

Bitches

Coco & Clair Clair

Popstar
Popstar Benny
It finna 'bout to snap the tea

I'm not the one the two or the third
Bitches be cluck clucking, oh that's a bird
No time for the bullshit so fuck what you heard
Hoes wait 'til I dump a guy so they can get a turn
Checkin' on me so they can see what I be doing
Always on the grind, always fine
That's how I be moving
Checkin' on me, real sexy
These hoes they be losing
Fake nights and fake likes
Who do they be fooling?

The only bread you pussies get is a yeast infection
I'm with bad boys and mean girls in the VIP section
I'm a big shark and my body's perfection
I could never sweat a bitch who talks shit for attention

Big trouble innat lul China
Baby stick and move unless you wanna die
Baby pick and choose 'cus I made up my mind
The way she jivin' to it was a fuckin' vibe
She had me kinda zooted, can't imagine why
My baby mind in ruins from them city lights
Baby kinda losin' me, she knew I tried
I made the time for truth but she still told a lie
Living lavish baby, got a lotta guala
She my Bangkok dangerous take no chances
Prolly call my baby bitch cus she my bottom dollar
Bitch in triple trouble, Coco, Clair, 'n Marjorie
Damsel in distress, she callin' out to God
I turnt them rags to riches made my family proud
I sailed a thousand seas 'n seen a thousand islands
I lived a thousand lives before I found my calling

The Prada the Louis, both mine
Your man and his friend, both mine
Kissing my ass full time 'cus I look the same offline
Pathological liar
Bitch you're flat like a tire

Girl built like a vape pen and think that she compare
These hoes be fried like the tips of their hair
But me? I'm not worried bout a dill pickle bitch
Swagless while she's copying my fit

Oh I think they like me, always trying to bite me
Got the recipe and it still don't come out like me
Oh I think they like me, always trying to bite me (Living lavish baby, got a
lotta guala. She my Bangkok dangerous take no chances)
Got the recipe and it still don't come out like me (Prolly call my baby bitc
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e)
Damsel in distress, she callin' out to God

I turnt them rags to riches made my family proud
I sailed a thousand seas 'n seen a thousand islands
I lived a thousand lives before I found my calling (yeah)