

Counterfeit

Amaarae

Rich bitch, rich bitch
Na-na, na-na-na
Ching, ching, ching, ching
La-la, la-la-la
I make the blick sing
Na-na, na-na-na

Counterfeit, counterfeit
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Me and my bitch got matching titties
She got Fountain Baby tatted 'cause she fucking with me
Drop and do a 150
Need some itchi gitchi ya when I'm in the city
Honestly, I don't give a fuck!
I'ma run that shit up!
I'ma pump that bitch up!
I spend money her (clap clap)
Money her butt
Fifty hotties on me, stuck
Middle Eastern shawties
Count my millions

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I just got back to the crib and she already naked
Thirty bitches in the crib and they all getting paid

Big bank walk
Take when big bank talk
Tokyo diamonds, shine something awful
I hit the bitch with the nigga start to feel awkward
I reminisce and kiss the cash 'cause really that's my baby
Count it up, fuck it up is all I do lately
Them bitches on my nerves, all of 'em out here looking crazy
Matrimony, Ama married to the money on a daily
Count it up

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