

Boss Bitch  
Boss Bitch  
B-Boss Bitch  
Boss Bitch  
And you a broke ass Bitch  
And you a broke ass Bitch  
And you a broke ass Bitch

Boss Bitch, to broke niggas I'm acting funny  
Get the fuck up from me if yeen tryna spend no money  
Broke niggas can't flex, or get a crum from me  
Blue hundred dollar bills keep a check on me  
I'm just flexing on my ex and you next homie  
I been shitting on bitches since I fucking started  
And it's smoke up in the air like a bitch farted  
Big 40 on me incase a bitch get retarteded  
Ion think she want the smoke better call Molly  
Big horses on me like ion do the drama  
Bitches still tryna figure me out  
They want the lifestyle  
Want me to stop right now  
But I done made a million dollars before I ever hit the top  
New album finna drop  
Know these hoes shit flop  
Diddy bop on a weak hoe  
And I get it by the week hoe  
Catch me in the streets hoe  
Slide down yo block, best believe it ain't for free though  
Yea and you a broke ass bitch  
Taking pictures with that shit  
But we know who it is  
And you get treated like a kid like the bitch that you is  
Lil crib that you in  
Big shit that you miss  
Ian spitting no diss  
I'm just spitting them facts, know these hoes is wack  
No clap back you mad  
I got more ass than Kash  
Then ya mom and ya dad  
Bitch get in ya bag  
(And you a broke ass bitch)  
Bitch step up ya cash  
(And you ain't on shit)  
Low class you trash  
(And I be shitting on bitches)  
All my bitches is bad, yours going out sad  
Bitch get in ya bag  
(And you a broke ass bitch)  
Bitch step up ya cash  
(And you ain't on shit)  
Low class you trash  
(And I be shitting on niggas)  
All my bitches is bad, yours going out sad  
Bitch get in ya bag

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