

# Heatin Up

## Lil Baby & Gunna

(Cook that shit up, Quay)  
4PF look like we hit licks how we sell bricks  
We don't sell shit, we just make hits, yeah  
Turn up[Lil Baby:]  
Keepin' my composure, never sober  
Never chokin', always smokin' doja  
Fuck 'em if they gettin' over  
Got a Moncler coat because the kid the coldest  
I ain't changed, I stayed the same and maintained  
It's safe to say the kid gettin' older  
Forever gang, I'm never switchin' over  
Made a lane and niggas can't get over  
I can't match with rappers, they be bogus  
Really get a pack and keep the over  
Big dripper, stand up in the ocean  
Everybody trappin', we get loads in  
He ain't 4PF if he ain't got motion  
Made a half a ticket off promotion  
Shout out Swishers Sweet, they keep me rollin'  
But if we catch the opp, we gotta smoke him  
Ridin' 'round with Dracs like we OVO  
I got some racks and I want some more  
Still got them passin' the hood, call it give-and-go  
Keep a nigga main bitch in a figure-four  
Let me fuck when I want, I just come and go  
Man, these racks gettin' too big for these skinny clothes  
I might put me an M in some big Girbaud  
Let lil' bro hit the stick, had start gettin' old  
I spent five hundred racks on a Lambo'  
And didn't even know how to make that motherfucker go  
On my birthday, I just wanna lift the door  
Barely flex, but don't play with me, period  
Shooters follow behind in a Urus  
In the Rolls truck, I feel like a tourist  
I'm the one from the bottom who sold all my partners them pounds  
Used to drive in a Buick  
Hot, hot, hot, I'm heatin' up  
I fuck with slimes and I'm gonna bust (Bah, bah)  
He can't put on that drip, he ain't one of us  
How you ridin' in a Benz and a Tonka truck?  
How you got everybody lit, pipin' up?  
Oh, she bad with no swag, I can pipe her up

Made my last one my last one, I'm wifin' her  
 Count the money up fast like I'm typin' somethin'  
 I'm the type to get active and never run[Gunna:]  
 Keep the Rugers, my niggas ain't scared of nothin' (Nah)  
 And ain't no rules, you got racks, you can get it done (Yeah)  
 On a light day, I keep me a honey bun (One hundred)  
 Makin' hit after hit, call me Barry Bonds (Hits)  
 For this Christmas, I bought everybody guns (Swear)  
 Bustin' choppers and FN's for everyone (Grrat)  
 Take that roof off the car, let her feel the sun (Wow)  
 My bro go see his bop-bop five times a month (Yeah)  
 Got this bitch out the college, she suckin' and swallow (Uh)  
 I stick it in, she feel it in her gut (in her gut)  
 We don't run from our problems, we stackin' up guala and guala I'm tryna get that mega bucks  
 (Racks)  
 We them drippers, lil' nigga, best watch your step (Them drippers)  
 This top shelf, got forty designer belts (Drip)  
 4PF look like the new BMF  
 Think I'm deaf, got stones in my right and left (Ice)  
 How you crank up the car? Ain't no key in there  
 Just pull up, spin they block, and get out of there (Get out of there)  
 Wake up, have a hard time findin' what to wear  
 Treat these hoes like a tire, I keep a spare  
 Want a strap because I'm war ready (War)  
 Check the trust account, it's more fetti (Yeah)  
 Skydwellers, Jubilee, and a Presi' (No cap)  
 Hundred-fifty plain Richard Millie (No cap)  
 I'ma milk the game until it's empty  
 Lil' cuzzo spit that flame until it's empty (Yeah)  
 I am not a killer, but don't tempt me (Nah)  
 Spendin' rate 'bout thousand to a fifty  
 [Lil' Baby:]  
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