

# My Bad

Aaron May

This cup 'bout dirty as the fuck boy  
I don't sip no liquor  
And I get caught up stunting in real life  
I don't take no pictures  
Watch niggas drag their feet with me  
And for them they're moving quicker  
You say that's you dawg  
When you come up  
You better take 'em with you  
Can't trust. Niggas ain't official  
My bad  
Start shit you can't finish  
Quickest way to get you bypassed  
Make these hoes remember  
I don't need a bitch that I had  
Maybach truck. It's tinted  
Pockets heavy  
Feel like some thigh pads  
I'm up, nigga

I'm tryna hit  
Niggas ain't no shit  
Today I might make fifty  
Hoes be thinking they're slick  
So, when it come to them I'm picky  
You can't be my bitch  
You went chose up  
I ain't picking up  
No ring. My wrist glisten up  
Bro won't take that risk with us  
Type to take a hundred fifty thou'  
To the team and tell 'em, "Listen up  
Let's split it up!"  
I do this for them  
But put me first  
'Cause that's how we gon' make it  
When pops was in that pen  
Prayed he came through  
But I wasn't fucking waiting  
I made myself a man  
Before that duffle bag got filled with paper  
Hundred bands and a million later  
I still feel that same way  
Our riding 'round through my 'hood  
You know I'm good  
I ain't change place  
Show you how to get business understood  
This that may way

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