

She Going

Hustle Gang

I got your bitch and she going
I got your bitch and she going
I got your bitch and she going
I got your bitch and she going
I hit your ho on the regular
It ain't no secret I'm telling ya
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Took your bitch right off your arm
That was no alarm
She leaving you, hard to put on
Can't have her right back bro, king kong
I got your bitch and she goin' for what I be tellin' her
Scoop her up every time I'm in the area
Fuckin', no kisses, etcetera, etcetera
Invite her friend, yeah the more, yeah the merrier
She ain't even pick up the phone
Company there but keep sayin' she alone
These bitches doggin', I'm just tryna bone
Man I do the right thing even though it seem wrong
I got your bitch in my whip
Now she pourin' my syrup and rollin' my reefer
She a gangsta lil bitch like that Belly ho Keisha
Yeah she be there when I need her
Knew she'd be there 'fore you know
Why you all in your feelings? you can't feel a stroke
I'ma smoke my whole blunt and won't ask her to smoke
Thought about all the dicks on the lip and that throat
But, I'ma fly out for the weekend
TMZ caught a pic, we was sneaking
Thought you knew it, with your ho from the begin
Half the time we together we be freaking

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I got a gang of lil foreigners
She know the style is important
She know I done already won
I spend hundreds on her like ones
Ain't no tricking with her when I kick it with her
Just a pair of Christian Louboutin's
Chanel bags on her arm
I pull up and scoop her like Uber
Got one in the Ruger
She want a life with young Super
She want that ice like young Super
She took advice that I gave her
From Gucci to Birky, I basically raised her
From time after time she proved that she'll always be mine
Stay on my lines
Stay on my lines, man she text and she call all the time

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