

Dat Bag

BeatKing

I just want that bag
Motherfuckin paper
Money over hoes
[?] before Lisas
Hold up
Club God

I just want that bag
I just want that bag
I just want that bag
I just, I just want that bag
Bitch you keep your pussy cause
I just want that bag
She wan' fuck on my roof mistletoe
I just want that bag
I just want that bag
Hold up
I just want that bag
I just want that bag
I just want that bag
I just, I just want that bag
I don't want no friend
I just want that bag
One deep in my base
I just want that bag

I just want that bag
The 20s, the 50s, the 100s
You can check your blowin the [?]
Suicide doors I'm stuntin
You got that bag then I fuck wid you
You already K-N-O-W
I can't trust these bitches
You got the bag these hoes fall in love with' you
Want that bag nigga (yeah)
Want that cash nigga (yeah)
Bitch this dick cost three bags
Bring some cash with you
I'm at the H and I'm leanin (turn up)
I got the check like I'm feenin'
If you was a pussy we'd be matchin
If you got that bag, there'd be action
I can say hoes I get extra
I toss them hoes to the squad
If you got that bag, then she fuckin
I show no love to these broads
I don't fuck with you, you not kin to me
Pussy nigga you da enemy
I got that bag so she into me
Say she goin suck this dick, yo you fitna see

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Focused on my fortune
Cause I just want that bag
Pull up in some porches
Cause I got that dash
I don't want that boy
Cause he has been had
Treat em like a ho and then
I get back to the cash
Bitches wanna kick it
I don't fuck with em fake hoes
Fake shoes, fake clothes
You know how the story goes
Smoke a lot of truth, I'm high
Homegirl know I'm by maself
Pinterest wannabe niggas
I'd rather get money all by maself
I just want that guap man
I just want that bag
I don't give a fuck about the he said, she said
I just want that bag
Old friends fuck em
I give them tricks the blues
They made up something for nothin
And Gucci ain't' fo fools

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