

Be Something (feat. Lil Baby)

Polo G

[Chorus: Polo G]

Told 'em I was gonna be somethin'
That broke shit made me sick, big appetite with a weak stomach
Ain't had nowhere to go, nigga, I was lost in them streets runnin'
And I hit Rodeo just to get stylish, ran through three hundred
Just happy I did it, nigga, nobody ever gave me nothin'
Flexin' so hard I might pull a muscle, but I just keep stuntin'
Thirty in the mag, you get body-bagged, I'm just gon' keep dumpin'
Police get behind me, I'ma press the gas, I'm just gon' keep stompin'
I'm just gon' keep stompin'

[Verse 1: Polo G]

Plottin on the come-up, we was schemin'
Now I hit the stage and they screamin'
I was tryna cope through them hard times
For them X pills, I was fiendin'
Got a bad bitch, honey skintone, pretty long hair, she Belizean
Tryna tell you, girl, I can't love you, I'm a cold-hearted lil' demon
This function new, I can't show affection, might bug out for no reason
Really you don't even gotta be here, I done got so used to people leavin'
You was ridin' for me, then you switched up, now it's fuck you and I mean it
Couple situations left me traumatized, now I say less 'cause I'm speechless
If my brother need it, then I got him, man, the whole gang know how I'm bleedin'
Tryna wake up from them nightmares, devil in my ear while I'm dreamin'
In my past life, did some bad things, I know karma tryna get even
Tryna get away from all the drama, hopped in the Benz, now I'm speedin'

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[Verse 2: Lil Baby]

Goofy tried stealin' my phone
Look, these niggas corny, these niggas can't come on my corner
I'm the one do what I wanna
I made the guys spin that bitch every day like a carnival
Bought her a Patek Philippe 'cause she wanted one
These niggas nothin' like me, I am one of one
Take the Bentley, four hundred, I pay the bond

You ain't scarin' no one with no gun in this bitch
Everybody go dumb in this bitch
Niggas hoes and they mama a bitch
In the hood like Obama and shit
Presidential tint, no tellin' who in it
Ask around, I bet they tell you we winnin'
Different foreign cars, ain't none of 'em rented
Hundred million cash, I'm comin' to get it
Out in Cali', but my mind in the trenches
I advise the boy to play his position
Run it up and show love to my city
Never leave 'em, I'm bringin' 'em with me
Keep a glizzy, it's goin' in with me, I can't let 'em get me
No time for bullshit, I'm sorry, I'm busy
I'ma go hard 'til I'm forty or fifty
Niggas be talkin', but they never do shit
So if it ain't money, I don't even listen[Chorus: Polo G]
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