

#Plug

BbyMutha

Mommy you so cute
Yeah
Yeah

When the plug text back tell him 'pull up with that extra shit'
I need that electrical
Shit that make the world look asymmetrical
Level up, Super Saiyan mother with the blonde weave
Make a wish I'm plotting on your bitch
She probably leave with me, I'll probably give her back - that pussy pointle
ss
This pussy anointed, blessing, turkey with a dressing
I could never doubt the universe with thighs as soft as mine
I could never ever love a nigga with a closed mind

Fuck ya third eye, nigga, show me what that mouth do
All ya chakras ashy, aura muddy
Who you tryna fool?
I be on my level, I be dancing with the devil
You could never be as hot as him so I could never sweat ya
A cold motherfucker, call me Bby - Fuckin' - Mutha
Can't afford to be afraid of no nigga, that's luxury
If you can't afford to spend your bucks with me you gotta leave
Treat me like a woman, not a lady, boy, you work for free
You can work for free, but I got mouths to feed
I'm too busy tryna boss up to cost cut
Keep it slutty, keep em coming, thigh boots with my ass out
Put it in his mouth so he can see what all the fuss about

On my way to the plug house, man he be serving it
Fucking up a check and on these beats you know I'm cursing it
These boys be talking on me but they asking for a verse and shit
BbyMutha kill you then take pictures with your hearse and shit
Uh, yeah, I'm 'bout my bread
I am not looking for muhfuckin' friends
I just need money to flip it and spend
Out of the door is the way I'm [?]
You all shifting these trends
They out here mad that I did it again
I work in magic when I with the [?]
Whole gang is looking like 10 outta 10
I got that weed, rolling that green
Perk or that lean, promethazine
He sold that key, [?] marques
All in a week, I can't believe
All on my grind, working that shine
Ain't talking coins but I need a dime
Like Janet Jackson back up in her prime
[?] imma give her that pipe
Hating you don't got your check up (yeah)
Yeah they gon' hate imma bless up (yeah)
Whole city know that I'm next up (yeah)
If they say no they gon' 'fess up (yeah)
All of your press I need less of (yeah)
Y'all is nothing but a stress up (yeah)
You know that you fucking messed up (yeah)
Knife to they neck imma press up

I think he [?] change the subject, talking bout his fucking budget
Blocked him on my Twitter page and now he searching me in person
Fuck the cops and fuck a verdict
All the evidence I'm burning
I'm gon' act like I'm confused when they ask questions all concerning
I don't fuck with no cop or PD
Cause they gon' never look [?] when they see me fucking bleed
All they care about is searching in my pockets for some weed
But you gon' never find my shit, my plug he taught me how to sneak

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