarius
[Lil Baby:]
Hold up, who got Backwood? I need roll up
Dior store can't keep up with me
I'm spendin' thousand like money is nothin' to me
I'm never comin' back, them people under me
Not the fans, yeah, the haters
Lotta bands on the table
They say I went commercial, I ain't know it
They want me catch a murder, I ain't goin' back
Play myself on my opposition, who doin' that?I can switch up and come back another way
Yeah, the vibe ain't right, come back another day
Biggest dripper, I start up a tidal wave
Remix weed we put it in a microwave
Batch for twenty-three, like I know Michael J
He can say what he want, but he gotta pay
Used to hide all the guns where my momma estate
Sell my drugs 'round the corner
I pay all these bills, I'm a grown up
My cars all look different, I own 'em
I ain't with no leasin', my bitch telling me I need credit
It's loud and clear if I said it
I come from the gutter, I spend my a hundred on Chevys
You can take me out the hood
But you can't take the hood out of me

Know the hood proud of me
I Givenchy my tee, went and upgrade my teeth
I dropped out of school, but that paper on me Hold up, who got Backwood? I need roll up
Dior store can't keep up with me
I'm spendin' thousand like money is nothin' to me
I'm never comin' back, them people under me
Not the fans, yeah, the haters
Lotta bands on the table
They say I went commercial, I ain't know it
They want me catch a murder, I ain't goin' back
Play myself on my opposition, who doin' that?

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