

# **Either Way**

**BbyMutha**

Yeah, he need pussy, I need peace of mind  
I need brick and dime  
I get sticky like a porcupine  
Rob a nigga blind  
He like fuckin', I like makin' money  
Love is love for dummies  
I'm in Philly, my bitch lookin' sunny  
Chew me like a gummy, honey bunny  
It's a stick up, rock a nigga semen like a ski mask  
Damn, yo baby mama got a fat ass, huh  
I know a threesome when I see it  
We can rinse it and repeat it  
If I beat it better, bet ya she gon' wanna dip wit me  
I'm a G, G for Gucci coochie, cop that hoe a Louis  
Jimmy Choo and lickin' all up on the waistline  
Kill a nigga spirit, call the people, it's a hate crime  
I move like the moon, you wet like water, Devil's daughter  
Ion think you wanna go to war wit me though  
End up on a t-shirt tryna be a fuckin' hero  
Strap all on me, choppa LGBT, money, molly, marijuana  
Bbymutha birthin' bitches, why these dishes in my sink hoe?

Yeah, bitch  
It's five o'clock in the mothafuckin' mornin'  
And I'm still like, fuck these hoes  
I ain't never not like, fuck these hoes  
I don't like you bitches, I hate you hoes, what's up?  
What's up, bitch?

You will fly  
And my drip from overseas  
I pulled up into yo party in shit you never seen  
I pulled up in yo hotel wit a girl you never seen  
How the fuck that work?  
Mmm, bitches, they wan' twerk for me  
I don't even want that  
Bitch, I want mo' money  
Ha, yeah, I'm on the bus  
State to state, bitch, collectin' bucks  
Big checks, ion give a fuck, give a fuck no mo'  
I'm just tryna add that shit up, duh  
Add that shit up

Niggas want a mama they can stick they dick in  
Don't wanna chip in  
Fuck that nigga, diamonds glisten with or without him  
Bitch, I'm 'bout it  
Ain't no limit to my revenue  
Lookin' like a snack, that nigga Scooby Doo  
I don't fuck with snitches  
Baddest bitches keep they mouth shut  
Might end up elopin', fuck a prenup  
I been doin' bitches favors since I went in labor  
Fuck it, they ungrateful, I got bills all on my table  
I'ma pay 'em though  
Money ain't a thang, these bitches strange  
Keep the change, you gon' prolly need it later

When I pull up in yo city, just to see me  
'Cause you couldn't be me, now I'm on yo tv  
And you still could never ever see me  
I know you bothered, call yo father  
Bitch, I'm way too busy tryna flip a check, yeah