

Pure Cocaine

Lil Baby

When your wrist like this, you don't check the forecast
Every day it's gon' rain, yeah
Made a brick through a brick, ain't whip up shit
This pure cocaine, yeah
From the streets, but I got a little sense
But I had to go coupe, no brain (Coupe, no brain)
Ain't worried 'bout you, I'ma do what I do
And I do my thing (Do my thing) Bought her brand new shoes, told her kick rocks
Don't stand too close, diamonds kickbox
Think red means goes so I don't stop
I know they wish they could catch me, but keep wishin'
You think I done turned into a fiend for these bitches
Tryna stuff as much as I can in these britches
Made your bitch fuck on my friend, it's no difference
I ain't never popped no Xan, I sip sizzurp
If I ever have to tell on the gang, I won't do it
If I put it on a song, I seen it or been through it
I can't put it in my song, I know how the feds move
Scream free all of the ahks but I ain't no FamGoon
Gave my mama ten bands, sent her to Cancún
Got the crowd goin' dumb but I ain't no damn fool
If I went in there and did it and made it, you can too
We done came a long way from broke and sharing shoes
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And I do my thing (Do my thing)
Got a quarter million dollars in a book bag
New Era, I'm a dope boy, no cap
I'm living my best life for real

Just left the dealership, no tag
If we opposite, it won't work, it won't last
Get an opposite knocked off, toe tag
Ain't been home in a month, got my ho mad
They need me in the trap but I can't go back
I jumped off the porch with a hundred dollar slab
I got M's in the bank, give a damn what they think
Every vibe I ever shot my shot at, caught it
Everything you ever seen me riding in, bought it
Big dawg status, I ain't gotta sell drugs
Put my craft into rap then I took off, yeah
New G-Wagon, no key, this a push-start
I can hit the gas, make it disappear
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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