

Trick

Chanel West Coast

Bitch, I been on the come up (Come up)
Yeah, every day I'm gettin' glam, yeah, I stay done up
Yeah, if you join the squad then let me put my bun up
You know I'm wit my squad and they about to run up (Run up)
Like the sun up
Why you fakin' like you live it, take a minute, handle bidness
You ain't gotta pop that pussy fo' a man who don't deserve it
Fix your face, it's time to pit it, no more gimmicks, there's a limit
I had visions, they all bit it, now they see me actin' livid
That's a Renault, why you frontin' like you own a Porsche?
Gucci sandals, Gucci belt, but can't pay child support
You spend that money buyin' bags for them escorts
Then baby momma gettin' nothin' but a JanSport
Think we all just need to switch up, chasin' clout to get their drip up
Always doubt 'cause they some flip-flops, I stay down 'cause I love hip-hop
Moldin' these plans at the tip-top, scarin' bitches, they some Hitchcocks
Comin' for the crown, now shut it down, it's in the bag like Ziploc

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I get down on my knees and pray, 'cause you a fuckin' trick
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Trick, call that sugar daddy
He gettin' mad and 'bout to snatch you out that Caddy
I'm gettin' bags, I get that money with no daddy
They on my back, watchin' me closely like a nanny
Eat a punani
Why you talkin' like you got it, and stop flossin' like you bought it
Think you saucin' but you not it, think you awesome 'cause you comment
Only own it if they profit, money told, it's not a hobby
So they chasin', they be stalkin', so much fakeness, I'm astonished
Fake-ass Rollie, cloudy diamonds that don't have a shine
You a goalie, you be savin' these hoes left and right
Guacamole, what you call it when you get this green?
You ain't about that life, your money more like rice and beans
In my pockets like a note, it make me vomit, shit is toxic
They ain't even on my level, I'm a comet, supersonic
I'm a rebel, I'm defiant, they just settle, they compliant
They be scroungin' tryna find it, I be loungin' at the Hyatt

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Sweetie pie, I'm at that age where I could fuck you or fuck your daddy
You know why I moved to Bel Air? Uh! So I could get a daddy, daddy, daddy
I'll fuck your mom too, hahaha

Ayo baby, grab me those keys to your dad's Maybach
I wanna go for a ride
Bitch, I told you to bring the black card too!
Ha, just kidding, I dunno