

Holiday

Cuban Doll

These thots up in my face
But they only want my benjamins
Boy stop calling my phone
Always leaving them fucking messages
Acting like you love me
But you wanna fuck my cousin
You bitches be so friendly
Why ya'll always in my DM?
AM to the PM I'm getting this gwap
I get a whole lot
You ain't never flex with them rolls
Man, hoe stop!
You the type to take a picture
Gotta get that shit back
Bitch I push your shit back
Fuck your wig, yeah, that blue one
I love stunting on these hoes
They told me I never was on one
Now I get that check
Riding Bentley's
Yeah the red ones
All my money green, we on go
Then a boat next
Bitch I went from Cali to the A
On a private jet
I'm Cuban Doll
When I smoke that cookie I look Asian though
I'ma bad bitch, that's why nigga you can't tell me no
I persuade your bitch to change her hobby, now she taking those
I could put you on, but you gon' have to sign these papers hoe
You ain't never played with them rolls, so I'm told hoe
Get your broke ass on, we gon' leave you ass like, Adios!
Sliding in that Audi I don't think you wanna race me, hoe
I already past your career, ate that shit like a cheerio
Thinking that ya'll T'd, ya'll ain't really on shit, though
Acting like your shit don't stank, bitch I smell you hoe
Bitch go change your clothes, get some swag, you way too old
They gon' still fuck with me, when I'm fucking gone
If I die today, it's gon' be a fucking holiday
If I die today, it's gon' be a fucking holiday
If I die today, it's gon' be a fucking holiday
If I die today, it's gon' be a fucking holiday