

Section 8 (feat. Young Thug)

Lil Baby

Wheezy outta here
Went and copped the new plain jane (Plain jane)
Didn't like it, I bust down (Bust down)
I finesse for another check (Damn)
Hit the bros and we bust down (Bust down)
Now I got my whole 'partments winning
We got all type of cars, and they ain't rented (No)
We ain't cuffin' no broads, we got plenty (No)
We ain't taking no bars, we be sippin' (No)
We turned a Section 8 'partment to a condo
(Section 8 'partment to a condo)
We turned a Section 8 'partment to a condo
(Section 8 'partment to a condo)
We got them hoes runnin' in and out
We got them bags runnin' in and out
Plug on the way, we ain't seen a drought
Addicted to Percs, we ain't runnin' out
We turned a Section 8 'partment to a condo
(Section 8 'partment to a condo, Wheezy outta here)
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Plug on the way, we ain't seen a drought
Addicted to Percs, we ain't runnin' out
We got them foreigners outside of the 'partment
Look like a dealership (Look like a dealership)
Heard he got caught but he just got off
I don't want no dealings with him (Don't want no dealings
with him)
He just want clout and he don't want problems
He ain't no real killer (He ain't no real killer)
I don't entertain him, I know we dangerous
I hang with drug dealers (And some real killers), yeah
Hit that lil' bitch at the spot and I made her feel like we
was at the Intercontinental
We workin', we ridin' in rentals
We don't drive the car, 'cause that draw too much
attention
My lil' homie swang the AR, like a guitar
He ain't never took a picture
Wherever we go, we go hard, they know who we are
Got 'em stoppin', takin' pictures
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Addicted to Percs, we ain't runnin' out I parked the Lam' in the front of this house, though
(I parked the Lam' in the front of this house, though)
Everything handled, I'm blockin' 'em out, no
(Everything handled, I'm blockin' 'em out, no)
Yes, yes, baguettes inside of my eyes, ho
I hop in a foreign everywhere I go, I don't ride in no Tahoe
Trap spot, sprawled out, sittin' in front of the back with
the whoa
Lot of ammo, oh, I can go to war with the president though
Money hella mold, I want some Louis with some Backwood
to roll
I put these racks up to my eyes and they land at my knees,
knees, knees
I put the TEC to your rib 'cause I'm havin' real OCD
I know she be in her feelings when I wipe my dick off and
leave
Everyone 'round me got killers and they runnin' 'round
and sippin' lean
'Bout to put my dick inside some kidneys and I put some
scratches on her knees
I'm a cop 20 Plain Janes, yeah, and I'm passin' 'em right
around (Passin' it 'round)
Gon' regret bein' a gang-banger, yeah, and I took it
around the town (Take it 'round the town)
Cuban link big as Wu-Tang, yeah, yeah (Cuban link big as
Wu-Tang, yeah)
I'm the new Tity 2 Chainz, yeah, yeah, yeah (I'm the new
Tity 2 Chainz, yeah)
Got her whippin' the Mulsanne (Yeah, yeah)
She done re'd up with new chains (Yeah, yeah)
I been movin' 'em nuisance (Yeah, yeah)
Turn 'em on to the food chain (Yeah)
Bad Balenci's, a few stains (Yeah, yeah)
Got baguettes by the bouquet
They compare me with Wu-Tang (Yeah, yeah)

Buy a Benz for the boo thang (Yeah)We turned a Section 8 'partment to a condo
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