

Trophies

Bizzy Bone

Don't fall in love with just money, please don't waste your life (waste your life)

It's all gone, all of sudden you'll love em, that's because she was a trophy wife (trophy)

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You better stop looking at bitches on the Gram

I see they creeping on a come up, with they laced friends done up

It's on, we gone and do this, someone let's get drunk and kick it with them (Thank God) I got me some money, money, I am what I am

Keep a uber to the sun up, rent the whole club out

We ain't leaving this bitch, I'm in here with my gun out

You need a ride or die, a real bitch

I got the mind of a hustler, mind of a thugster, mind of a pimp

Get it in the mud with, how can I trust them?

I'm gonna need more, then an ass and a outfit

Capable I can run shit, money moves, let me make em

I can have any bitch I want, but it doesn't mean that I have to take em

Nobody can stop me, it's still Heaven's Movie

She wanted to be around my niggas, she became a groupie

Instead of a queen, she wanted money to enlarge her booty

She went to the studio to rep bitch, that ain't it you goofy

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Pick up the tech, make her break her neck, if the baguette

Ya having money, is the only way she'll give you respect

I like a plain Jane Rolex, these niggas bougie keep a gun, here go my lil pump pump, here go my lil uzi

Roll up the Dutchy, to the left, my puff puff pass to Tunchie

That lil bread that you give her, is for her head and coochie

Lil B ya moving to fast

Wanna baby, get married so you can use me?

A bottom bitch's reservation is on this Moët

Don't think you can choose me, you want a dummy so this nigga can hit you and you can sue him

You ain't slick bitch, think you can hustle me?

That's why these niggas call you stupid and your struggling
Ever clear... shot it up proof, for the truth be
Ghetto bitches, run up affiliated up on me and Lucy (loosely)
These niggas pussy, never let ya paper pull a bitch ya punk ya better listen
to it...

Don't fall...

(Truth be)

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