

Stripper Hoe

Cardi B

I'm your...

Yo, I'm Cardi B with the wicked flow
Ask them, I keep them niggas on their tippy toes
Nick-nack-paddy-wack, give a dog a bone
Got him runnin' home, fuck him good, get that money flow
Pussy got him goin' places he would never go
Pussy got him cookin', now he wanna clean the stove
Pussy got him fucked up, I think he overdosed
But I ain't Travis Scott, I ain't got no antidote
Antidote, antidote

I think I like that
I think I like that
I think I like that
I think I like that

Yo, some people know me as a stripper hoe
But stripper hoes get the money and blow digits though
A lot of bitches talkin' down on me like I'm a joke
Talk shit, I'll fuck your man, send him back hella broke
I'm laughin', but I really mean it though
I'm on another level like I'm playin' Mario
These bitches can't see me, even with a telescope
Every day I'm shittin' on 'em, I don't flush the toilet bowl
Ew! Cause I be workin' and workin'
All these heads I be turnin', they on my body like surgeons
I think they see my conversion
That's why they be lurkin', but their feelings be hurtin'
Or remember when I wanna dance at certain clubs
And they told me, "No, no, that's a dub"
Now they the same niggas blowin' up my phone
Wantin' me to host, oh word? That's a dub
Bands

I think I like that
(I know, I know they're mad now)
I think I like that
I think I like that
(Hurtin' my feelings)
I think I like that

When I come up in the building I initiate
I'm the reason why the fuckers gotta renovate
I'm eatin' good and they mad they can't get a plate
Never thought we'd be gettin' booked in different states
Before the century they didn't even look this way
Now they wanna eat my ass like a skirt steak
Got 'em sending gifts, it's not even my birthday
You niggas soft and I meant that in the worst way
Oh you bitches suckin' dick just to get a bag
You hustlin'-backwards ass bitch, you're doin' bad
It's pretty sad, you should be getting more than that
Suck a dick so you can pay your rent, couple months with that
I mention flow, keep it on the low, I tell you facts
When a nigga 'bout to cum, just throw it back
It's over, you won, that nigga trapped

And that bank account, girl? Empty that