Yea

Yea Pull up when u want to Not when u need to Imma love u if u let me yea But I don't need u Super solid Kicks expensive I stand on my own two Bitches nosy Keep em guessin Yea dats my lil peekaboo If I keep that shit one hunnid Then u gotta keep it two I'm the type of bitch I buy the bag I gotta cop the shoe Ain't no incomplete I don't compete I'm good at what I do If I flood the block He betta sweep the street He know the rules Crown is blue Wasn't lookin But I found em like a clue Shooters shoot Times a wasting Bleed em out I never lose Shooters shoot Times a wasting Drop it off And let him taste it Roll it up And let him face it Pack it up And make him chase it Break it u replace it Love is what u make it I been makin money Link up w my honey Its vacation He my superman He pull up with that dick And save a nation Shooters shoot Times a wasting Boy I wanna have yo babies Shooters shoot Times a wasting It get gangsta in the matrix Spicy bitch, I'm cajun

Mace em

Shock a bitch, can't cuff em She run up I'm buckin Chase em Fill a bitch w lead Erase em Blood all my sneakers He roll up and let me face em Yea Stiletto my nails I got the pump Up in the club Yea I don't need a hero U a zero U a dub Yea I like talkin shit Cause I'm legit These bitches scrubs yea I'm worth every dollar Every dime and every crumb Yea