

# Imaginary Playerz

Cardi B

Yeah

It's the motherfucking Brimcess, you heard?

The shit these bitches be braggin' about is like

Shit I was doin' in like 2016 type shit

Like (Why these bitches hating?)

You bitches don't even know the difference between vintage and archive, like

(Why these bitches hating?)

Yeah, look

Now I spit that other shit, pretty motherfucker shit

Cardi B, every song platinum, I'm not the other bitch

Whatever you was gon' pay her, you gotta double it

Glory hole, bitches don't know who they fuckin' with

Their money my stocks and share money

Your booking fee is my makeup and hair money

Bitches say I think I'm the shit and do (And do) (And did)

Just know you bitches can't live

I got the hottest shit, hop out, poppin' it

They say I walk around looking like a compliment

Shut up, stop whining, Cardi still shining

Hoes kept complaining so I copped more diamonds

And more archive, vintage couture on me

I got more Gaultier than Jean probably

Summer with cheeks out, winter, it's minks out

I buy grown men watches and make them take links out, bitch

(Why these bitches hating?) I mean

It's really easy for me to talk this shit 'cause I live this shit

(Why these bitches hating?) I just gotta make it rhyme

Bitches, I leave 'em all fucked, fists be balled up

Y'all hoes look cheap, that shit don't cost much

I'm a star, but I'll smack you, don't get starstruck

Patientce lookin' at me like, "Cardi, what the fuck?"

Striped like Thom Browne, these bitches should calm down

Quicker they lift up, the quicker they fall down

Poor thing, Twitter must be gassin' them heavy

Making them jump in the rim with the Brim before they ready

I seen whole fan pages make avatar changes

All that old love go to new fan bases

Now your fifteen up, you already outta time

I'm a legend, they gon' hang my heels from the power lines

(Why these bitches hating?) All I'm saying is

God forbid some shit happened to the Brim

Put my motherfucking heels in Nelson Ave (Why these bitches hating?)

Bronx legend, you heard?

My flop and your flop is not the same

If you did my numbers, y'all would pop champagne

If I did your numbers, I would hop out a plane

Suicide if I fall from the distance of you and I

They gotta be kidding

Whatever they smoking on, it gotta be hitting

The bag you just posted been in the closet sitting

The car he just got you, bow tie and a ribbon?

Been in my driveway not getting driven

Y'all some bench bitches  
Ho, y'all just started starting  
Birthday at Carbone, to me, that's Olive Garden  
A nigga couldn't take me there, that's y'all department  
Tasteless, basic  
I'm a Waldorf penthouse every state bitch  
2016, I had Fashion Nova lit  
Ask Rich, y'all need your ass whipped

What the fuck you mean this bitch is outdressing me? (Why these bitches hating?)  
How that bitch outdressing me with my fucking vibe, bitch? Duh (Why these bitches hating?)  
I dressed that bitch

Fixin' y'all mouth to talk fashion with me  
I'm the one who showed these girls what fashion could be  
The first rap bitch on the cover of Vogue  
But somehow y'all passed me I suppose  
I know your type, all bold and all cap  
For the Love of Hip Hop, y'all knew me before that  
These bitches is nuts, bitches is ball sacks  
And behind my back, bitches be tight like bra straps, aye