

(And this beat from Cash, not from YouTube)

Bitch

Fuck with me, I'll fuck around and I'll fuck yo' bitch
He ain't do his research, he ain't know I'm lit
Plain black T-shirt with no logo, he ain't know this Rick
Huh, I'm like, "Where ya hoe go?" He ain't know I hit
I'ma hit the road, go city to city 'till I get rich
These hoes on go, she hop on the bus and then get clipped
Got caught with a pole, but the judge gave me a slap on the wrist
Spend the money on clothes, gotta be a rich nigga to copy my drip

I just had a son, and this shit is so damn fun (Uh-huh)
Gotta keep it safe, I done locked up all my guns (Uh-huh)
We countin' bread and these niggas countin' crumbs (Uh-huh)
I want some head, 'fore I get up in them buns
Nigga, that's mandatory, I pulled up in a Maybach (Mm)
Yeah, that's in the story (Ooh), you know what I did
I hope this bitch don't put me on Maury (Okay)
I hit and I slid, this bitch came back just like a chorus
And that pussy ain't mid, I don't wanna pull out, but I can't afford it

Fuck with me, I'll fuck around and I'll fuck yo' bitch
He ain't do his research, he ain't know I'm lit
Plain black T-shirt with no logo, he ain't know this Rick
Huh, I'm like, "Where ya hoe go?" He ain't know I hit
I'ma hit the road, go city to city 'till I get rich
These hoes on go, she hop on the bus and then get clipped
Got caught with a pole, but the judge gave me a slap on the wrist
Spend the money on clothes, gotta be a rich nigga to copy my drip

Ain't nothin' cheap on me, these jeans Balenciaga (Uh-huh)
I keep three zeros behind every single comma, yeah, okay
I got a partner, not no fuckin' baby mama (Uh-huh)
They ask me when we gon' get married, when we wanna, yeah, okay
If you a nigga in my business, then you gay
My music streamin' and you mad, I feel your rage
I just went gold like a bottle of Ace of Spades
Can't hit no hoe, 'cause I love my-

Bitch

Fuck with me, I'll fuck around and I'll fuck yo' bitch
He ain't do his research, he ain't know I'm lit
Plain black T-shirt with no logo, he ain't know this Rick
Huh, I'm like, "Where ya hoe go?" He ain't know I hit
I'ma hit the road, go city to city 'till I get rich
These hoes on go, she hop on the bus and then get clipped
Got caught with a pole, but the judge gave me a slap on the wrist
Spend the money on clothes, gotta be a rich nigga to copy my drip