

## 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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