

Lil Baby, Solid

Mmm

Mmm-mmm

Yeah, fuck it, let me pop my shit one time

Nobody got hit, spin the block again (Yeah, yeah)

I done been two-sided 'cause I don't got to give (Yeah, yeah)

Rockin' real diamonds before I got the deal

Through the grace of God, we got away, so now we gotta chill

They thought it was rap cap and I told 'em that I got a mil'

You can get whatever if you ask me, you ain't gotta steal

My lil' woadie said he fightin' demons, feel like he gotta kill

And I just left the hood to catch a vibe and that shit give me chills

One hand on my steering wheel, other arm to work the blicky

I'ma be forever gang but smart enough to keep my distance

Product of the real trenches, that's why I wear a trench coat

Damn near fucked my life gamblin', bet it all on tenfold

Rap get slow, I'm sellin' lows, can't get caught with no skinny ho

Can't get caught with no ho at all, bitch, don't slam my door that hard

I pull up like, "Oh my Lawd," she gon' shop, she hold my card

Glock four-fifth my bodyguard, I sip syrup, no noddin' off

If you know you owe me, better come and pay me, better not be a dollar short

I done took the game, put it in a lock, I ain't even try

Lookin' like a lick, tryna play slick, nigga, you'll die

Comin' from the bricks, I ain't had shit, now the new Coupe 125

Yeah

Nobody got hit, spin the block again (Yeah, yeah)

I done been two-sided 'cause I don't got to give (Ha, ha)

Rockin' real diamonds before I got the deal

Through the grace of God, we got away, so now we gotta chill

Yeah

Do it for my family, my fans, fuck how niggas feel

Told 'em it was my turn, I'm guessing that time's here

Skeleton my Cartier, makin' sure my time pure

If you were not here when we was thuggin', you can't come 'round here

Hard work, my grind real, I'm dedicated to get this paper

He okay, he's been a hater, I don't know why he mad at me

I won't let the youngins take him off, and now he mad at me

He better be lucky that I ain't out here just bad rappin'

High speed, gettin' in low gear, streets taught me have no fear

I invested in the West, their niggas know I've sold my dope there

Pretty pussy, no hair, she don't like when I put it in my song

So I can't go there, but she know I like to go there

Nobody got hit, spin the block again (Yeah, yeah)

I done been two-sided 'cause I don't got to give (Yeah, yeah)

Rockin' real diamonds before I got the deal

Through the grace of God, we got away, so now we gotta chill

They thought it was rap cap and I told 'em that I got a mil'

You can get whatever if you ask me, you ain't gotta steal

My lil' woadie said he fightin' demons, feel like he gotta kill

And I just left the hood to catch a vibe and that shit give me chills

What's happenin', TT?

Utwór Solid on Lil Baby.