

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

24 (feat. Lil Baby)

Par Money Man

Album : This Is Lil Baby

Yo, Nflated, spice that bitch up

Burnin' on Lilikoi, ashes look corduroy

RIP Kobe Bryant, RIP 24

I can make a cool 50K in less than 24-hours

Ridin' with the pack through the Tennessee mountains

VPN, SOCKS, and at least three routers

I'm thumbin' through it, I'on need no counter

I had to resuscitate a bih', my neck almost drowned her

I got oil, I got hemp, I got wax, I got flower

Burnin' on pre-roll, finna go to Pluto

Drippin' real hard when I'm hoppin' out two-door

I just met a psychedelic plug named Hugo

30 laptops in my motherfuckin' condo

White collar got a nigga ballin' like Lonzo

These niggas overrated like Joe Flacco

Feelin' like Jim Jones, nigga, I'm a capo

I'ma flip the road route, feelin' like Pop Smoke

Banana cream cake in my motherfuckin' headwrap

If I on like the smell then the pack get sent back

If I don't like his energy, I push a nigga shit back

Megan had us all listenin' to Bagg, big facts

Megan has us all listenin' to stream, big facts

All that slick talkin' finna get a nigga kidnapped

Just in, gotta FN, finna go and lift-off

I'ma empty out the magazine when I'm pissed off

I'm on that Wedding Pie, it got me geeked

My bitch hit it twice and then she went to sleep

I drop bud on the clock with the perfect technique

I'ma hit it from the rear, I wan' grab her obliques

I ain't got time in the day for my females be mad at me

Internet racks, I'ma run it up rapidly

She know I'm vicious, I'm fuckin' her savagely

She know I get racks, she know my mentality

Grew up in the trap watching Kobe yam on a nigga

Pull up in the Porsche, yeah, the Pan' on a nigga

Yeah, pull in a dodge, yeah, the Ram on a nigga

Anybody try, yeah, I'ma blam on niggas

I'm the head bad guy, 50 different grid lines

Turn a lacefront to a fire, fire hairline

I was over drippin', I should start my own clothing line

Got two jits, dawg, I'll die for both of mine

I ain't never satisfied 'til my money increase

Fucked up the profile, too many inquiries

They be low-key hatin', I can hear 'em whispering

All these baguette chains, you can see 'em glimmering

Had to make a U-turn, I just seen a roadblock

I ain't playin' no games, I ain't sparin no opp

It's a full moon now, so I'm burnin' moonrock

Livin' off schemes, why is he on tip-top?

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A1 Zone 4, I'm feelin' like Rocko

Big, big spender, take a jet to Morocco

I got pretty women showin' titties like I'm Flacko

I came in a hard top, I'm still in the drop, though

I can make the charts drop whenever I wan' drop somethin'

I can give my big bro a dime, he'll pop somethin'

These niggas not real slime, they imposter

I know that my opps somewhere, now I'm now playin' possum

I come from a different type of cloth, we 'on't gossip

Pussy nigga actin' like it's up, we'll chop him

She diggin' the rocks in my ear, I'm a rockstar

Come from out the trenches, gettin' paid like a popstar

I be sellin' weed by the P like a Rasta

Who was in the car? Only me and a chopper

I can make they heart stop if I decide to pop up

I can make a million every month and don't drop none

I found out a way to make a thousand-dollar profit, uh

Pilot say it's smellin' like weed in the cockpit

I done made a quarter this week in Huaraches

Top model with me tryna feed me hibachi

I done got too much to lose, I'm cautious

I done ran it up, I got 16 watches

Which one I'ma drive? I got 16 options

Hoppin' out 30 clip, bangin' 4 Pockets

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