

# Lil Baby, No Sucker

Uh-oh, the game in trouble  
Started off small, now they payin' me double  
Yeah, you can drip check, baby, like Mustard, yeah  
Uh-oh, you better not trust 'em  
Rotate 'em, all these hoes on shuffle  
Money team, got a whole M in a duffle  
Bitch got the nerve to say she don't like rubbers  
She don't know that I know she be fuckin' my brother  
Bitch, I ain't goin' out like no sucker, yeah  
West Coast, smokin' on Gushers, yeah  
Cartier watch, shit busted, yeah  
I done ran up a whole lot, yeah  
I don't want the twat, just top, yeah  
Goin' up a whole 'nother notch, yeah  
Can't be stuck in one slot, yeah

Levels, Rolls-Royce truck in the ghetto  
F's on the wheel wave hello, yeah  
Bitch probably mad I ain't dello  
La-la-la, I am not Carmelo  
Word to the opps, they gon' drop, better lay low  
Haha, nah, I'm just playin', they can come out  
Runnin' up the money, I ain't never tryna run out, yeah  
Police get behind me, I'ma burn out (Smash)  
How you get it 'fore it even come out? (Cash)  
How you make a milli' in a drought? (Bag)  
Traphouse geeked up fast  
My mama don't like it, she ain't got no swag  
I don't stay with my mama, I been in my bag  
Yeah, I got it, nigga, fuck what I had, yeah  
Y'all niggas need to give me my swag back  
Go against me, get hashtagged  
Ain't standin' that, nigga, I'm passed that  
How your jacket Dior and your pants match?  
Road runnin', bringin' these bands back  
You can take it how you want it, I'm sayin' facts  
They done crunked me up, I was layin' back  
I'm the wave, nigga, give me my sand back  
Hopped out on 'em with a chopstick  
They done killed that boy with a hand strap  
You straight, I ain't givin' your mans dap

Uh-oh, the game in trouble  
Started off small, now they payin' me double  
Yeah, you can drip check, baby, like Mustard, yeah  
Uh-oh, you better not trust 'em  
Rotate 'em, all these hoes on shuffle  
Money team, got a whole M in a duffle  
Bitch got the nerve to say she don't like rubbers  
She don't know that I know she be fuckin' my brother  
Bitch, I ain't goin' out like no sucker, yeah  
West Coast, smokin' on Gushers, yeah  
Cartier watch, shit busted, yeah  
I done ran up a whole lot, yeah  
I don't want the twat, just top, yeah  
Goin' up a whole 'nother notch, yeah  
Can't be stuck in one slot, yeah

I'm goin' up a whole 'nother notch  
Lil' bruh just put a nigga on Fox, damn  
A rock fell out of my watch  
I ain't get mad, I just switched out clocks (Hahaha)  
Treat a bad bitch like a thot (What you do?)  
Burn her head pullin' off the lot

Water on water, rockin' ice on the yacht  
Bought a traphouse and it came with a pot (Ugh, ugh)  
The game in trouble like some badass childrens  
Did they just really give me 80K for thirty minutes? Yup  
And can't nobody tell me how to spend it, bitch  
Send it to the hood, let 'em flip it (In the trenches)  
She want me to love on her, no way  
Ain't José, I don't do what the hoes say (Nope)  
HD, Blu-Ray, clear shit (What that mean?)  
Diamonds on me look 4K (Ugh)  
Married to the money for better or worse  
But nah I ain't walked down no aisle (Caked up)  
That lil' nigga fucked up  
He'll walk a nigga down with a Kool-Aid smile  
Yesterday spent 40K on a necklace  
I'm flexin', look close and you'll see your reflection  
She a lil' gangster, I like her complexion  
She get so wetty, then bust like confetti  
If I don't do nothing, that money, I get it

Uh-oh, the game in trouble  
Started off small, now they payin' me double  
Yeah, you can drip check, baby, like Mustard, yeah  
Uh-oh, you better not trust 'em  
Rotate 'em, all these hoes on shuffle  
Money team, got a whole M in a duffle  
Bitch got the nerve to say she don't like rubbers  
She don't know that I know she be fuckin' my brother  
Bitch, I ain't goin' out like no sucker, yeah  
West Coast, smokin' on Gushers, yeah  
Cartier watch, shit busted, yeah  
I done ran up a whole lot, yeah  
I don't want the twat, just top, yeah  
Goin' up a whole 'nother notch, yeah  
Can't be stuck in one slot, yeah