

# Baby

## Quality Control, Lil Baby & DaBaby

[Intro: Future]

Wheezy outta here

[Verse 1: Lil Baby]

Yeah, rest in peace to Bankroll, show 'em how to do it  
Baby goin' crazy, he been gettin' straight to it  
I done caught so many flights I end up fuckin' all the stewardesses  
Catch me in Atlanta, no security with my jewelry  
Found I was rich, my baby mama talkin' suin' me  
'Nother bitch tellin' lies on the pussy like she screwin' me  
Catch him down bad, that's his ass, nigga, you or me  
SI diamonds on the chain, he ain't foolin' me  
We was skippin' school on the train, duckin' truancy  
My main partner turned into a rat, he talkin' 'bout robbin' me  
I pray the judge give that boy a bond so I can pop him  
We was in the hood, sellin' bags, shootin' choppers  
Fucked around and tried to go and lease a helicopter  
Baby really a problem, somebody gotta stop him  
And the haters watchin' too hard, I think they got binoculars  
Every nigga with me on go, it ain't no stoppin' us  
Niggas actin' like they got the bag, I'm tryna stop it up  
Do this for the bros down the road, gotta lock it up  
All you gotta do is say it's smoke, then we're poppin' up  
Baby got the streets on hold, he ain't drop yet  
I've been goin' hard, it's gon' be hard for you to top that  
I make it look easy, but this shit really a process  
I'm really a millionaire, still in the projects

[Chorus: Lil Baby]

Baby puttin' on for the city  
Baby, he the realest, Baby proolly got a couple million  
Baby hang with four or five killers  
Baby got children, Baby proolly still drug dealin  
Baby ain't a trapper, he a rapper  
Baby makin' classics, Baby in the hood gettin' active  
Baby keep it real with his people  
Baby like a preacher, Baby proolly still sell reefer

[Verse 2: DaBaby]

Huh? Baby proolly still got them 'bows

I tell my bitch I'm faithful, but I still got the hoes  
Baby gettin' jiggy, on stage with the Glizzy  
Baby CEO, he shake the game like he Diddy  
You would think it's Mardi Gras, I got these bitches showin' titties  
And I ain't throwin' beads, I pull them bitches' weaves  
I'm stallin' bitches out, if I'm a dog, then she a flea  
And when I fuck her doggystyle the only time I'm on my knee  
I barely wanna hit her, got her beggin', "Baby, please"  
I tell a bitch to shut up, you 'bout to fuck my nut up  
The label's CEO keep beggin' me to keep the gun up  
They know, you play with Baby, Baby beat him, cut up  
Private plane, Wi-Fi, on the FaceTime with Johnny  
I told him ice my wrist up, I like to hold my fist up  
How that boy DaBaby in the air not gettin' his dick sucked?  
Why he keep the fire and throw them fours in every picture?  
'Cause nigga...

[Chorus: Lil Baby]

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