

# War

Ann Marie

See this the real shit, shit that make you feel shit  
Who beefin over lil shit, got niggas that'll drop shit, pop shit  
We ain't with the talk my niggas ready to score  
I ain't sparin no bitch, bitch I'm ready for war

See this the real shit, shit that make you feel shit  
Who beefin over lil shit, got niggas that'll drop shit, pop shit  
We ain't with the talk my niggas ready to score  
I ain't sparin no bitch, bitch I'm ready for war

You ain't relevant enough for me to diss you  
Your nigga ate my pussy with the same lips he kissed you  
I see you staring bitch, let me know if it's an issue  
Call my rappie up, guarantee she come and get you

See if I let him fuck, you no longer be his bitch boo  
But if I'm off that Henny ain't no telling what I'll do  
Top all Gucci, at the bottom Jimmy Choo  
He want a real bitch, so I'm the person that he choose lil sis

See this the real shit, shit that make you feel shit  
Who beefin over lil shit, got niggas that'll drop shit, pop shit  
We ain't with the talk my niggas ready to score  
I ain't sparin no bitch, bitch I'm ready for war

See this the real shit, shit that make you feel shit  
Who beefin over lil shit, got niggas that'll drop shit, pop shit  
We ain't with the talk my niggas ready to score  
I ain't sparin no bitch, bitch I'm ready for war

See my pockets real fat like Nicki ass and shit  
Ain't got to fuck for attention, I'm a classy bitch  
We ain't chasin no niggas, chasin bags and shit  
Paint my Rari the color purple fuck that average shit

All my bitches from South Side on that savage shit  
Shoes be yo rent that's that lavish shit  
He call my phone 10:30 in the morning  
I ask him was we hungry  
If you ain't tryna eat it why you call

Shit be blowing me and now he in his feelings and shit  
Wanna cut him off but he be killin sum shit  
I like them street niggas that be dealin and shit  
All this shit that I state facts, know you feeling this shit

See this the real shit, shit that make you feel shit  
Who beefin over lil shit, got niggas that'll drop shit, pop shit  
We ain't with the talk my niggas ready to score  
I ain't sparin no bitch, bitch I'm ready for war

See this the real shit, shit that make you feel shit  
Who beefin over lil shit, got niggas that'll drop shit, pop shit  
We ain't with the talk my niggas ready to score  
I ain't sparin no bitch, bitch I'm ready for war

I got my own bread, own car, own crib

Only thing I need a nigga for is for the dick  
I remember them days when a bitch ain't have shit  
Now all these bitches wanna be me and the niggas want to hit

But that's a no bitch, keep my legs closed bitch  
I ain't with that hoe shit, I'm about my dough bitch  
Ain't talkin marijuana when I say my nigga smoke shit  
Wanna beef about a nigga, where your money at broke bitch  
My pussy leaky like a faucet, had to take a break  
Got em thinkin that I lost it