

# Anyway (feat. 2 Chainz & Gucci Mane)

## Lil Baby

Cook that shit up, Quay I'm takin' off again, suicide doors, I won't let 'em in  
Four or five cars, livin' like a god, payin' for my sins  
And this life that I'm in important  
I can hop in the Benz, a foreign  
Marlo said they come in in the morning  
I got vibes, every state I got choices  
Gucci coat like we stand on the corner with Mitch  
Like I'm straight out the 'partments, I'm rich as a bitch  
Takin' mine off the top, let lil' bro keep the difference  
Put an A in Atlanta, stand up for my city  
I was re-in' up daily, they thought I was kidding  
I was puttin' my profit up, saved me a milly  
I keep pourin' up Fantas so shit gettin' ridiculous  
Hope the doctor don't say that I need a new kidney  
Pull up any kind of way I wanna  
She know I got that dope boy persona  
Drop top, winter, spring, fall, or summer  
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the numbers  
I done got the ball, I fuckin' cannot fumble  
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on runnin'  
I be rockin' new shit, I got every color  
This shit ain't enough, I need another come-up  
Pull up any kind of way I wanna  
She know I got that dope boy persona  
Drop top, winter, spring, fall, or summer  
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the numbers  
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This shit ain't enough, I need another come-up  
I fuck with Lil Baby, no infant (Uh)  
I used to make plays at the Quick Trip (I did)  
I spent a twenty on Quick Picks (Tell 'em)  
I run it back like a pick six (Woo)  
Add it all up, it's a re-up, man  
I'm ballin', I need equipment (Ballin')  
I just bought a lift kit (Yeah)  
Said she fell in love with a misfit (She love me)  
And fuck your opinion, you know how I'm livin'  
My closet say, "To be continued" (Fuck you)  
Back in the days I used to make plays  
At Spondivits off of Virginia

Ain't no contender (Nah)  
Tattoo my name on placentas (Woo)  
I read a bitch like a kennel  
Made a half a mil' in a rental (Woo)  
All of my verses suspenseful  
My cuz a blood, menstrual  
He draws down, pants  
I know that they care for your instrument  
I ball, I need me an agent  
I just might be your replacement (I might)  
I got a whole lot of money  
But I got a little patience  
I got a whole lot of money  
But I got a little patience (Alright)  
I got a whole lot of money  
But I got a little patience  
My bitch a trip, vacation  
Too many chains, plantation  
If you a real nigga  
It ain't no expiration Pull up any kind of way I wanna  
She know I got that dope boy persona  
Drop top, winter, spring, fall, or summer  
Young niggas ballin' like we hit the numbers  
I done got the ball, I fuckin' cannot fumble  
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Young niggas ballin' like we hit the numbers  
I done got the ball, I fuckin' cannot fumble  
Still duckin' the laws, I gotta keep on runnin' (Huh, Wop)  
I be rockin' new shit, I got every color  
This shit ain't enough, I need another come-up (Go) They say Gucci's a criminal  
Flood my timepiece with emeralds (Burr)  
Not conserve' or no liberal  
Donate Rollies for Christmas (Huh)  
Heard I shop at Bar Harbor  
I spent reckless on denim (Wow)  
She so fine, got her addy  
Fucked, told my folks where to send her (Well damn)  
New 'Rari, half an M  
See the horse, know the emblem  
It's Big Guwop, it's him  
Always us over them (Fuck 'em)  
Niggas say they gon' do this and that  
Then duck when I see 'em (Huh)  
Don't compare me to Slim

I could never be him (No)  
Copped so many new baguettes  
That I'm gettin' sick of myself (Bling)  
Big bully, crushed my peers  
So now I pick on myself (Huh)  
Highly decorated soldier, I got hits on my belt  
Big diamond choker chokin' on me, man like Conor  
McGregor (It's Gucci) Pull up any kind of way I wanna  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>