

Tabs

Cozz

I'm not gonna talk about...

Picking up...

For me now...

I don't keep tabs on these bitches
I close the tab on these bitches
Won't give no cash to these bitches
I'll leave yo ass in the parking lot
Won't call a cab for these bitches
I don't give a damn bout these bitches
I don't give a damn bout these bitches
I'll leave yo ass in the parking lot
I don't keep tabs on these bitches
Won't call a cab for these bitches
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I just don't care, don't call a cab
Don't have a care for these bitches
I don't give a damn if I had a van
I would still dance on these bitches
I don't give a damn I know your plan
I'm not a fan of these bitches
I know the plan of you bitches, you is just after the riches
So I do not care if it's dark or not
I'll leave yo ass in the parking lot
So baby girl please do not talk a lot
Spark the pot, take a drink yeah we got Ciroc
Got the Dr. Phil
When I author shots, I'm like Dr. Phil
I make her problems stop, let me cop a feel
When I was talking shots, I meant liquor, nigga
Words get mixed up and the cops will kill
But nah for real, you ain't gotta chill
You in college still, pop a pill
Drink something then walk it off
8 miles ain't nothing to ya' like Papa Doc
I guess it is when you're off a lot
And your neck itch, you're off a lot
Only my palms itchin'
Y'all niggas know y'all broads trippin'
Tryna hop up in my whip, I just got it for the low
I'm about to get some tint
So you hoes never know who be ridin' in my shit

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I don't give a damn bout these bitches
I'm bout to close up the tab
I'm too black to hail you a cab
I can't ride the train with these bitches
Cause Bas a boss, I eat Italian every day
Clear the scene and make it vacate
Kill the show and hit the road
Me and my nigga Cody got it locked down like a figure 4
More like figure 40
And them bitches know we don't fuck 'em slow
We don't finger shorty's, they already horny
You ain't fucking, that's a clever joke
I don't chase bitches, I fucked 8 bitches
This past week I got really lucky, on Wednesday
Just ask Meez, I was backseat with two bad freaks
It was that easy, liquor flow I got a henny motive
Smoke a pound of dope and make it back easy
Never trust a nigga where I'm from a nigga love a nigga
Do him that greasy, for the love of money
Color money paint the streets red
Don't dangle bread for the least fare
Cause all a nigga need is time
One dime that you fond of and you lined up
One time, won't look twice, your time's up
So I just hustle, work and grind
Cause all these niggas rather see me dead
And all these hoes ain't worth a dime
For real, combined

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I don't keep tabs on these bitches
I'm supposed to tap on these bitches
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