

She Bumped Her Head

Chris Brown

(Makers)

I'll pull up on 'em, pull up

Yeah

Shit, I'll get it, no cap

(Run that back, Turbo)

Sex

My lil' shawty had bumped her head

And I steady been whippin' her (Sex)

If I roll up the Maybach windows

We don't care 'bout the listeners (Shh)

I don't know what a nigga told you

But he should've told you I'm killin' him (Should've told)

I've been draped in Margielas

And I don't need credentials (Don't need credentials, baby)

If a nigga can't put that shit on (What?)

Gotta get off the premises (Beat it, gotta go)

I just came from the crack of the dawn (Why?)

'Cause a nigga was strugglin' (No cap)

Had to put all my young niggas on

Ain't no jewelry we sharing (No jewelry)

Had to rock the two-tones on the same day

'Cause these niggas been trippin' (Both us got 'em, fool)

I triple up, pour up my cup and it's all Tussion'

My coupe got nitro and all dustin' (Yeah)

We smokin' these niggas like kush

Yeah, when we fuck on these hoes, make 'em gush (Woo)

Pop out the Bentley Mulsanne, head to Tootsies

I fuck on your ho and she say that's my pussy

I wet paper napkin, I'm wipin' my dick off

This Actavis slushin', my ho drink that Cristal

She wrapped in saran, dressed fresh as she can

'Cause I just been playin' with these bands (Racks)

I open my hand, there's nothin' but bands

Now YSL big as Japan (On God)

I had dropped in the Lam', ducked fast as I can

'Cause I was gettin' trailed by a van (Skrtrt)

I'm poppin', my mama, my bitch

And even my baby mama whip a sedan (Woo)

I just spent some bands, spent five-hundred grand

I'm waitin' on these bags to land (Racks)

I'm cool as a fan, you play with my man

And we come and takin' your land

I took YSL from here to the can

And got niggas waitin' to land (Slatt)

I told all my niggas, "Sit back, it's a scam"

When these niggas go on a rant

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'Cause these niggas been trippin'

Spent a whole hundred racks on the plain Jane
That's a cool pretty penny, you lil' bitty bitches
Know me by my first and my last name
I done went got the riches, I'm matchin' the vision
I'm fuckin' these hoes in the backstage
No, I don't do no kisses
She know I just tip her and send her on home like a Backpage
I been playin' with this ice, look like Ice Age
I just got me a rose gold chain, it remind me of Moët
Got the Louis V shirt and belt and chain, should have seen how I wore it (Yeah, yeah)
I call the slimes that'll pull up with the things that'll kill all the noise
After U.S., now I'm headed out to Spain, I got foreign lil' whores
That biscotti, I smoke it like a train, smell that shit in my kidney
I got lil' shawty inside a Mulsanne, she don't know it's a Bentley
She asked me for a lil' help on her back end and you know that I did it
Found an old check and I went to go cash it, lot of money we gettin'

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I ordered two more two-tones
Callin' my plug on two phones
Lambos, six-fours, got it offset, it's sittin' low
My shit stainless, don't put your fingers on it
No, these ain't no finger waves, bitch, this ain't Tony! Toni! Toné!
I feel like Kurt Cobain, hit your brain with the shotgun
Get my niggas do it for me, I never shot one
And watch her get on her knees, give me that rug burn
I told her I got five on me, send me the wire (Ooh)

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And I steady been whippin' her (Yeah, Sex)
If I roll up the Maybach windows
We don't care 'bout the listeners (No, shh)
I don't know what a nigga told you
But he should've told you I'm killin' him (Killin' him)
I've been draped in Margielas (Ooh)
And I don't need credentials (I don't need credentials, baby)
If a nigga can't put that shit on (What?)

Gotta get off the premises (Beat it, girl, gotta go)
I just came from the crack of the dawn (Oh)
'Cause a nigga was strugglin' (No cap)
Had to put all my young niggas on
Ain't no jewelry we sharing (Ooh, yeah, no jewelry)
Had to rock the two-tones on the same day (Ooh, yeah)
'Cause these niggas been trippin' (Ooh, yeah, both us got 'em, fool)

That biscotti, I smoke it like a train, smell that shit on my Porsche
This my lil' shawty first time inside the Lam', she can't open the doors
I do not fuck with you disloyal niggas, thought the world could be yours
Cross out the double and hit him with a triple hitter, no other choice