

The Baddest

Conor Maynard

Oh-yeah
Oh-yeah-eh-yeah-ah
Ooh-ooh-ooh-oohh
Yeah-yeah (yee)

Raindrop, drop-top
Smokin' on cookie in the hotbox (yeah)
Fucking on your bitch, she a thot thot thot
Cookin' up dope in the crackpot (yeah)
We came from nothin' to somethin' baby (pree)
I hope just nobody grip the trigger (yeah)
Call up the gang and they come and get ya (yee)
Cry me a river, give you attention (whoa-yee)
Probably leave here with a cloudy ear
Chick wanna ride in a Rari yeah (ohh)
Looking like she hit the lottery (ohh)
Hollywood Hills' where the party at (oh-ohh)
Love me and she wanna talk to me
I make a buck, take it off for me (ohh)
Your girlfriend she'll be a thot for me (ohh)
Tomorrow night, even a thought to me (yeah-yeah)
That's what she said, when her legs in the air (ohh)
Bring all of your friends, we can share
You know we ain't going nowhere yeah-yeah
Bad a boujee, but she so good to me (ohh)
Fuck me good girl use me, like you 'bout to lose me (oh-ohh)

All she care about is money and the City where she's from (ohh)
(Yeah-ohh-yeah-ohh)
Oh if she knew shit was over way before, she'll be gone (ohh)
(Whoa-yeah, yeah)
Oh yeah, oh yeah

Oh yeah, ah whoa
Hot and fresh shawty, yeah-ah whoa
All she care about is money

She poppin' up (ohh), Flexin' up (ohh)
It is all in the mother fucking butt, yeah-eh
She's turning up (ohh)
Oh yeah she knows I got the D, and it's up (oh-yeah)
Yeah she straight wanna fuck with me, (ahh) sure enough
Oh she got it, yeah she fucking got it (oh-yeah)
Shawty be the baddest, she is attractive like a magnet (oh-yeah-eh-yeah)
The way she all on me, she got me thinking Im gon' cuff her (ahh)
Drop a bag on a bitch, make her count my money up (oh-yeah)
Yeah I know I'll be steppin' up, she's got me doing 'em thangs yeah
She a bad bitch, when she grind on me, she got me all in a trance yeah
And she know, I got the doe, she ain't fucking with no lames yeah
Dropping a check, like I owe a man (yeah)
She poppin' that P and she going in (yeah)
Straight shaking it off, when she put it in... (yeah-ay)
Im going HAM on this shit (yeah)
With 'em back shots, ama tear it up, and have her gone in this bitch yeah
Nigga you know, why she wanted me (yeah)
She wanted a bag and 'em shopping sprees (yeah)
'Cause all she care about is money and the City where she's from

All she care about is money and the City where she's from (ohh)
(Yeah-ohh-yeah-ohh)
Oh if she knew shit was over way before, she'll be gone (ohh)
(Whoa-yeah, yeah)
Oh yeah, oh yeah

Whoa-oh-oo-whoa
Oh-yeah
Ohhh-yeah
Ya-ya
Woo-woo