

# That's My Bitch

## City Girls

That's my bitch there  
Fat ass, they stare  
Thirty-four inch hair  
We ain't got those shoes, we want both pairs  
Dope boys, gun shells  
Long nails, Chanel  
If all else fails  
I know my bitch gon' pay my bill

Want me to grip your dick with two hands (Ayy)  
I want them shoes right there, cost a few bands  
Uh, turn my baby daddy to my sugar daddy (Oww)  
He gon' blow a bag just to make me happy (Facts)  
He just put me in the Lamb', I'ma speed fast (Skrtrt)  
In that Rolls Royce truck where he eat ass  
Booty stickin' out and I ain't get shots yet  
He just put me on a jet from the projects  
If your nigga givin' you somethin', stick your tongue out (Tongue out)  
I need a thug baby, quick to pull his gun out (Gun out)  
Uh, pussy pink, I need a G-wag  
I want a rich ass nigga, fuck your cheap ass

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Pull up, sprinter, bad bitches  
And we ain't ever gotta pay 'cause we bad bitches  
In the section with the niggas who got mad riches  
Makin' it rain with their money, takin' mad pictures  
Pretty bitch, plenty racks in the Chanel bag  
Yung Miami keep the Glock if you act bad  
Pussy juice drippin' on a nigga durag  
Best bitch need one, I need two bags (Double)  
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One fight, all fight  
We don't play fair, period

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