Is that what you wanted?

Mommy in the booth, I'm singing
(I'm mommy)
You've been a good girl?
(Uh, no)
No? Say new Monica
(New Monica)
Say code red right here
(Code red right here)
Code red right here
(Code red! Mommy)
What?
(Code red right here)

I does what I does, do what I do
Your hustle the same to me, here's something new
We tired of that junk that you sing in the booth
You know we the truth, let me give you this proof
Call 911, better ring the alarm
When this come on they be droppin' them bombs
We tired of hearin' them same old five songs
Man I've just been wanting to turn that ish off

I swear the game might be over
Somebody give them some Folger's
Cause you can't be sleepin' on Mono
And you can't see me with no photo
I'm tryna change up the world
I'm focused on my baby girl
And even though she only one
She know you ain't talkin' about nothin'

It's like we've gotten away It's like we're scared to take a chance
I'mma let you know
If you think that shit really hot
I don't got feelin's for that
When that shit dropped I forgot

My mind is way over there
Code red right here, right here, right here
Code red right here, right here, right here
Code red right here, right here, right here
Turn off the radio, damn right
We don't hear real shit no mo'
Turn off the radio, damn right
We don't hear real shit no mo'
Shit no mo', shit no mo'
Turn off the radio, I really wanna hear real shit

You're trying so hard to cross over And just end up gettin' looked over The label ain't reachin' they quotas And we all know money's the motive Don't like that, don't be that Don't sound like hold up I'mma let you know
If you think that shit really hot
I don't got feelin's for that
When that shit dropped I forgot

This is code red
We takin' risks, we ain't scared
We makin' hits after hits, better play it
Yeah, we got hits stackin' over your head
We so creative, we versatile
This shit go hard, 808 drum hit that ground
M-O-N-I-To-The-C-O
Tell the DJ hit replay
Rewind two times, DJ
Turn it up like it's your birthday

You dip? We dip! You dip? We dip!
You dip? We dip! Oh, go head get lit
Dip, dip, dip
Dip, dip, dip
Dip, dip, dip
Code red in this bitch

It's like we've gotten away It's like we're scared to take a chance I'mma let you know
If you think that shit really hot
I don't got feelin's for that
When that shit dropped I forgot

My mind is way over there

Code red right here, right here, right here

Code red right here, right here, right here

Code red right here, right here, right here

Turn off the radio, damn right

We don't hear real shit no mo'

Turn off the radio, damn right

We don't hear real shit no mo'

Shit no mo', shit no mo'

Turn off the radio, I really wanna hear real shit

You dip? We dip! You dip? We dip! You dip? We dip! Oh, go head get lit