

# Keep Up

## Cuban Doll

Aye...

Aye...

Bitch no where near cut she just mad that she hating  
Cause this cash that I'm chasing make her ass wanna hate me  
Count the money in the morning, too much count it later  
Bitches cut they self off bitches doing me a favor  
We don't play no roles with no hoes  
Watch your mouth get her gone catch a plane then we out  
Or we send them niggas to her house  
Bitches must've thought it was a drought  
Probably had some money if you wasn't dissing for some clout  
Fuck you thought gone brag bout that bag then it's boring  
Then go and ask for some cash you the poorest  
I'm touring  
You broke bitch? I can pay your mortgage  
Was chilling in the Bay got bored, went to Florida  
You chilling with your bae fucked up that's unfortunate  
Chop hit her face light her up like a torch aye  
Ole new ass bitch  
I'm number one you more of a number two ass bitch  
Freaky hoe every week want a new ass dick  
You a you love me, then I love you ass bitch  
Aye

Money keep coming I can do this with my feet up  
Bitches talk that weak shit just mad they can't keep up  
Put that cheese up it ain't enough you can't keep us  
You can't leave us if anything bitch you need us  
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I don't fuck with you hoes  
Imma watch you, you mad that you not me  
Bitch I'm glad that I'm not you I doubt you  
If I say I gotchu then I got you  
Fake ass diamonds in your chain I should sock you  
You wild  
Bitch I got a tec like a fowl  
Fifty rounds like like Mike it'll knock you out  
Was a hundred with some hoes that I should've let drown  
But it's cool, cause now I'm focused on a hundred thou(sand)

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