

# **lil baby - freestyle Lyrics**

This Lyrics is downloaded from [Showthelyrics.com](http://Showthelyrics.com) check out for more lyrics

---

## **“lil baby”**

**Shoutout my label that's me  
I'm in this bitch with TP  
I'm in this bitch with 4trey  
I just poured up me a 8  
Real nigga all in my face  
500 racks in my safe  
500 racks to the plug  
What you know 'bout showin' love  
What you know 'bout pullin' up, in Bentley trucks  
Make these bitches fall in love  
All of my niggas on go  
None of my niggas no hoe  
All of my niggas want smoke  
All of my niggas together we came from the bottom we used to wear  
each other clothes  
None of my niggas gon' fold  
Couple pussy niggas told  
They ain't my niggas no mo'  
Hold it down for the 4  
In the 9 with the woes  
Ralo my dawg that's for sho'  
We won't fall out about shit  
Specially not 'bout no bitch  
We ain't gone fallout bout hoes  
Me and Ced get them loads  
We let 'em go for the low**

I got my hood in control  
I got my left wrist on froze  
I got my right wrist on froze  
I got my necklace on froze  
Both my ears on froze  
I been gettin faded I'm sippin' on maple  
If she won't fuck I won't make her  
I don't like bitches with makeup  
If she want titties I pay for 'em  
Get outta there when I wake up  
I pass the ball I don't layup  
I'm a big boss I got say so  
They'll wipe you down If I say so  
Dracos, on Dracos, on Dracos, on Dracos  
40's, on 40's, on 40's  
I just bought me some new water  
Wetter than Katrina shout out New Orleans  
I made a promise my niggas gon' ball  
Hard in the paint change my name to John Wall  
Geekin' off trees like a leaf in the fall  
Find a new plug then we takin' em all  
Pull up in a brand new Benz Truck  
Hop out fresher than a mento  
Lil nigga but I'm big dawg  
All I gotta make is one call  
Hit a nigga block, two calls  
Cross a nigga up, hot sauce  
Ooh I got 'em mad, my fault  
Talking bout the shit that I bought  
Poppi'n these perks I done turned to a savage  
Hundred racks stuffed in the mattress  
Hundred racks stuffed in the attic  
Hundred racks stuffed in the sofa  
These niggas play gangsta but they won't approach me  
I know they'll never approach me  
They know that they'll catch a bullet

I rock the game to the fullest  
I run with some real ones I don't hang with no pussies  
I ain't no killer don't push me  
I see how you niggas be lookin'  
I hope you don't think you no bully  
I'm livin' the life I should star in a movie  
Ridin' in a vert with a uzi  
Twelve get behind me I lose 'em  
They tryin' guess what I'm doin'  
They tryin' guess who I'm screwin'  
That ain't even they business  
They ain't wanna fuck with me  
Now they see a nigga drippin'  
Now they wanna fuck with me  
They can't get in touch with me  
Hardly ever in the city  
They just know I'm gettin' bigger  
They just know a nigga busy  
I been runnin' up them digits  
Yeah

---

Showth