

# Nobody On E

## Lil Duke

Yeah

Fuck is you doing, nigga?  
Bainz in the building with me

Yeah

(Leek, that's fye right there)

Let's go You see me out, bet I got it on me  
Whole label rich, ain't nobody on E  
Don't do no cappin', I came out them streets  
It could be cold, gotta ride with the heat  
He think he gangster, gon' die when we met  
Don't got no bitch but I keep 'em on fleek  
I was just brakin' from 12 on the block  
Now we getting paid just to go on the stage  
YSL boss, I was broke, now I'm paid  
Twin on my face that got caught in the raid  
I'm tryna free all my dawgs out the cage  
Give me a year, I'ma cop me a maze  
Stay in th? mall, call it stuck in my ways  
I don't play games but I damn sure make plays  
Plus if I start it, I know I'ma finish  
Sh? want a body and I want a milli'  
Robbin' and killin'  
Home of the murderers and some of the realest  
I just be chilling, can't get in my feelings  
They know I'm hard but don't wanna admit  
Niggas be hating but I still go and get it  
I'm in the trap, that bitch sending me titties  
YSL loaded, and yeah, I'm committed  
Bitch, it don't count if you broke and you pretty  
Walk in the mall, ballin', John Wall  
She keep on texting, I'm missin' her call  
Dodging the bullshit, I can't fuck with at all  
they callin' the law  
I want the plain Richard Millie, I don't want no Patek  
Pissed off on IG but don't want no static  
Elliot jewelry, my water Atlantic  
Geeked out my mind on a whole 'nother planet  
You see me out, bet I got it on me  
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Now we getting paid just to go on the stage  
Catch him and chop off his limbs  
Sipping these pints and I'm poppin' these pills  
I keep the baddest lil' thotties  
I pop the Addy, I'm out of my body  
This ain't court, we don't judge bitches for bodies  
I was too high, I just slept in the lobby  
Put it Post-It, I know they gon' copy  
I told her pull up and she got excited  
Free my lil' dawg, got indicted  
I'm ready to crash out, ain't startin' a riot  
I really came out the jungle with lions  
Speak on my name and them bullets, they flyin'  
Stay down and ran that shit up out the gate  
Traps keep on calling, they don't wanna wait  
Spot in LA and it came with a maid  
I'm quarantine clean, now the money well made  
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