

These niggas like blunts, get passed around  
Passed around, passed around  
Beep  
(Section 8 straight cooked this motherfucker up)  
BIA, BIA  
Uh-huh

These niggas'll fuck anything (Uh, yeah)  
And that's on everything, bitch (Uh)  
These niggas'll fuck anything (Yeah, yeah)  
I put that on everything, bitch

How you doin'? What's your name? Where you from? (Uh, uh)  
I can tell you gettin' money from the blisters on your thumb  
I'm a ten, but I ate (Ate), I ain't leave no fuckin' crumbs  
I don't fuck with none of y'all, I must be a nun  
Let's get back on track, girl, that dick should make you run (Run)  
Sharin' with these bitches ain't the flex you thought it was  
Baby, I'm a homebody, but they love me in the streets  
You thought he was yours, but he really for the streets, ah-ha

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Thought he was a trick 'til he tricked you  
Made him sign an NDA to add him to my finsta  
We don't give no money back, I need it like a stripper (Cash)  
How you scared to tag your own nigga in a picture? Ha-ha (Huh?)  
I'ma hit him where it hiz-urt  
He thought he a hot boy, but that nigga really bizarre  
Treat him like a dog, I put my pussy on his whiskers  
He should be my baby mom because he actin' bitter  
Ha-ha

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Girls wanna have funds to pass around  
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