

Lil Baby, All In

cook that shit up, Quay

my momma been told me
donb't give no poor performance
and whatever you gon' do
just do it
never though about doin' music
I was tryna bulid my phone up
contract full of drug abusers

ridin' around whit that mask
tryna figure out what my cousin doin;
prison whit the Migos
found out they was sellin' bricks
wish I woulda knew that shit
I woulda been lit
swer to God, since I was 17, I been hood rich
I be at James Harden house
I am all in Houston, in the mix