

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