

Bird Box

CupcakKe

Pull up to your addy, hop out of the caddy
I'm up on my bully and today I'm aggy
I fuck on your daddy, I do this shit gladly
'Cause he wanna hang like his fucking pants saggy
But he gotta come with them bands
Bitch so flat that a bitch can't land
If it ain't the money then what is you saying?
Bitch catch both hands like I'm praying, wait yeah
Momma say this pussy thicker than pepper steak
Put it on his face like pepper spray
I even tell him no only yesterday
Never catching me lagging bitch, I'm outchea and I'm ready hoe
Put a spell on a bitch like I'm whipping up some Spaghettios
Pass that up, I'ma cash that buck
If my grass stay cut, won't last off luck
No cast but I cut niggas fast as fuck
I been a G, no wagon or truck
I put a nigga on a shirt and I ain't talking 'bout no merch drop
This pussy worth a lot of bread, so we gon' call this bird box

That bitch slower than a turtle, ay
Tell her to rap like a girdle, ay
He claiming me I'ma hurt him, ay
That ain't my baby, I'm fertile, ay
Niggas showing they true colors, my true colors stay purple
'Cause they need to see that I'm royalty, put the glasses on Steve Urkel
Yeah, I finger myself on the stage, it wasn't underage, they lied
I wonder when a bunch of college kids screaming "Fuck me" turned five
The media stay flipping shit like I went home and I cried
Bitch this my body I'll fuck around and finger myself on Live
Bitch I'm never scared, never cared, shit you rock, bitch I'll never wear
Catch that bitch in Chicago and one punch drop her in Delaware
Your own block, you never there
By myself, I'm never pair
Keep one of my sleeve and my pants, that's why they hella flare

They 'bout this, they 'bout that, they getting money, they big liars
All y'all niggas fake as shit like Jamal off Empire
You waiting on one check, by then I done touched ten wires
Head game so fire like I sat under a wig dryer
Stay the fuck out my face, your wig older than my space
That wig must be tight lace, couldn't keep up on my light pace
I blew three hundred at the steakhouse and I ain't even add on dessert
My pussy stay having asthma attacks, so I let it breathe in the skirt
I hate a easy bitch, a needy bitch, a let me smoke your weedy bitch
A guy come she leave me bitch, touch me after sneezing bitch
I'on owe no nigga shit, I'on give a fuck if you feed me bitch
Eat this pussy in return, now we both fed, act greedy bitch
I can't even see ya, like my wig cut like Sia
Got more dough, pizzeria, when you looked on my Visa
Bitch slow gotta speed up, no I don't need much
Flight attendant bring me food, I said, "What are these," she said "These nuts"

I laughed then I had to mumble, all these bitches need to be humble
These hoes get a couple of bundles then they really think they Rapunzel
I can't never let the bag crumble, Jordyn Woods let the bag fumble

Yeah, you drop music, but it's weak as fuck, so pick it up that's a stumble
And I put that up on gang, I might fuck around, go insane
Shootin' in your crib like Tyler Perry turned a happy home into a House of P
ayne
And there ain't no bitch in my lane, I can always spare change
Devil tryna break me but it never work like McDonalds' ice cream machine, ma
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