

# Marge Simpson

CupcakKe

Ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah  
Oh, oh-oh, baby  
Oh, no-no, no, no-no  
Ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah  
Ooh, ooh, ooh-oooh, baby  
Oh, no-no, no, no-no

Big pimpin' (Big pimpin')  
Big, big pimpin' (Big pimpin')  
Big pimpin'  
Walk up in the back, limpin' (Oh yeah, yeah-yeah)  
Big pimpin' (Big pimpin')  
Big, big pimpin' (Big pimpin')  
Money stack up so tall, look like the hair on Marge Simpson (Mmm)

Marge Simpson, Ma-Ma, Marge Simpson (On God)  
Marge Simpson, you can call me Marge Simpson (Yeah, yeah)  
Big pimpin', get the money then dip  
Money stack up so tall, look like the hair on Marge Simpson

Man, why you keep textin' my phone?  
Leave me alone  
Boy, I do not want your dick  
I see that nigga, he thirsty as fuck, I ain't givin' him shit  
Better swallow his spit  
All that lurkin' on my motherfuckin' page  
'Till it's oops, I ain't mean to like that pic  
Took her to Victoria Secrets, and bought him some bras  
Since he love to act like a bitch (Hahaha)  
I got a type, and it ain't you  
I like them niggas who spendin' that cash  
I like them fat Homer Simpson ass niggas, that feed me, they fat and they sa  
ss (Bling)  
Bitch, I'm expensive, don't bring me nothin' on the floor, I want everything  
locked in a glass  
Then we fuckin' fast, take him to the back of the store, then he bustin' a h  
ole in my mask  
Now give me your money, dummy  
I don't wanna hear what you cannot afford  
We back in his car, he complaining how I spent all his money, I said, "King,  
pass me the aux cord"  
I don't wanna hear that shit, be near that shit  
What the fuck do you niggas be thinkin'?  
Gotta wear a sleep mask, every time I fuck him, so I won't see him cum quick  
er than I be blinkin' (Mmm)

Big pimpin' (Big pimpin')  
Big, big pimpin' (Big pimpin')  
Big pimpin'  
Walk up in the back, limpin' (Oh yeah, yeah-yeah)  
Big pimpin' (Big pimpin')  
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Marge Simpson, you can call me Marge Simpson (Yeah, yeah)  
Big pimpin', get the money then dip

Money stack up so tall, look like the hair on Marge Simpson

I don't want your man, darling  
Even though I could take him so damn quick  
I done sat up on his sack five times  
After he done bought me the whole damn Saks Fifth  
Feeling like Taylor when I get this money 'cause I spend it so, so swift  
'Cause I only check for niggas with big bags, like an airport trip  
You know my aesthetic, we could do credit, debit  
Baby, make sure the receipt get shredded  
'Cause he got a girl at home, and if she come for me, somebody come for her,  
the paramedics  
Yeah, I said it, text it, DeJ Loaf  
Nigga better know to come full breaded (That money)  
Put a stack of money on the bottom of my sneakers, that's how a real bitch w  
alk up in wedges  
And he could die today, day or tomorrow, I won't even give no fuck  
I just hope nobody throw him a funeral, 'cause I could use those bucks  
I'ma make him turn into his grave, I ain't givin' no apologies  
If anything, when I buy the Prada with his cards, that motherfucker better b  
e proud of me (That motherfucker better be proud of me)

Ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah (That motherfucker better be proud of me)  
Oh, oh-oh, baby  
Ooh, ooh, ooh-oo  
Oh, no-no, no, no-no  
Ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah  
Ooh, ooh, ooh-oo, baby  
Oh, no-no, no, no-no (That motherfucker better be proud of me)