

BADSIDE

Bia

I swear if you muthafuckas knew better, you'd do better. On God, nigga! Y'all niggas swear you fly, you a muthafuckin' lie, got dammit! Bitch ass niggas know it, though. Ain't nobody seein' BIA, I don't give a fuck who it is. Si a, Lia, Ria, Cria, whatever nigga. Ain't nobody seein' her! I put a bag on that shit! Fuck ya! A bag, hoe! You can't even get that! Lil weak ass. Get back, lil bitch. Get back!

Cardo still trappin' off a iPad
Screen dead broke, we could see though
Why you still checkin' on my bag?
Keep ya eyes on ya own C-Notes
Old hoes bitin' on my swag
Still nobody I'd rather be though
Say you been movin' them bricks, still claimin' you the shit, Like yeah niggas we know
Fuck with' me (Aye!)
Fuck with' me (Aye!)
Fuck with' me (Aye!)
Fuck with' me (Aye!)

Hoe, I got grown women
They feelin' like mini-me's?
Hoe, I got my homegirls
That turned into frienemies
Don't fuck with' my badside
Don't fuck up my energy
They can't buy no opinions
Can't cash checks with the jealousy
Bitch, I feel like Brady
Been fightin' the odds 'cause they hate me
Someone tell 'em that I won
Someone tell 'em I'm the one
Someone tell 'em they should thank me
Aye
Gucci down, Gucci down
Only time I'm feelin' snakey
Wipe me down, wipe me down
Bitch, I'm wavy like in the navy

Say she don't go both ways, but a bitch'll go gay for Rihanna
Yellow diamonds all on my arm, got me feelin' like Grey Poupon
In the Wraith in my yard
Only place I see stars (Aye)
On the run from the law
The only way I'm at large

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Fuck with' me (Aye!)

Boy you ain't no goal for me
You not in my pedigree
So I cannot fuck with' ya
We ain't got the chemistry
'Cause you just a broke boy
I laugh in the bank like a parody
How you look fake as yo diamonds?
I can see just by the clarity
I'd rather be rich than famous
Til they knowin' what my name is
Christian, Chanel is my fragrance
Blowin' money, could you blame us?
Still ain't never ever change up
Never ever let my reign up
6 rings on my fingers
Runnin' LA like a Laker (Sheesh!)

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