

Elephant

CupcakKe

It feel hot as Hell in this studio, man
I feel like snatchin' off this wig, goin' crazy
It's finna get ugly for you hoes

They like, "cupcakKe, you gotta do more, why the fuck you don't do features?"
(Ah)

'Cause it's no face, no case, that's why I don't do the shit, let me teach you
(That all)

Got one call, keep the circle small, like the lace holes in your sneakers (On God)

I be a City Girl, finna clap a bitch, chopper make her shake like Caresha
I'm on your pop boy, no JB, uh

Hella woke but I play sleep, uh

Want a verse? Gotta pay me

Ain't shit free, no JT

He got a mask on 'cause his breath stank

That shit ain't due to no COVID, hoe

The draco puttin' holes in 'em, man, it look like I'm spellin' OVO

Man, Nicki ain't won a Grammy yet? That ain't sittin' right, that's hate

And my makeup be on beat, I bet Blueface can't relate

They say, "You lackin' when it come to interviews," I say, "Nah, nigga, I'm straight"

'Cause there's no need for a Breakfast Club, if you already done ate

Like her nigga did on that one night I forgot to shave, that's weird

That nigga left the house with no facial hair but I sent him back with a beard (Damn)

When I'm the hood, bro, I'm good, hoe

When they offer food and beers

'Cause these niggas got roaches

So I just hold the cup and say, "Cheers"

No, I don't wanna drink, give a fuck what you think

Yeah, my attitude stink but my pussy still pink

Walk in with a mink, drip hard like the sink

And the Glock get drown on a nigga, black ink

Bitches so rude when I'm out with my dude

They be staring at him and they don't even blink

Fuck it, I gave her a black and no peas

Now that bitch don't even know how to wink

Now she Fetty Wap, while I'm getting guap

Bitches so fraud when they speak

Think she fly, must be Spirit 'cause I swear to God, that's cheap

Told that bitch, "Beat your feet, there's no way my nigga gon' cheat"

'Cause it's Rosa Parks on a nigga face, I ain't gettin' up from this seat (Hahaha)

If you got somethin' to say, then say it bitch, and you better say it wit' yo' chest

Everyday, I make another bitch pissed, I'm like a walkin' pregnancy test

Shorty, I'm all the way on the top floor and you damn near front desk

It take one bullet, now you Heaven sent, I'll let Keisha Cole say the rest

Niggas get a haircut and a Gucci belt, then wanna flex in they shitty clothes

Whole time, niggas money shorter than Tory Lanez on his tippy-toes

So slick with the shit, you can never peep when I'm out here givin' cold

Like, I can say, "I got a booger," and that just mean wipe a nigga nose

Talk shit on the internet then I pulled up, she was hella proper

Since her brain so foggy, bring back Kobe, put her in the helicopter

And it's R.I.P, to his daughter, man, we gon' ball like Gigi

Foot on they neck then they ass dead
These hoes elephant, Fifi, ayy, yo
Hoes so silly, flow on Milli
Bitches turned out four-five big dealers
Pussy so trilly, he pay the billy
Then I let him fuck, um, no, not really
Everything is at stake like Philly
Tea so hot that it's finna get spilly
This for Chicago, 63rd Cosmos but I got cribs in Hollywood Hilly
Last night, I met Karen, I had to beat the bitch out her cargos (Stupid ass)
2020, niggas still racist but it 'posed to be 'bout what the heart shows
Black and white sense of unity, we could really look like a barcode
But right now, it feel like doin' laundry, you can't mix the whites with the
dark clothes
So, nigga, I'm not convinced
This that muhfuckin' opulence
If not me, who toppin' this?
No, we ain't shit but the opposites
Use your muhfuckin' common sense
In the face, I let the llama spit (Brra)
Now she talkin' 'bout, "Let's make up", do I look like Rihanna, bitch?
"Please cupcakKe, please, can you take this shit ease?" (Nope)
I'm in my bag like I'm eatin' king crab, let me roll up my sleeve
These hoes irritate my soul, like seein' Air Forces with the creases (What a
re those?)
And you know I keep that .40, that bitch bussin' like Bernice, on God