

TYPE BEAT

Anycia

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, huh
Okay, yeah

I got a bunch of bitches mad
I know a lot of bitches hatin', they ain't never seen no cash
I know they hate me 'cause I'm thrill
I put my foot on bitches' necks, and I ain't let up
That nigga do not eat it right, I told him get up
Like nigga, move around
I know you wish you had a bitch like me
I know you wish you was a bitch like me
I fuck yo' nigga to Detroit type beat
Yeah, huh

Candy paint the cat
It's a lion in his engine, this is not a scat
I don't care about no mentions, tell me where you at
Tell me where you be
You a dime, but you ain't me
Turn it up a T, ain't no tit for tat
Bitch was gettin' on my nerve, I sent her uber back
Pretty, ghetto, and petite, he know my coochie fat
They know I'm gettin' racks
Got bitches twerkin' in the club, like run that Nene back
Doley, never need a pack
If he say he had me, he a dummy, how you let me pass
Finger fuckin' money, you a bum, it ain't no fun in that
Nene number uno, and I guess that's why these bitches sad

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Huh, Big Nene
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Bitch