

# Bali (feat. NAV & 2 Chainz)

## 88GLAM

Time to turn the heat up like it's Bali  
Throwin' all these bands while we in Follies  
Horseman on my emblem, but it's headless  
Roof gone, now we drivin' down to Venice She so good at what she do, I might bust a move  
Jaw been on a lock while I sprinkle molly rock  
How come when I'm comin' down's the only time you need me?  
How come when I'm poppin' is the only time you see me?  
She so good at what she do, ain't no room for talkin'  
Ain't no room for talkin', ain't no room for talkin'  
Mixin' tinted liquor, I ain't fuckin' with no white shit  
I don't trust an opp, so many photos that I cropped  
DNA, trappin' in my genes, yeah  
Bought myself a pair of Balmain jeans, yeah  
'Member when I traveled with that ball? Yeah  
'Member when I sold them that rerock? Yeah  
Mixing up that Raf with that Margiela  
Walkin' past my ex, now she get jealous  
Wait, hold on, had to put down on that 'Rari  
Wait, hold on, did that VLONE like I'm Bari Pull up on the plug, let him know I need a pint  
Don't ask for a sip, no, I'm not sellin' lines  
If she comin' to the crib then she knows that it's a pine ting  
Hit it, then pass it to my slime  
You try to dap me up after the show  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
You wanna sip my drink, yeah  
You wanna do my blow  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
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different watches  
See my haters talkin', make sure that they watchin'  
Real bosses listen, talking money when I'm talkin'  
Outline you in chalk, Raf or Ricky, when I'm walkin'  
Wylin' like I'm Stone Cold Steve, I fucked a bitch in Austin  
Just pass me the rock, I don't know how much I pop  
Dissin' Derek, that ain't wise, 88 bullets gon' drop him

Chicken in the pot, got your girl watchin' my cock  
In New York I Milly Rock  
My shooter tote a 30 he can't hide it in his sock  
I am not a rapper, all these other rappers soft  
They hoping I fall off  
But bitch I'm at the top, I'm just a brown boy from the block  
She so good at what she do, I might  
bust a move  
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