

Never Hating - Lil Baby Lyrics

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“Never Hating”

[Intro: Lil Baby]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1: Lil Baby]

Fresh like the first day of the school on the weekend

I put this shit on today, for no reason

**Got somethin' to smile about, I fixed up my teeth
Straight from the lot, call up Herm, get it geeked up
Thousand horse power, my car gotta keep up
Act like I'm slow all the time, but I peep stuff
What kinda guy let a bitch keep the beef up?**

I let 'em live for a while, now the lease up

**Nail in the hammer, I done built it from the ground up
Brodie say he workin', but the bricks, them went down somethin'**

They handle the business, I do not go around them

**You can get a hundred if you want to, we got pound spots
I'm the one that's really havin' motion, what they talkin' 'bout?**

Cars, I done did that, chains, don't need no more

So many clothes, startin' to feel like a hobo

Every milestone, tryna buy me a new home

Potholes keep on fuckin' up the Forgi's, take the rims off

The way she twist and suck it, like she tryna take the skin off

Bro 'nem, in a striker, but it's good, we swapped the VINs out

**Don't bark up this tree, I make the chopper knock his limb off
Thousand dollar after every road, that's what they hittin' for
All I do is fuck her, I done turned her to a nympho
FN's, blackouts, Gen5's, Gen4's
Trippin' for the family, I don't play about my kin folk**

[Chorus: Lil Baby]

**I took the guys to L.A. for a business meetin'
God, watch my friends, I can handle my enemies
Fuck I look like havin' smoke with my mini m
e's
Niggas gotta be jokin', you kiddin' me?
Y'all real kids, been small-time ballin', now it's real big
I was standin' in the bleachers, on some cheerin' shit
Never been a hater, I don't care enough
This shit ain't gon' stop until they bury us**

[Verse 2: Young Thug]

**Fresh off the jet, I end up in the projects
See somethin' I like, no police, I'ma cop it
Don't follow my page, I post racks every day
For these niggas and bitches that's countin' my pockets
Ooh, hurdle this bitch in Huaraches
Lambo', Ferrari, Bentleys, I got options
I took the private jet out to Nevada
4PF CED, they got smoked like a rasta
Trenches with me
Somethin' seem suspicious, somethin' seemin' fishy
I'm four pockets full and look like biscuits
Overprice us and we uppinn', uppinn'
Fire, fire, fire, fire, that sound sound delicious
You can't use the dishes, in the kitchen cleanin'
Woo, woo, litty, can't abort the mission, bitch, I got addictions
I don't do photo, pictures, keep it low and with me**

[Chorus: Lil Baby]

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