

Baby Are You Home

Lil Uzi Vert

Yeah, she call my phone
Ask me what I'm on
Baby, is you home
I'm in the area
Tell me what he on
He ain't scaring none
You know why you text my phone
Tell me if you home
Like, Baby are you home
Like, counting all my dough
With my eyes closed
I don't trust a hoe
But, I trust my own
Like, money in my pants
Sticking out my thigh roll
Yes, Lil Uzi, like hit that eye roll
I don't got no money, that's a lie hoe
Kinda got messy, got rid of my side hoe
I don't wanna fuck you if you a dry hoe
Up in Mexico with the plug, eating Pico de Gallo
You a rockstar, now pills try those
Traded in my chocolate, now I got a bright hoe
Man I got my head right
Man I got my bread right
Livin' my life just so right
You can see my diamonds at night
Girl you know I'm higher than a satellite
Can I come over, or are you the playin' type?
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I'm in the area
Tell me what he on
He ain't scaring none
You know why you text my phone
Tell me if you home

Like, Baby are you home
Yes, but boy you do not know me
Boy you ain't my homie
Ballin' like I'm Kobe
Now, I'm ballin' like Ginobili
Like, boy your style so oldie
Balding like Ginobili
Pull up in that Porsche
Brittany in the Lotus
I get money, yeah
And I put that on my oldest
I ain't got no kids, so I put that on my Rollie
They say that he real, so that nigga got to show me
And that nigga homies, really ain't his homies
I got red homies
I got blue homies
Yeah, I got the gun, and it shoot homies
Yeah, I got them crash dummies, they my new homies
Girl, I made you famous
Ain't no need to thank me
Like yeah I put you first you're my lady
I'm skrtin' the water with my baby
Yeah, she call my phone
Ask me what I'm on
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Tell me what he on
He ain't scaring none
You know why you text my phone
Tell me if you home
Like, Baby are you home
Tell me what he on
He ain't scared of none
Baby are you home
Baby are you home