

Mark Cuban

Billy Marchiafava

Take me to your bitch's house
I like sluts with their tits out
Yeah. Billy's back now
I used to be the class clown
Now, I'm upper-class. Yeah
It's funny how that works out
Pull the glick out for anyone that run their mouth
I might bounce
But first I'm 'a need that mouth
Come on, shorty
Can a funny boy hit
My wrist so bright
It might blind a bitch
Billy

Take me to your bitch's house
It's funny how that works out
Oh. Yeah

Take me to your bitch's house
You hit it then, but I hit it now
Oh. Yeah

They used to hate on me
But now I'm so up motherfuckers can't call me
The hoes in the front row balling
They can't believe how a young man balling
Sold my whip for a Cuban link
Young Mark Cuban
This weed stink
Smoking gas fumes
My bitch mad
So I bought her boobs
I could never be just like you

Take me to your bitch's house
It's funny how that works out
Oh. Yeah

Take me to your bitch's house
You hit it then, but I hit it now
Oh. Yeah

Third verse might let the gun burst
She want an iced-out purse
I'm tryna sip this syrup
Came through with the car
From Pimp My Ride
You're talking crazy, motherfuckers
You're half my size
Big thighs and that ass on super size
Let me get that um with a side of fries
Hit it from the back back
I remember days down bad
And I won't go back