

MODELS

Baby Santana

Underdogs

Yeah, bana, bana, baby

I guess I'm the super villain 'cause they treatin' me like it
Been like this since the beginning, how the fuck can I hide it?
Nigga just want the millions, industry tryna hide 'em
And I just break her heart, I leave that bitch suicidal
Nigga tryna get up in it, I can't make you my bridal
Hit the bitch 'til I finish, this bitch moanin' and cryin'
Throw that shit on my tab, somebody bring me a bottle
Pull up, come to my section, it's a thousand of models

Fuckin' this bitch, said she feel it in her belly
I come through with that stick on me, the shit there is heavy
When I come through, hide your big homie, y'all niggas ain't ready

Peep my wrist, that shit thunderstorm, iced out, bitch, baguette

I fucked that bitch then I forgot it

Love the money, I got a fetish

Lot of money comin' in steady

Three strokes, I fuck up her belly

I met a bad bitch out in Bali

I'm with my whoas, nigga, call up Velly

Y'all niggas peons, R. Kelly

My pockets fat, ho, potbelly

Pour up a cup, pour up some more

They want it bad, I want it more

I'm off the drank, I'm movin' slow

Too many hoes, eeny-miny-moe

I'm countin' cake, rollin' up dope

These niggas lame, copy the flow

Millions of bitches, but I want his ho

I pop an X while it's like 4AM

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