

(Miles, where have you been?)  
(Hey, I'm really rich)  
Okay, okay  
BIA, BIA (Yeah, yeah)  
Uh-huh (Yeah)  
Uh, uh

DDG and BIA, what the fuck you think we on? (Think we on)  
Know I get to glitchin' when the chat get on my phone  
I like Prada, pushin' P for pussy, niggas on my phone  
Mm, he got money if I let that nigga bone, swear to God  
Why that boy keep tweetin' and never slide? (Okay)  
That boy feminine, he pussy, he be celebratin' pride (Yeah)  
In that Lambo' with the top off, got my dreads up in the sky  
They tryna kill a nigga career, but somehow that shit never die  
She gon say it's up for me, but somehow that shit never fly (That shit never fly)  
I been poppin' shit so long, my lipstick gettin' reapplied (Uh-huh)  
Nasty bitch, my nigga know I'll pull my panties to the side (Uh-huh)  
I been breaking hearts, I make these niggas families wanna cry

They got me fucked up  
I might do some dumb shit  
She wan' link, hit me up  
Pull up to the function  
He ain't talkin' 'bout no pape'  
He can't get behind this  
He call me some fine shit  
He call me some fine shit (Okay)

Get to the money I'm up  
He ain't getting to the money, he play too much (Yeah)  
Too much money in my pocket, I can't walk around, I weigh too much (Yeah)  
BIA can't come on stream right now  
Might fuck around, say too much (Shh)  
I had to piece the addy up, I didn't want take too much (Woo)  
Huh, they be hatin' on me, I'm too real (Yeah)  
Too much bitches be on me  
They pullin' up on me, how the fuck I'ma heal? (Let's go)  
Too many different opinions, these motherfuckers don't give a fuck how I feel (Okay)  
These niggas beefing' bout bitches, I didn't even know she was fucking with him (Hahaha)  
Tell me to spill, I just pulled up in the back of the black, I ain't driving a wheel (Shh)  
He know I ain't missing no meal for the money I spin to the foreigners I peel  
He wanna play on me, Too bad he don't know I be in that field  
I'm his lil' fine shit and he better know that I'm keeping it real

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