

Did you, did you, did you?
Did you, did you, did you?
Did you, did you, did you?

Y'all know how to copy but you don't know how to have it
Sounding like a suburban bitch a trait, not a habit
Not my son you're my pet, call you Peter Rabbit
Tryna steal my flow like a bald-headed bandit
Didn't expect to already be a mother
Got an IUD you bitches must've crawled under
I'm an absent mom y'all can get off my udder
And I didn't fucking stutter
You can fucking piss off bitch

Did you miss me?
Back in the city with my bestie
Acting bitchy
Did you miss me?
Too turnt baby boy you know me
That's the real me

Got more money than your favorite indie band
Never sign a deal don't need label contrabands
I'ma need that shit put straight in my hand
I'ma make it rain when she hit the handstand
We're the original while you're giving Graceland
Ask me why we do this shit, supply and demand
And when we come around they gotta keep it tucked in the waistband
Yeah, in the waistband

Did you miss me?
Back in the city with my bestie
Acting bitchy
Did you miss me?
Too turnt baby boy you know me
That's the real me
Did you miss me? (did you, did you, did you?)
Back in the city with my bestie
Acting bitchy
Did you miss me? (did you, did you, did you?)
Too turnt baby boy you know me
That's the real me

Did you, did you, did you?
Did you, did you, did you?