

Yo, you rocking with with the man crook  
You can get your man took quicker than your hand shook  
No frontin', it's about his paper  
He a giver, I'm a taker and a fibber and a faker  
You gotta spend a lot for this behavior  
If it ain't about a dollar, I'm a holler at you later

Yeah, you already know  
I get the dough and it's never slow (and it's never slow)  
Never know, and if you don't, it's whatever, yo  
(Pay, pay, pay)  
Gotta get it, gotta get, I gotta get it  
You gotta spend a lot for this behavior  
If it ain't about a dollar, I'm a holler at you later

Light skin world, light skin girls  
Switching his vanilla cause he likes that swirl, yeah  
He like black girls and he love a musician  
And fucking with this older nigga, he a fucking magician, son  
He tricking off, cause my verse perverse  
And jerking off when a bitch rehearse him  
When I lift the skirt, your nigga never gotta be coerced  
Just squirt and he eats the dessert and that's some real shit  
I mean real tits, nice ass, tight twat  
Dome fucking up a nigga home, call a bitch S.W.A.T  
I get it tighter than a gridlock  
Open your face and let a bitch squat  
I tell him you should let his bitch watch  
Cause she wanna piss, nah  
I tell her she could lick this box  
Cause I ain't really with that dick-swap  
Even if you switch socks  
Bitch is fishier than Chip Shop  
And he was praying that her shit pop  
Every time I say deeper, I get it warmer than a space heater  
No ordinary taste either, this that candy  
He was tryin' lick it off to see through my panties  
I was tryin' kick it, but he was like can he-  
Eat a little dinner, want to sit with my family  
Nah, there's probably not a lot in this container  
If it ain't about a dollar, I'm a holler at you later (ha!)