

Liu Kang

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\$upreme, you're a bitch

You a bad bitch, I'ma hit it like Liu Kang (Liu Kang)
No thots, rearrange with some new chains (Ayy, ayy)
Nice waist, pretty face with a big bank (Baow, baow, baow)
He a opp, he a fake, you gon' switch lanes (Ayy, ayy)
Like, bitch, oh shit, you the one for me
She be countin' up my guap when I'm on the scene
And I be gettin' to the bag, I be gettin' the cheese
And every time you hit my line, my heart be skippin' a beat (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
Girl, you a bad bitch, I'ma hit it like Liu Kang (Liu Kang)
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Got ten racks, ten stacks up in my bank (My bank)
Might flex my checks, I be gettin' to the cash (Ayy, yeah)
Tell that pussy boy to get the fuck up out my fuckin' face (Baow, baow, baow)
If you wanted all the smoke, then I'ma put you in a J (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
On dumb shit, don't need a publicist
Ten bad bitches up in my function, bitch
Shawty said I'm blowin' up on some love shit
And I heard your girl, she on my line because I'm up quick
Yeah, bitch, I'm up
Go up, down, watch me get this shit (Shit)
I got like way too many bands and I be feelin' under pressure
Want me dressed down, all black fit, black leather (Dress down)
I'ma put a .45 up to your head and watch you get up (Ayy, ayy)
I'ma pop, no cap, a hundred bands, my tax
If you want it, I get it, because I flex like that
Two .9s, my strap, can't nothin' bite back
Baby girl, she so bad, I love when she dress like that (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

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ayy)

The world is yours
Dress down □□□□□□□
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