

# Commercial (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

## Lil Baby

Tay Keith, this too hard  
Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up[Lil Baby:]  
I paid some extra before we even come out  
And don't even wear it to show I ain't playin'  
I hit the bitch and I gave her some racks  
And I pull up my pants, she know I ain't stayin'  
Go run the store, run and get rubber bands  
I done got rich, I done put on my mans  
Choppas in traffic, that's just how I'm livin'  
They say that I'm trippin', they wouldn't understand  
She take a trip, she come back with a tan  
I take a trip, I come back with them bands  
When I was dealin', it really was killin' them  
Had them come pinch, tryna see what I'm payin'  
She throw a hoodie on soon as we land  
She don't like pics, I got too many fans  
I'm runnin' shit, I can do what I want  
And it's really a limit, you do what you can  
I found the booth and I put that shit up  
'Fore I run out of cash, they're gonna run out of land  
I fell in love with this bitch 'cause her head was amazing  
I swear I don't even know her name  
I'm 'bout to takeoff, I gave 'em a chance  
They gave me ten M&M's on advance  
Thought I'd be trappin' forever, but God came and blessed me  
I guess He was part of the plan  
How he on fire, but he cool as a fan?  
Can't get at you, we gon' get at your man  
They can relate to me 'cause I be poppin'  
Put in they face, let them see what I'm sayin'  
I'm rockin' shows like I play with a band  
Free all the bros, know I would if I can  
If I don't mean it, I swear I ain't sayin' it  
'Fore I was 21, swear I was savage, smash  
Hold up, who got Backwood? I need roll up  
Dior store can't keep up with me  
I'm spendin' thousand like money is nothin' to me  
I'm never comin' back, them people under me  
Not the fans, yeah, the haters  
Lotta bands on the table  
They say I went commercial, I ain't know it  
They want me catch a murder, I ain't goin' back

Play myself on my opposition, who doin' that?[Lil Uzi Vert:]  
We got FN with extensions, we throwin' that  
Her ass got my full attention, she throwin' that  
Niggas talkin' way too much, I ain't goin' back  
And forth with niggas, 'cause these niggas be holding racks  
On the real, yeah, we know you don't own them racks  
Four pockets full, push 'em down, they start pokin' back  
I turn 8 million right until I'm a quarterback  
Spend a million like I'm tryna bring Kobe back, 24 (Woo)  
I'm ready, I'm ready, I use the crockpot like it's Betty  
They say the drop hot, and it's ready  
Might stretch it out but it ain't Fetti (Yes)  
Say my dawg doin' time, but I know he ain't gonna snitch  
'Cause it's still some shit he didn't tell me  
My dogs at the celly, he told me the whole story over the celly (Brr, hello?)  
Went up in my price in my pocket like Kelly  
Fucked her in the telly', no I can't not say who, no telly  
My head gettin' heavy  
Ayy, you know I still got Balmains on my ass  
No, I can't do no Amiris  
Said I'm takin' trips, long flights they scary  
She said her birthday in March, okay, cool  
So, that means you an Aries  
I told her "Gotta go," she said "You serious?"  
Diamonds cold, it's December, my vibe Sagittarius  
[Lil Baby:]  
Hold up, who got Backwood? I need roll up  
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They want me catch a murder, I ain't goin' back  
Play myself on my opposition, who doin' that?I can switch up and come back another way  
Yeah, the vibe ain't right, come back another day  
Biggest dripper, I start up a tidal wave  
Remix weed we put it in a microwave  
Batch for twenty-three, like I know Michael J  
He can say what he want, but he gotta pay  
Used to hide all the guns where my momma estate  
Sell my drugs 'round the corner  
I pay all these bills, I'm a grown up  
My cars all look different, I own 'em  
I ain't with no leasin', my bitch telling me I need credit  
It's loud and clear if I said it  
I come from the gutter, I spend my a hundred on Chevys  
You can take me out the hood  
But you can't take the hood out of me

Know the hood proud of me  
I Givenchy my tee, went and upgrade my teeth  
I dropped out of school, but that paper on me Hold up, who got Backwood? I need roll up  
Dior store can't keep up with me  
I'm spendin' thousand like money is nothin' to me  
I'm never comin' back, them people under me  
Not the fans, yeah, the haters  
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They say I went commercial, I ain't know it  
They want me catch a murder, I ain't goin' back  
Play myself on my opposition, who doin' that?

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