

PMS

BbyMutha

I used to be comfortable tellin bitches
Shit that ain't none of they business
I was tryna find my power
They was using it against me
You can't pay me by the hour
Ain't no 7.25
SOS I get it wet
He gotta dip his dick in rice
They want me to be a rapper
I want me to be myself
If rappin happen to happen
I'm keepin health over wealth
They hate when I masturbate
Get too cocky
Feeling myself
I share a sun w Beyonce
Couple kids
Cute fiancé
I like being me
A lotta these hoes can't say the same
And I can rap for hours
No hook necessary
Change the game
Bitches love a jingle
That's okay
But I like giving brain
I ain't tryna make u bitches dance
I'm tryna heal my pain
Bitches'll call u an alcoholic
Drive u to drink
Chillin, get hit w a iceberg
Be mad when u sink
Might be dat bitch
But I'm very human
When I shit it stink
I see what u hoes compare me to
You not allowed to speak
All I gotta do is be humble
And they gon give me me
That's a lie
Hoes don't wanna see nobody win
Cuz they would never try
My art from the heart
These hoes can't even look me in the eye
But want me to be swayed by they opinions
Bitch I'd rather die
Pray for my demise
Dig up my past like they the FBI
Then hop they ass online like
ACAB, haha, am I right?
I'm way too generous
Can't take these bitches serious
Can't give these hoes no benefits of doubt
I'm on my period

I'm PMS'in
Fed up with you bitches

Ride like brooms to witches
Poison apples
Pass em out
I'm vicious
Glock pull up she glitchin
Ooh
Crabby bitch
She itchin
Gave her the 69
She snitchin
Yea
Fuck respectin women
I got richer in the kitchen

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