

Nice Guy

Cardi B

Mmm (We got London on da Track)
Mmm

Mmm, Mr. Right Guy playing with me, foolish
Because I bite, I've been hearing you want some of my sight
Come stay for good because I want all of you for tonight
Touch on me good, boy, know I like that
Why you keep on looking? Not the eyesight
I keep saying, mmm, yeah, Mr. Right Guy (My)

Look, If I had to go 24 hours without my nigga, I swear to God I would die
He go to court 'cause he got a case in the feds, I swear to God I would lie
If he get knocked, come home saying, "We Muslim," Shit, Alhamdulillah
Yeah, I do a hell of a job, keeping it wet and I'm sucking him dry like, uh
He got an accent (Yeah), he don't be cappin' and he be trappin' (Facts)
And he tapped in, he got him a baddie, that's how I be actin' (Ha)
I'm spoiled, I be misbehavin' (Misbehavin')
He know I drive him crazy
Rain cold and I be cheesin' (Mwah)
He know I'm never leavin'

Mmm, Mr. Right Guy playing with me, foolish
Because I bite, I've been hearing you want some of my sight
Come stay for good because I want all of you for tonight (Ooh, ah, shit, boy
, you got the right bitch)
Touch on me good, boy, know I like that (Ooh, ah, shit, boy, you got the rig
ht bitch)
Why you keep on looking? Not the eyesight (Ooh, ah, shit, yeah, you got the
right bitch)
I keep saying, mmm, yeah, Mr. Right Guy (My) (Ooh, ah, shit, yeah, you got t
he right, look)

If you ain't never been through it, you ain't really into it (Nope)
Me and him always into it (Huh)
First you go through shit, then you get through it (Yeah)
Can't just put an end to it (Nah)
Got the code to your phone, so I been through it
If I asked for the ho, then I been knew it (Huh)
This a nice house that we got right here, I hit up, so drive my Benz through
it Every day a bad bitch get fumbled (Fumbled)
Every day a dumb nigga get humbled (Humbled)
You broke my heart into pieces (Facts), why you sitting there looking puzzle
d? (Shit)
I ain't stayin' here throwing a fit (No)
I'm going out, let me throw in a fit (Hmm)
Somethin' tight to show off the tits
You gon' be tagged when I post up the pics

Let me tell you how this gonna go (Ay)
You gon' keep calling my phone (Ooh)
I'ma keep pressing decline, I'm textin' you, calling you broke
That's how you know, you gotta go (Hmm)
Double up, it go in the Maybach (Maybach)
Mmm, tryna get your baby (Mmm)
Mmm, and you know I don't play that
Mmm, hope I don't need payback
I can get petty and hope that you're ready

Crazy emotional, know that I'm very
Messy but I can get clean for this Getty

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