

# Lil Baby, Never Recover (feat. Drake)

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up  
Ayy, yeah  
Tay Keith, this too hard  
Ring, ring, ring, we drip too hard, ayy  
Run that back, Turbo  
Yeah, ayy, look

I bring up money, they change up the topic  
I got a 19 and it fold in my pocket  
She gave me her number, now I gotta block it  
I'm mixin' the dirty bills in with the profit  
Clean that shit up and I give it right back to him  
If I don't fuck with him, then I can't rap with him  
I wanna be there when somebody catches him  
I want a witness to see that shit  
Man, these folks, these folks gotta goddamn hear this shit, no cap  
I bring up hits and they change up the topic  
I got a 19 and it fold in my pocket  
One hell of a year and a nigga still droppin'  
They wanted to stop it, but they couldn't stop it  
You told a story like shorty was feelin' you  
She told a story like she split the bill with you  
Look at my story, man, no one could write it  
Now I see a million, I don't get excited  
I might just YSL my shit, the Thugger way  
Ain't no real sense in me goin' the other way  
Cannot be seen in that shit from the other day  
Virgil just chef'd me a whole different colorway  
Please don't be stupid, it's Baby and Gunna  
And Baby, he wanted her, so I just swung her  
Next time I'm in Dallas, I'll look for another  
You niggas fell off and you never recovered

Poured up some Hi-Tech and wait 'til it bubble  
Young Gunna Gunna, I make this shit double  
Hit Eliante and left with a puddle  
It's me, Drake, and Baby, you know you in trouble  
Run up my check, my bitch sprinted the shuttle  
Sign plus an M, bought a Benz for my brother  
Painted all black, the interior butter  
I drip like a leak and that's word to my mother  
Yeah, came out the street, gotta sleep with a cutter  
Found me a bitch who gon' eat, it's a supper  
My dick in her mouth like she teethin' or somethin'  
Sound like it could be Drip Season this summer  
Ain't no comparin' 'cause we number one  
In black and white Chanel, I look like a nun  
The police in shock, don't know who got a gun  
Don't got what I got 'cause I shop in Milan  
It's winter, I still took the top off the don  
The kid was surprised that my trunk in the front  
I know you a upset they don't shine in the sun  
Cuban link look like a box of crayons  
I'm still at the lot, tryna cop the Cayenne  
I told the judge, "Fuck it", I'm goin' on the run  
You want it, my dawgs'll look out for the bond

And I'm gettin' by, let 'em choose sides  
We get M's in by the shoe size  
I don't fuck with y'all type of kind  
I done seen all y'all dickride  
Bread winner like I'm Kevin Gates  
And I swear to God, I don't get tired  
From the trenches, now I'm goin'

Spend a whole hundred on a new wristwatch

Don't gotta drip, I can leave it to Gunna  
Runnin' this shit, only been out two summers  
That 4x4 truck, I post 300  
Boy, at whoever, they know how I'm comin'  
Ain't got no feelings, I'm here for the money  
Treat every club like a Magic on Monday  
Niggas ain't rich for real, they gettin' fronted  
Gave her a dime, told her fix up her stomach  
By the time she get back, I'ma switch up my number  
Cap to her friend like I been on her bumper  
Lately, I been the topic of discussion  
Draco was foreign, they shoot it from Russia  
Bad vibes at my show like I'm Usher  
If she tell me "No" once, I won't even touch it  
All I do is get her out here, abortion  
Act like I've been rich, I used to have nothin'  
Drizzy hit me up like he got another one  
Money ain't even came in from the other one  
Fuck it, I'm hot, so I might as well double up  
Seem like everything I get on a numba one  
They tryna team up to beat me, they huddlin' up  
Ever catch me out in traffic, I'm cuttin' up  
Every city we go to, it be lit as fuck  
Tryna put the police on us, get rid of us

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You seen the overseas drip?