

Rules

Doja Cat

Said play with my pussy but don't play with my emotions
If you spend some money then maybe I just might fuck you
When I shake that ass I'ma do this shit in slow motion
You got a whole lotta cash then nigga, you know I want it

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Break some bread, oh nigga, that butter my biscuit
You ain't talk money, then really that's none of my business
I don't even need these lenses
20 on 20 my vision
Bad yellow bitch with her eye on the prize
But nigga, I ain't no minion
Millions, thousands, billions
Bobs on me like Dylan
Blondes on me like Hilton
Wendies on me like Williams
Shouting, digging
Look at me like I'm alien
Bitch, I'm fucking reptilian

Bitch, bitch, ah
All y'all bitches was wrong
Talkin' 'bout I fell off
You ain't even get on
Bitch, bitch, yah
All y'all bitches is precious
Wait, I meant to say jealous
All y'all bitches is jealous
Bitch, bitch

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(And now you playin' with my emotions)
Nigga, don't do it, you blew it
You tryna cast spells on a bitch with potions
Nigga, I need devotion
(I'm leaving you with that lotion)
Tellin' me this and that
Then throw that shit for the birds, I'm ghosting
If you don't dive in that pussy like dolphins

If you don't dive in that pussy like oceans
Thumbs up identically like Olsens
Nigga don't hide from that pussy, be open
Nigga want spy on that pussy like Austin

(Do I make you horny baby)
That's my ego that you stroking nigga
Don't laugh, 'cause that pussy ain't joking nigga
Don't splash when the pussy be soaking

Where that nigga who don't play mind games at?
You got a fake gold chain on, change that
Tryna spit game while I'm on my way out, late-ass
Where that nigga man, where he at? Where he at?

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