

# Ladies Leave Your Man At Home

Dej Loaf

(Benji he got Benjamins)

He thought he was gon' treat me like his other bitches  
I told you once before, I don't play with niggas  
He think I don't know, hmm  
He think I don't know  
I been fuckin' with his boy on the low  
I been feelin' like, ladies, leave your man at home  
1942, take a shot of Patron (Oh, yeah, oh, yeah)

But, you gotta know, everything I got, I built on my own  
You probably tell my business, I don't trust you at all  
Changed your whole image 'soon as we got involved  
I'm the one you would call, still hit my phone and I never respond  
I'm the one you would call, (Yeah) still hit my phone and I never respond  
I don't wanna be your friend  
Still gettin' dough, charge it to the game  
You know how it go, don't play with my name  
You know how it go, yeah, you know how it go  
You know how it go  
Aye (Whoa)

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1942, take a shot of Patron

Look, I been feelin' like, I should go and fuck a nigga, get it over with (Aye)  
I ain't goin' baby, you can miss me with that goofy shit  
Never let a nigga do me how he did that other bitch  
Always talkin' shit, fuckin' hypocrite  
How you think you better than the next nigga (How?)  
Baggin' me your best move yet, it's a flex, nigga (That's right)  
Never had to build a bitch, came to you rocked up  
I been gettin' money, and, nigga, ain't ever stopped nothin', fuck you though?  
(Hahaha)  
Money talk, and I'm fluent  
Ego trippin' got you lookin' lame, what you doin'?  
And you know I'm ten steps ahead of any bitch who bad  
You gon' lose every time how the fuck you play it (On God)  
Nigga, please, I'm a D-Girl, don't make me hurl  
Bad as fuck, and this pussy wet as Sea World  
Ladies, leave your man at home, we got new toys  
NBA, NFL, alphabet boys (Alphabet boys)  
You heard me, pussy  
Baby, I'm a star player, boy, you a rookie (Fuck outta here)  
He gon' do a little, but, trust me, I do the most (Most)  
Send some Ace of Spades to your hoe and we do a toast  
'Cause she just took a lame nigga off my hands  
On the business is where I stand, fuck nigga

Get money, that's all I know  
Feelings about shit, I moved on, yeah

I moved on, yeah, so long, yeah  
I moved on, yeah, so long, yeah  
I don't want that toxic love, make him fight for my love with boxing gloves,  
yeah (Whoa)  
I know that he knows (I know that he knows)  
I know that he knows (I know that he knows)  
My heart is cold (My heart is cold)  
Pick 'em- Eeny, miny, mo, yeah  
I pick 'em- Eeny, miny, mo  
Aye, pick 'em- Eeny, miny, mo

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