

Baked Potato (Prod. By Tarentino)

Juicy J

Swagger under

Trippy niggas... let's get ratchet I'm loadin up and I'm ridin out, they talkin shit but they hidin out

Real niggas know what I'm talkin bout...

(I'm loadin up and I'm ridin out, they talkin shit but they hidin out)

(Real niggas know what I'm talkin bout...)(Trippy, trippy, trippy, turn up)

Rack after rack, I got the sack, geeked up of beans, pack after pack (yeah ho)

Stay with the nina' 2 cups and a zip, Juicy don't fight I just empty them clips (yeah ho)

Blowing like cash, high off the gas, pay 20 stacks and they run up and blast (yeah ho)

Next time you're see him this face on the shirt, next time car he ride in, stretch limo hearse

See why you niggas mad nigga, that to me you so cash nigga

Stuffed in a Louie bag nigga, Juicy J be that nigga

Big bag of that stank killer, codeine in my drink killer

Mostly niggas be lyin sayin they is but ain't killers

Nigga wanna play with me, I'm a break him off

Give my youngins, they'll do it, I'm a bring em out (get em)

They gon' get on your ass then they flyin takin off (get em)

Nigga we gon take a life before we take a loss

My diamonds sing like Ray J homie, every day's a payday

Rollin up that KK, now it's going down like mayday

All my niggas be chilling, stacking money to the ceiling

Used to smoking out the parking lot, now we ownin a building oh

Used to tell niggas I was gonna here but they ain't really understand

Now they see me in that brand new Rari and start to think I'm the man

Now my jeans cost a grand, now my shows fill the stands

Now they see that I'm ballin cause of how they bring in them bands, ooh

Now when niggas be tourin, now my money be foreign

All my niggas be scorin, section very important

I'm cakin up, you fakin up, I'm rollin weed when I'm wakin up

Instead of talkin shit and try to hate on us just grab a joint and come bake with us

(Fuck nigga, hahahaha, uhh)

(Look, okay, okay)

Front page, I'm on the news: nigga call me a dropout

Real nigga, 100, never needing no copout (nah)

Diamonds on my chain just pop off, you already know what I'm bout

Got bad bitches from overseas but I need a big ass from the south

Look at us, we made it, bottles up in the air now

25 racks a night, give a fuck bout sweating your hair out

Getting trippy man with some frisky things; I am the shit and you niggas anus

'Cause if I mention ya'll I'm a make you famous you still ain't nothing, I'm stainless

We famous, anything you want right now, baby girl just name it
And I'm a get real deep in the pussy; the number one nigga, ain't no need for replacement
Getting in my spaceship, I'm high as a bitch, fly as a bitch
Okay Juicy J and Wiz, every day we do this shit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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