

## Affiliated

Bhad Bhabie

Bitch watch yo mouth (whaah), don't want no beef, You ain't affiliated (hell nah)

Ain't getting no money, ain't talking that bag, then we can't do relations (relations)

I went to sleep and woke up rich, I had to chase the paper

I'm taking spots what it cost, can't do no bitch no fucking favors

These bitches be dumb, these bitches not affiliated

100 on my drum, my niggas all affiliated

These girls my sons I made that hoe ain't got no apron

On sight don't run, I'm sorry this how savage raised me

Play if you want, try me I'll get violated

Fuck that charge, and fuck them cases

I hit first, ain't got no patience

Gimmie mine, bitch I ain't waiting

This life real, no time for faking

It's in my blood, the streets that's where I graduated

When I go on tour, my shit sold out, I'm still hood though

What you waiting for, wanna run up, wish you would though

I gotta get more, I got my pedal to the floor

And yeah I'll mop up all you bitches, like I'm outchea doing chores (bitch)

Bitch watch yo mouth, don't want no beef, you ain't affiliated

Ain't getting no money, ain't talking that bag, then we can't build relations

I went to sleep and woke up rich, I had to chase the paper

I'm from the streets what it cost, can't do no bitch no fucking favors

These bitches be dumb, these bitches not affiliated

100 on my drum, my bitches all affiliated

These hoes my sons I made that hoe ain't got no apron

On sight don't run, ain't sorry this how Boynton raised me

This how savage raised me, so I had to run my bands up

He like how I'm popping shit, I might just hit his mans up

Haters I'm not walking with, these bitches they can't stand us

Blowing Cantaloupe, I'm smoking dope can't catch no cancer

Heart attack bitches see me running shit, I'm on yo ass

No cartin back, ain't no back and front with me the doll, yeah cause I started that

Go against the princess out of luck, ain't got no heart attached

All my bitches ride, homicide reload the semi strap

Bitch watch yo mouth, don't want no beef, you ain't affiliated

Ain't getting no money, ain't talking that bag, then we can't build relations

I went to sleep and woke up rich, I had to chase the paper

I'm from the streets what it cost, can't do no bitch no fucking favors

These bitches be dumb, these bitches not affiliated

100 on my drum, my bitches all affiliated

These hoes my sons I made that hoe ain't got no apron

On sight don't run, ain't sorry this how Boynton raised me

Bitch mad she ain't affiliated (haha)

Fuck is they talking about gang in this bitch period

Dumb ass hoe

Ha dummy, ha-ha

Gang

Tištěno z písničky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: [www.srovnava.cz](http://www.srovnava.cz) - vyberte si pojištění online!