

# Tabs

Cozz

I'm not ganna 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  
I don't give a damn bout 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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