

# 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 beat

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 hearse

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-oooh, 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