

Heatin Up

Lil Baby & Gunna

(Cook that shit up, Quay)
4PF look like we hit licks how we sell bricks
We don't sell shit, we just make hits, yeah
Turn up[Lil Baby:]
Keepin' my composure, never sober
Never chokin', always smokin' doja
Fuck 'em if they gettin' over
Got a Moncler coat because the kid the coldest
I ain't changed, I stayed the same and maintained
It's safe to say the kid gettin' older
Forever gang, I'm never switchin' over
Made a lane and niggas can't get over
I can't match with rappers, they be bogus
Really get a pack and keep the over
Big dripper, stand up in the ocean
Everybody trappin', we get loads in
He ain't 4PF if he ain't got motion
Made a half a ticket off promotion
Shout out Swishers Sweet, they keep me rollin'
But if we catch the opp, we gotta smoke him
Ridin' 'round with Dracs like we OVO
I got some racks and I want some more
Still got them passin' the hood, call it give-and-go
Keep a nigga main bitch in a figure-four
Let me fuck when I want, I just come and go
Man, these racks gettin' too big for these skinny clothes
I might put me an M in some big Girbaud
Let lil' bro hit the stick, had start gettin' old
I spent five hundred racks on a Lambo'
And didn't even know how to make that motherfucker go
On my birthday, I just wanna lift the door
Barely flex, but don't play with me, period
Shooters follow behind in a Urus
In the Rolls truck, I feel like a tourist
I'm the one from the bottom who sold all my partners them pounds
Used to drive in a Buick
Hot, hot, hot, I'm heatin' up
I fuck with slimes and I'm gonna bust (Bah, bah)
He can't put on that drip, he ain't one of us
How you ridin' in a Benz and a Tonka truck?
How you got everybody lit, pipin' up?
Oh, she bad with no swag, I can pipe her up

Made my last one my last one, I'm wifin' her
Count the money up fast like I'm typin' somethin'
I'm the type to get active and never run[Gunna:]
Keep the Rugers, my niggas ain't scared of nothin' (Nah)
And ain't no rules, you got racks, you can get it done (Yeah)
On a light day, I keep me a honey bun (One hundred)
Makin' hit after hit, call me Barry Bonds (Hits)
For this Christmas, I bought everybody guns (Swear)
Bustin' choppers and FN's for everyone (Grrat)
Take that roof off the car, let her feel the sun (Wow)
My bro go see his bop-bop five times a month (Yeah)
Got this bitch out the college, she suckin' and swallow (Uh)
I stick it in, she feel it in her gut (in her gut)
We don't run from our problems, we stackin' up guala and guala I'm tryna get that mega bucks
(Racks)
We them drippers, lil' nigga, best watch your step (Them drippers)
This top shelf, got forty designer belts (Drip)
4PF look like the new BMF
Think I'm deaf, got stones in my right and left (Ice)
How you crank up the car? Ain't no key in there
Just pull up, spin they block, and get out of there (Get out of there)
Wake up, have a hard time findin' what to wear
Treat these hoes like a tire, I keep a spare
Want a strap because I'm war ready (War)
Check the trust account, it's more fetti (Yeah)
Skydwell, Jubilee, and a Presi' (No cap)
Hundred-fifty plain Richard Millie (No cap)
I'ma milk the game until it's empty
Lil cuzzo spit that flame until it's empty (Yeah)
I am not a killer, but don't tempt me (Nah)
Spendin' rate 'bout thousand to a fifty
[Lil Baby:]
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