

# Pure Cocaine

## Lil Baby

When your wrist like this, you don't check the forecast  
Every day it's gon' rain, yeah  
Made a brick through a brick, ain't whip up shit  
This pure cocaine, yeah  
From the streets, but I got a little sense  
But I had to go coupe, no brain (Coupe, no brain)  
Ain't worried 'bout you, I'ma do what I do  
And I do my thing (Do my thing) Bought her brand new shoes, told her kick rocks  
Don't stand too close, diamonds kickbox  
Think red means goes so I don't stop  
I know they wish they could catch me, but keep wishin'  
You think I done turned into a fiend for these bitches  
Tryna stuff as much as I can in these britches  
Made your bitch fuck on my friend, it's no difference  
I ain't never popped no Xan, I sip sizzurp  
If I ever have to tell on the gang, I won't do it  
If I put it on a song, I seen it or been through it  
I can't put it in my song, I know how the feds move  
Scream free all of the ahks but I ain't no FamGoon  
Gave my mama ten bands, sent her to Cancún  
Got the crowd goin' dumb but I ain't no damn fool  
If I went in there and did it and made it, you can too  
We done came a long way from broke and sharing shoes  
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Ain't worried 'bout you, I'ma do what I do  
And I do my thing (Do my thing)  
Got a quarter million dollars in a book bag  
New Era, I'm a dope boy, no cap  
I'm living my best life for real

Just left the dealership, no tag  
If we opposite, it won't work, it won't last  
Get an opposite knocked off, toe tag  
Ain't been home in a month, got my ho mad  
They need me in the trap but I can't go back  
I jumped off the porch with a hundred dollar slab  
I got M's in the bank, give a damn what they think  
Every vibe I ever shot my shot at, caught it  
Everything you ever seen me riding in, bought it  
Big dawg status, I ain't gotta sell drugs  
Put my craft into rap then I took off, yeah  
New G-Wagon, no key, this a push-start  
I can hit the gas, make it disappear  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>