

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' hella 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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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