

Danger - Lil Baby Lyrics

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“Danger”

[Verse 1]

Chrome Heart jeans look kinda dumb with the Amiris
Some would call it crazy, half a ticket on some earrings
At it for a decade, had a plug when I was sixteen
PTSD, I ain't sleep so I don't got dreams
Two things I ain't running out, this money and this lean
Two things I care about, my family and my team
We was supposed to keep it on the low, but why you scream
Balling like the playoffs, I was tryna get a ring
Penthouse in Miami
Pretty vibes wildin' out like they work for Nick Cannon
Tell that bitch to have a seat, I know that she can't stand it
Tell them boys it's fuck 'em all, ain't got no understanding
Legend in my neighborhood for real, free Shannon
Keeping my composure, I'm on chill, I can't panic
They say I wouldn't make it past two years, but I managed to
You supposed to go with how you feel, I'm not mad at you
G-Wagen matte-blue

[Chorus]

She get my rocks off, I buy her Goyard
Fuck all the time and still act like I don't know her
I heard that pressure bursts pipes, I come so hard
Why y'all on my dick? You know that's your ho job
Ain't worried 'bout nothing
Everybody they own boss, we all getting this money

**Call it what you wanna call it, I'm one of the owners
I could've exposed you, brodie, but I ain't gon' talk about it**

[Verse 2]

**I was in the trap too, I fucked up my sack too
Most of that shit cap, can't go for that, you say it's facts, prove it
Plug had us on a stash dub but now we back moving
They thought they was winning 'til I entered now they back losing
Brodie in prison on an iPhone getting tattoed
I don't know who told you to come for me, that's a bad move
I ain't in no space for no company, I'm in a bad mood
Only thing I gotta abide by is the cash rules
If you think I ain't running this money up, you a damn fool
Tryna count my pockets, my net worth ain't on no damn Google
Fifty million dollars in a year, if I'm lying, shoot me
Five hundred thousand every show, I'm on my grind, stupid
I been fucking her and her best friend, I put 'em in a group text
They done made you mad, get in your bag, that's how you posed to do
that
Everybody got a hundred guns, they know what no to shoot at
I'ma get this guap until I'm done, bro, I can promise you that
I was on the block when shit was lit for real, where the fuck was you at?
Never drop no song then hit a bitch for real, bro, we don't do that
We the ones that's really out here pushing, bro, I thought you knew that
Come through in that what's-her-name, everybody look like, "Who that?"**

[Chorus]

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