

rich

BbyMutha

Ay, I know I'm drivin' you crazy lil bitch  
I know I'm drivin' you crazy lil hoe  
I know I'm drivin' you crazy lil bitch  
I know I'm drivin' you crazy

Fat cat, catch a nigga like a running back  
Drippin' running water, never run it so we run it back  
Jet black, rob a nigga run the pockets back  
Pistol on me, plus I'm vaccinated I don't need a mask  
Mysterious, keep a nigga curious  
Let him tell his business, I don't take the nigga serious  
Furious and feisty, ain't no wifey  
I ain't tryna meet your mammy but I'm sure she really like me, yeah  
Bbymutha, I be fuckin' like no other  
I be birthin' back to back, I need a wrapper make it double  
I'm a menace, I be causin' hell trouble  
I be dancin' on the, probably make him think I love him  
I'm a see a hoe and I ain't got 'em all  
Pull up at the mall, collect niggas like they Dragon Balls  
Really do 'em dirty, better wash 'em all  
All my bitches love me  
Yeah I'm chosen, I'm the one to call

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I know I'm drivin' you crazy lil bitch  
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Yeah, hot top  
Use a pussy, I'm a hot shot  
Aim it at your temple  
Pet a pimple, you could get popped  
Drop top, bust it open like a thot thot  
Playin' with the clit I grab the dick and make it big dock  
I don't like these niggas, I just play along  
Poppa in Atlanta, sew me up, I call him Georgia dog  
If you need your nigga better keep him home  
I be on my Thanos or whatever just collecting stones  
Freaky yeah I love the way the whore moans  
Bleed a nigga guy he askin' why I like 'em skinny bone  
Owe me everything, can't even put him on  
Got him sellin' ass in traffic just to keep the water on

I know I'm drivin' you crazy lil bitch  
I know I'm drivin' you crazy lil hoe  
I know I'm drivin' you crazy lil bitch  
I know I'm drivin' you crazy lil hoe

I be on my bully cause I gotta be  
Never will I ever let a nigga see the hoe in me  
Everyday I'm starring in a show to me  
Living out my fantasy, bumpin' my discography, yeah

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Bitch  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah yeah

Rich nigga shit  
Rich nigga shit  
Rich nigga shit  
Rich nigga shit  
Yeah, rich nigga shit  
Rich nigga shit  
Rich nigga shit  
Yeah, rich nigga shit

Ay, I can't be nice to these peasants to more  
Run me my goodies, my presents in gold  
Ain't no eye contact keep that on the floor  
Give me my diamonds, my prizes in gold

I can't be nice to these peasants to more  
Run me my goodies, my presents in gold  
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I can't be nice to these peasants to more  
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Yes!  
That makes me happy