

Side Bitch

Ambush Buzzworl

Yeah, yeah, yeah
She understands me, she knows me, yo
Yeah, yo

I said, "Honestly, the truth is, I'm no good"
But she understands me, she knows that
I'm in the middle of the streets and it's no good
You know I deal with a lot as a grown man
You know when we're in the sheets, it feels so good
She light the candles and switch on the slow jams
My baby said she want a romance, a road man
She make a nigga wanna switch up the program
You know, hold hands
Slow dance, cold champs, no pants
Nice meal, sounds good but I'm on my grind still
My nigga told me that he needs five bills
I said (Nigga, I don't even need five mil)
'Cause I need ten M's, baby, that's eight figures
That's why I'm so in love with' your eight figure
That's why I gotta leave when the cake hit up
That's why I ain't pick up
Cah we already been through this before
Keep telling me to leave, girl, then I'm gonna walk through the door
They say, "There's a thin line between love and hate", mi amor
And I think I understand now cah this shit feel like a war
You know what it's like to just to deal with the raw?
Pyrex broke, lost a four in the door
You ever count ten bags four times 'cause a hundred was short?
Now I gotta count every time 'cause a hundred was short
One mash, put my brothers under the court
One M, put my niggas under the jail
And trust me, they ain't getting love from a girl
'Cause one mistake and you're done in my world (In my world)

Uh, I got a question for my side bitch
If I ended up in prison, would you ride it? (Yeah)
If I ever hit the bottom, would you climb it
And if I ever lost my mind, would you find it?
'Cause I been going through this shit silent
The last lover I knew broke my trust and are you really tryna end up like I did?
Uh, got a question for my side bitch
Got a question for my side bitch
And it ain't 'cause you're a side, it's 'cause you're my bitch
Got a question for my side bitch
Got a question for my side bitch
And you ain't a side because you're right beside me

I mean, honestly (Honestly), truthfully (Truthfully)
She doin' things that they don't do for me
I mean jail visits, baby, come through for me
I mean OT, baby lick shoots for me
And when I'm givin' her the screech, she put the juice on me
Kinda sex that make her wanna have a yout with me
That's how it used to be (Used to be)
Now it's kinda feelin' like you ain't used to me
It ain't new to me, I'm used to this

You know my yac's the chaser so lose the mixer
I'm used to mix up
Going through my ex's Insta, like, ooh I wanna sex the picture
Which one? Which one?
Coulda been my sweet one, coulda been my street one
Coulda been my clean one, or was it my mean one?
Coulda been my freak one
Do I need five, do I need one?
I'm a prick, I know, I know
I make you sick, I know, I know
You hate me? I know, I know
It's like these bitches want me in a complication
I ain't got a girl, I got situations
And somehow this got me in a situation, but here's the main thing

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