

b2b

BbyMutha

Circle full of hoes, I blow my nose, it look like wintertime
These niggas love me now but wasn't no love when I ain't have a dime
I play with' yo mind before yo dick, I need a bigger plate
Like fuck yo dinner date, I need a Rover for the interstate
Money over niggas, bigger budgets to blow
Bigger packs I gotta flip 'cause I got places to go
Bigger booties in my dm, bigger reefer to smoke
Bigger crystals for my mental, I zone out on you hoes
I need all my fuckin' space, this pussy fire but y'ain't say ya grace
I ain't tryna race, I'm gettin' paid, I can't relax today
Virgo like Beyoncé, sippin' lemonade in Gucci shades
Pattin' my Beyoncé braids, watchin' niggas masturbate

Smarter than these niggas, they done taught me too much
Ion trust 'em, fuck ya, pay me, ain't no dick in the guts
Kill a stage and rock a lace, evil eyes and pretty face
Yo big homie wanna taste, he love bbymutha shape

In the kitchen with the dishes, gettin' money with' my bitches
Poppin' molly and my bitches scrape the pot and get to business
I want a diamond choker, need a bigger bed to hoe on
With' my boyfriend and his boyfriend, buy one get one like a coupon
Talkin' so much shit, I kill a hoe with the stench
Hurt ya feelings, oh ya injured, go'on and sit on the bench
Countin' money, green fingertips, call me the Grinch
Need a plug? I can direct you to a play and a pinch, bitch

Money on my mental, golden dental, own it, you a rental
Flexin' on my exes, they pathetic, fuck it, ion feel 'em
Bitches love to stalk me, hear 'em talkin', I just gotta laugh
See you in the streets, you want a jack or want a autograph?
Tryna keep me down just 'cause they know I'm the shit
Shoulda kept her in the house but now I'm fuckin' yo bitch
Keep a pistol in the couch, a block away from the brick
Watercolors in my crown, the queen of art in this bitch
I got issues, you got issues, we just human, I could never stress
I know how it feel to be a loser, bitch, I know you pressed
See me in them magazines and yeah, my crib a fuckin' mess
And yet you still can't fuck up my rotation, bitch, I'm fuckin' blessed

Child of the universe, the star of my show
I'm on Pluto poppin' molly, percocets with' ya hoe
Twenty-eight years down, I got plenty to go
You can't treat me like no rookie, I'm just lettin' you know

I work hard for third dimensional respect
Like, fuck the internet
You bitches wouldn't say it to my face 'cause y'ain't said it yet
Duckin' and they dodgin', camouflagin', tuck they little tails
You don't want it with the queen of Hell, catch a shell
I'm the perfect bitch to beaf with' if you lookin' for steak
Money me of molly me, or we got nothing to say
I was cool with' ridin' buckets but I'm ready for raves
Funny business got you bitches left out in the cold in the rain, bitch