

Belly

Lil Baby & Gunna

Ah-ah-ah, hey
Run that back, Turbo You niggas bogus, I see the imposers
I used to sell yola, trap on Motorola
Spittin' these vocals, labels think I wrote it
Slippery wet paints, the coupes are candy-coated
Just left the bank, I need a bag to hold this
The streets like a farm 'cause all we ride is horses
Let my face tell it, we done made a fortune
I'm ridin' with my dawg and he ain't gotta question
I got a bitch like Keisha off of Belly
Police got dogs and they can't even smell me
Keep me a cup, I got a lean belly
20s on me, I call 'em green relish
Balmain my jeans, if not, they embellished
Too many vibes, they think I'm R. Kelly
PH in the sky, we got 'em already
PJ in the sky and I don't wanna land it
Creepin' at night, the VLONE bandit
I prayed to the sky and none of this was handed
Worked all my life and now I understand it
Crawled up like a mouse, but I could never tell it
I got the sweetest sauce like jelly
Try disrespect me, you all get beheaded
I got the drip, they call me Dripavelli
I held him down, that nigga was my celly
Fuck you fuck niggas, never made me heartless
Thank God, came and got me, used to shop at Target
They cut out the coupe before we hit the market
We don't pack our bags 'cause we gon' shop regardless
Backend, I'm back in, paid up for the party
I done came a long way from openin' up for Carti
Shades and my bracelets Cartier Carti
Police's cases, all that we avoidin'
The lean in my cup gettin' more and more muddy
I shown all my love, I've never been a bully
Got every color VLONE hoody
Just jumped in the game and still I ain't no rookie
I got this sauce, cream and puddin'
I came with the drip, got everybody lookin'
Cherish your blessings, easily could be taken
Send a front in, it's easy to get a book in
You niggas bogus, I see the imposers

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I'm ridin' with my dawg and he ain't gotta question Yeah, cash all my backends, I bought me a
Patek

Addicted to cabbage, the money relax me
My mom and them happy, I bought them a mansion
I still rock the fitted, but I don't be cappin' (Skrrt)
These camouflage denim like I just went campin'
They still can't believe that I made it, they happy
I been gettin' money before I was rappin'
I'm ridin' in the Wraith like I play with the actors
No pleadin', arraignment, ain't takin' no charges
My young nigga's solid, I know that he got me
He keep his mouth closed, I'ma buy him a foreign
Penthouse, hotel suite whenever we're tourin'
How foreign my tint is, I still rock the Jordan
Packin' out shows, love my fans, they important
And I'm still in the trap, in the hood like a motor
Spend thousands on fragrance, she fuckin' my odor
I just started rappin', I made me some millions
Man, shout out Atlanta, I'm runnin' my city
These bracelets came healthy, they cost me a 50
I leveled it up, I've been handlin' business
Gettin' 20 a night, every day, different city
I just keep puttin' this syrup in my kidneys
This the big one, boy, this not the Jubilee (Jubilee)
I got Gunna with me, rockin' VLONE, Supreme (Yeah, yeah) You niggas bogus, I see the
imposers

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I'm ridin' with my dawg and he ain't gotta question (Uh)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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