

# Heyy - Lil Baby Lyrics

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## “Hey”

[Intro]

Yeah

[Verse 1]

My favorite bitch just cut me off and she won't even let me know the  
reason (Yeah)

It's prolly one of her lil' messy hatin'-ass friends bein' evil  
I ain't stressin' 'bout it, she'll come around when she wanna eat it up

Slow stroke, fast stroke, grind in it, I'm a real pleaser

Sixty hoes in New York havin' dinner

Bottega send it to me soon as they get it

I put Maybach seats in the Sprinter

Make sure everybody sit comfortable

You gotta really pay attention, I'm not mumblin'

She tryna have a good time, she wanna come with us

They know we can't be fucked with, they not one of us

It's done been some times I slipped, I'm not fallin'

Brabus baby blue, the inside too

I'm feelin' like a kid again

They thought I got lucky last time

Fuck it, I'm back on that shit again

Her last bag was a crocodile Kelly

Got it chocolate to match her skin

I just gave bro a hunnid pounds of wham

Told him, "Tell the city it's in"

Majority of the time, I hi and bye these niggas  
I ain't with all that lockin' in shit  
Money over everything, try to stop it  
You get popped right then and there  
Message thread full of, "Where you ats?" and "Pull up on me"  
Bunch of "Whens" and "Wheres"  
Youngings out here wildin' with no guidance  
All they care about is who they kill  
I was tryna keep that shit in order  
It got harder 'cause I was never there  
It's a better life out here  
I promise, brodie, I'ma keep it in they ear  
I know how it feel to spin a opp  
But it feel way better to count a million  
I come from the bottom of the bottom  
I shot right up through the fuckin' ceilin'

[Chorus]

Hey (Hey-hey-hey)  
Everybody lit, can't put our fire out (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)  
Hey (Hey-hey-hey)  
Soon as it pop, bro, pull that fire out (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)  
Hey (Hey-hey-hey)  
This her first time comin' to my house (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)  
Hey (Hey-hey-hey)  
Better go hard, girl, this your try-outs (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)  
Hey (Hey-hey-hey)  
Everybody lit, can't put our fire out (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)  
Hey (Hey-hey-hey)  
Soon as it pop, bro, pull that fire out (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)  
Hey (Hey-hey-hey)  
This her first time comin' to my house (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)  
Hey (Hey-hey-hey)  
Better go hard, girl, this your try-outs (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)

[Verse 2]

Yeah, stay down, hustle hard until you come up  
Take some, only when you need it  
You won't make it far bein' greedy  
My grandma taught me how to be a leader  
If we fly commercial, we got greeters  
They just know that we important people  
They see how we comin', think we ghetto  
Until their children tell 'em I'm their hero  
Flight attendant said I look familiar  
Crack a smile, tell her, "It's a small world"  
Oh, that's your bitch? That's my hoe too  
We gon' share her, call her, "Our girl"  
Real street music, I ran that field  
If you can hit that, then she ain't my girl  
Get your lick back, come step in my world  
Two bitches on the same itinerary  
Same flight, same hotel, they don't even know each other yet (Yeah)  
One of them don't say nothin', other askin', "Do we go together yet?"  
Young turnt nigga, ain't no holdin' back  
This a Brabus, bro, not a regular Wagon  
I don't kiss and tell, I ain't into that  
I don't think I met a nigga colder yet, like

[Chorus]

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**Hey (Hey-hey-hey)**  
**This her first time comin' to my house (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)**  
**Hey (Hey-hey-hey)**  
**Better go hard, girl, this your try-outs (Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey)**

[Outro]  
**Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey**  
**Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey**

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