

# Pop Out-Lil Baby F. Nardo Wick Lyrics

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## "Pop Out"

Under thirty, made the Forbes list, I'm a walking script, record me  
This a .30 and a .40, switch make it hit fast as hell  
Bitch told me she pray for me, told her pray for brodie'n'em in the cell  
I don't got no stylist, Marni shoes and pants, I'm fresh as hell  
Yes I know what happened, I ain't no rat, so I ain't gon' never tell  
You can follow Baby, won't lead you wrong, bro, I ain't gon' never fail you  
Big was tryna show me the right way to go, I was so rebellious  
Whatever they doin' don't bother me, bro I'm oh so careless  
You the type of guy that want the "I" for real, you all so selfish  
I'm the type of guy ready to die for this shit if it gon' prevail us  
I can't slip, look at this shit I've built, I know they tryna nail us  
Give her two or three thousand off the rip, she said she want her nails  
done  
Cuban links on just because, this shit really from the mud  
We handled the business like gentlemen, I can't rock with thugs  
Jeff can get ten M's if he needed it, you know I rock with Thug  
All my niggas jack in the boxes, playin', we poppin' up  
Pop up with them switches on  
Pop up with that shit on  
Pop up like my granny, grandma, granny, lot of chains on  
I might pop up with your bitch, later on I'll send her home  
I heard he heard I hit his bitch, so he don't like to hear my songs

She said "Wick you made me sick", how when I'm your medicine  
Ain't gay, don't go that way at all, but I love that nigga Benjamin  
Chop stick, grrt-bah-bah-bah-bah, keep that for the robber men  
Foreign fabric, cars, and hoes, I'm the only thing American  
I done stuffed a million in the duffle, smurf dollars blue color  
Pull up big body Barbus trucks the new Hummers  
Told me I lay the pipe right, I'm her new plumber  
It's hard to interact with people, I come from the jungle  
We some animals in designer clothes and jewelry  
How we got the same cars they drove in Fast and Furious?  
Why she ask me "Do I love her?", I said "You can't be serious" (Uh)  
Cold-hearted, touch my chest and you gon' burr

Super fast, I hit the gas, you hear her skrr-rr  
Twenty-two, five, lil' rico got him pure  
I was standin' on the block tryna get a rack to buy a Buick  
Now I'm trim, Lamborghini Boy, I know you seen that Urus  
If I ever run into your bitch, your love life gon' be ruined  
Take a break, but ain't gon' never gonna stop, this shit to be continued  
From a traphouse, beatin' down the doors to packin' out the venue  
When they catch him, they gon' eat him up, I put him on the menu  
Put piranhas on yo ass, three, four hundred on your ass  
Get the switch, she actin' bad, like your mama on your ass  
My first deal was worth a couple mil', I still was sellin' bags  
Maggot bitches trying to tackle me, I'm stiff armin' they ass  
Google said my net worth five mil', I got that shit in cash  
Everyday my life go up and up, it's hard for me to get mad  
I'm established, I might pop out, Cactus Jack on like I'm Travis  
They act happy, but as soon as you turn your back, they try to stab you  
I done manifested this shit, as soon as I see it I'm gonna grab it  
I act humble, but you can go and check my numbers, I ain't average  
I be hearin' shit, but you old washed up niggas, I be laughin'

You don't hear nothing 'bout my young niggas, cause they know to put  
on a mask

Yeah, pop out with a baddie with me  
Pop up with Lil' Danem with me  
Pop up with that cannon on me  
He can't come, we banned lil' homie

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