

Dead

Cardi B

Grammy-Award-winning recording artist Cardi B, known for her chart-topping hits-
Now stands accused of a crime spree that has left a trail of devastation and the fear-
National rap superstar is on the run after being linked to a series of brutal killings-
And report any sightings immediately-
According to police, the victim-
Cardi B, who has always been a controversial-
Bloggers, journalists, and most chillingly several female rappers-
If these allegations are true, it will undoubtedly be one of the darkest chapters in the music history
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I took that demon to the ride, I'm goin' fast (Fast)
"Mirror, mirror, who the baddest bitch?" She looking back
I know these bitches in my shadow feel so cold
I don't think these bitches know
I want their heads, I want them begging for their life, I want them dead
I know they heard a bitch was coming and they scared
I wanna pull they lace fronts off they heads
I want all these bitches dead

Can't compete with me, I'm not the one
I tell hoes to suck my dick, they put their hair up in a bun
I let these bitches see, I should've left these hoes with none
Never smart to beef with me, what can I say? These hoes be dumb, bitches love to die young
Look, the water fountain, put my toes in it, music fire, put my soul in it
My coochie and my business, these bitches love putting they nose in it
Tell a bitch, "You better use your head before I come there, put a hole in it"
Like, pow, pow, pow, now she can bowl with it
They say, "Cardi, you tweaking," nah, I don't be tweaking enough
Bitches be doing shit and I be letting it slide and I don't be bringing it up
Bitches be out here telling lies about me and y'all just be eating it up
But when I drag it to hell, "Cardi, you evil as fuck"
She say my name, she getting belt, she think I'm playing, she getting belt
When we go in the store, don't touch nothing, you complain or you getting belt
I cried three hundred days last year and none of y'all called me up
And like those tears that ran down my cheek, y'all 'bout to be salty as fuck, girl
Guess who drop a thousand times and none of it's working?
Guess who doing shows for damn near free and pockets hurting?
Guess who make sure that she play nice when we in person?
And guess who done bodied up more bitches than they surgeon? Uh
I'm collecting body bags like they purses
I don't even rap no more, I drive hearses
Bitches got some nerve and them be nervous (Ah-ah-ah)
Don't tell me, tell customer service
Not for nothing, I'm that bitch, I look good, plus I'm thick
If you get money and you cute, then, bae, you basically my twin
You been here since "Washpoppin," then we basically locked in
You done seen me get knocked down nine times, still get up ten

They still mad about that Grammy, they still mad that I'm still poppin'
They still mad that they don't play her in the club and I went diamond
Hoes tried rebranding, revamped it
But ain't do nothin', had another baby, I was pre-
eclamptic, you gotta love it
Niggas tweaking, yup, in front of the world, what?
How you do a bitch like that if I'm your-, huh
I tried to come in peace, they tore me into pieces
Now I gotta R-I-P

I want their heads, I want 'em begging for their life, I want them dead
I know they heard a bitch was coming and they scared
I wanna pull their lace fronts off they heads
I want all these bitches dead
If you not my bitch, you just a bitch, then you a opp
If you with that bitch, when I come get her, you gon' die
Rap, beam, shot, bap

Oh-ooh, I want all these bitches dead
Gone and deceased, capisce
No, I won't rest 'til all these bitches sleep
Lord give me the strength 'cause all these bitches weak
Man, I swear, I want these bitches all dead
Enemies all begging for their life
You playing with me, won't make it through the night
I'll do more than everything, that's right
Man, I swear that I want these bitches all dead
Dead, dead, dead, ooh-oh