

Boy (feat. T.I.)

Lil Bibby

I be pulled up, parking lot stunting, boy
Thousand dollar jeans full of hundreds, boy
Nigga we ain't worried bout nothing, boy
Everybody with me getting money I pulled up, parking lot stunt, boy
Thousand dollar jeans full of hundreds, boy
Nigga we ain't worried bout nothing, boy
Everybody with me getting money I'm a boss stacking all this money
My safe stay full of new hundreds
My trap house still doing numbers
Show you how to turn nothing into something
I pull up to the scene, they like "Bibby what you on?"
Got the chrome, one up in the dome, play I'll get you gone
Money on my phone, so I told that bitch hold on
Put the business first, then see what the hoes on
Young nigga stunting, walking round with this gold on
I would flood the block but I ain't tryna get told on
Niggas dissing, acting like some women
Hey but we ain't really tripping cause we got some pots to piss in nigga
Pulled up, parking lot stunting, boy
Thousand dollar jeans full of hundreds, boy
Nigga we ain't worried bout nothing, boy
Everybody with me getting money I pulled up, parking lot stunt, boy
Thousand dollar jeans full of hundreds, boy
Nigga we ain't worried bout nothing, boy
Everybody with me getting money When we pull up as the shit and go get your bitch's attention
She wishing her and my dick could have a head on collision
My guarder number one, we be bumming in your direction
They get permission from me, they gon' turn her with no ignition
King, double Styrofoam for the lean
Carpet 15, 30 grand in my jeans
And when I'm seen on the scene, it's obscene
And a vert so clean, half a million dollar chain
Ask that ho who run it, they go yelling out our name
Hustle Gang bang green bitch, all we know is bank rolls
Get dough when the bank close, and there ain't no
Stopping, our feet kicked up where you can't go
They can't paint no picture no clearer
Fuck with us, wreak havoc, bring terror
No there ain't no nigga like us in your city
Pulling up, sucker like no he motherfucking didn't
Pulled up, parking lot stunt, boy

Thousand dollar jeans full of hundreds, boy
Nigga we ain't worried bout nothing, boy
Everybody with me getting money I pulled up, parking lot stunt, boy
Thousand dollar jeans full of hundreds, boy
Nigga we ain't worried bout nothing, boy
Everybody with me getting money, boy Grind so hard I ain't slept in four days
Niggas hating on the bench, they don't get no play
Haters gon hate, everything OK
Young nigga from the streets getting money both ways
And we get that straight drop shit, straight from the tropics
Then I rerock it, to double up them profits
Catch me on E block, now I'm with the D cop
Word around town Lil Bibby got the streets locked
Niggas mean mugging, so I got the heat cocked
Wheat timbs nigga, we don't do the Reebok
My young boys on bullshit, boy
Just watch, I'll show you how to do this shit, boy Pulled up, parking lot stunt, boy
Thousand dollar jeans full of hundreds, boy
Nigga we ain't worried bout nothing, boy
Everybody with me getting money

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