

slayed

Ayesha Erotica

Hey Prada, where you been?
Relaxed for a second but I'm back again
The girls still tryna get like me
Still fuck your man, bitch, that's the tea

Who served you hoes the voodoo puss?
Whose pussy smells like a rose bush?
I said it once and I'll say it again
Don't come for me unless I sin

Your lace front still some shit I threw up
You fuck with Joanne, you get chewed up
I put these girls on, ain't it funny
So don't come for the queen, honey

Prada gonna take you all to church
Slide the pumps on and head to work
To all that hate me, I know it hurts
But Prada's back to quench your thirst

I know when you were little queens
You dreamt of creeping on the scene
But I'm back to block your way
Admit it, bitch, you just got
Slayed, you just got slayed

Slayed, you just got slayed