

No Friends (feat. Rylo Rodriguez)

Lil Baby

Cook that shit up, Quay I come from a different type of cloth than these niggas
I'ma buy a different kind of car than these niggas
Ain't gon' fuck on none of these new bitches, they be
hittin'
I gotta switch it up, man, I gotta move different, I'm a
boss nigga
Yeah, show them youngins how to level up
Four Season hotel, sixty levels up
But I'm a resident
If you gon' do the crime, go hard, don't leave no evidence
I got 'em all on my wave 'cause it's evident
But where was y'all when I was lost, ain't know where to
go?
She think I'm fly, she like my pimpin', but I can't save no
ho
You only get one chance to cross me, then it's say no more
I gotta tell 'em go
I ain't hit your baby mama, I hit her with the curveball
I ain't hit your baby mama, I hit her with the curveball
And I'm still the same young hitter, used to serve y'all
Don't ever get it twisted, my youngins really flip shit
My youngins really flip shit, don't ever get it twisted
'Cause I'll really flip shit
I don't need no friends, I just wanna win
I got this new Benz and it's all I need
She listen to her friends, they wanna get in
She don't understand that they'll slob on me
If I let 'em, ain't gon' let up, I'ma keep on stridin'
Heard they lookin' for me, I can't tell 'cause I ain't hidin'
It don't matter if I'm frownin' 'cause my woman smilin'
I done finally went legit, ain't no more public housing
I gotta stay from 'round them I'm gon' pull up AMG like I don't know my alphabet
Youngins ain't on Instagram but they still want a blue
check
If 12 go'n grab one more of my dawgs, I'ma sue the vet
I thought they all wanna see me ball, they'd rather go
hide the nets
All these pointers in my watch but my Rolex ain't
tellin' (Hell nah)
Know the drank the devil but when I'm on it, feel like I'm
in heaven
In the hood shootin' dice, ask what it playin', we told him,

"7"

Used to go to church 'til I seen MC serve the reverend
I'm gettin' bigger, no small favors
Wonder why she don't wanna fuck when I ain't wearin' my
necklace
They ain't picture me like this so I sent all them selfies
Pray you don't get caught in Lil Mexico, when we slide, it's
deadly
I'ma pay her for that pussy, I won't lie, they petty
And them jeans we came from wearin' Moschino
When the paper comin' in, it'll drive you senile
It'll drive you crazy (It'll drive you insane)
Pray you take these lines and look back, oh, they all faded
I don't need no friends, I just wanna win
I got this new Benz and it's all I need
She listen to her friends, they wanna get in
She don't understand that they'll slob on me
If I let 'em, ain't gon' let up, I'ma keep on stridin'
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