

# Tighten Up

City Girls

Opp

Messy hoes better wipe it up  
Bitch don't make me put my wig in a rubber band  
Snap a bitch down, with the fuck shit  
Y'all hoes better tighten up (tighten up, huh?)  
Y'all hoes better tighten up

I'm already gooking, on my period, pmsing  
And my nigga fucking on me, and I'm stressing  
Haters tryna knock me for the shit that I'm blessed with, period  
You got a problem? Hoe address it

Real bitches to the square  
I'm speaking for the boss bitches  
And not you hoes that be fucking for hair  
But my dog outside, if it's a nigga I drive, to a nigga I lie!  
Spiffy hoes better wake up!  
And get your motherfucking cake up  
Or get smoked like a Grape Dutch  
Is you fucking for a stack? Bitch it ain't much  
It's a drought 'round here, pussy went up  
Now my feelings on E, I need to fill up  
A new Benz, just to sit up, condo on a beach just to kick up  
I cut a check, we could split up

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My nigga acting crazy, I'm 'bout to get rid of his baby  
His mama acting shady, his sister tryna spray me  
His homeboys wanna fuck me  
And every bitch in the hood wanna fuck on him, because me  
I ain't got time for these niggas, cause these niggas ain't nothing  
I ain't tryna figure out, who he sucking and fucking  
Bitch I got other shit to stress about  
My bills late, money running out  
Pull up, them stoves, bitch are running out  
I gotta get it by any means  
And keep my enemy's close, cause these other hoes only switch teams  
When I'm in the field, just know I play for keeps  
Keep my grass cut, so these bitches won't creep

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