

Keep It Cute

Cuban Doll

Fuck these bitches thought
Lil' dirty ass bitches

Lil' bitch, keep it cute, you ain't gangster, you a thot
All you gotta do is say my name if you need clout
That lil' TikTok money stop, throw you in the drought
Talkin' sticks, but your scary ass always in the house
Who the fuck rap beef 'bout a nigga? I'll spin it
I'll pay dawg to get the fuck on 'bout his business
Rappin' just like me but I'm the mama, that's the difference
Bitch, you know how many time I had to discipline children?
In the drop top screamin' out, "Bitch, stop hidin'!"
You ain't never did shit but write a rap, stop lyin'
When the pressure on, quick to smack a bitch 'cause I'm violent
When you speakin' on my name, better keep that shit private

Last time that I'd check, I was that bitch on these streets
Y'all gon' make me pop out and beat the shit out these freaks
In the striker three deep with a stick in each seat
'Bout to line a bitch up, say she thinkin' shit sweet
You went and settled for the work and not the plug, bitch, crazy
If I really wanted Stunna, I'll go and fuck 'Baby
Book yo' lil' show and make you think it's sour gravy
Stomp yo' shit, cricket, make yo' ass get braces

Y'all don't got no type of motion, man, I hate this bitch
You really gotta be down bad just to date this bitch
To rockin' his chain, pop your stupid ass and take his shit
Gon' make me dissappoint the kids, then play yo' shit
Beat yo' ass down the block, you know how shit go
Don't let this rappin' shit fool you, really [?]
That nigga put yo' lame ass in a Carti' watch
My type of niggas buy Rollies, ho, shit blown
Fat and old stick-bug-lookin' ass goofy
Only pop for a year, already givin' out coochie
Be happy you a bitch that cuff one of my groupies
I don't gotta cap for a song, them interviews prove it

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