

You been in my space  
You been messing up  
Drama out the gate  
You been outta place  
Out of pocket, I cannot relate  
Don't give me your problems  
I ain't gonna solve 'em  
I cannot be bothered  
Ain't your fucking mama  
It's a mood  
It's a mood  
You better move, bitch  
Messing up my groove

If you ain't come to dance  
Get the fuck out my face  
Came here with' your mans  
Get the fuck out my face  
If you tryna romance  
Get the fuck out my face  
Get the fuck out my face  
Get the fuck out my face  
Get the fuck out my face  
If you ain't come to dance  
Get the fuck out my face

I need all sad bitches to the side  
Won't let a broke ho fuck up my vibe  
All sad niggas to the side  
Won't let a petty nigga fuck up my night  
I need all sad bitches to the side  
Won't let a broke ho fuck up my vibe  
All sad niggas to the side  
Won't let a petty nigga fuck up my night  
Won't let a petty nigga fuck up my night  
I hear you barking but you ain't about to bite  
Bet you wish I would, well, bitch, I might  
Bitch, you bucking but you better want fight

We going left  
We going right  
You go and take that shit outside  
We going left  
We going right  
You go and take that shit outside