

Uh-uh, wait a minute
Who the fuck is that bitch?
Fuck you motherfucker
You think you slick
Gone come over here ask me for some money
Well ask that bitch for some money

See you in the corner talking shit with your friends
Acting like you know, uh-oh
Pretend, pretend, pretend
With your nose on extendo
But I got all the ends
So I ain't even offended
And not one fuck is extended to
You and all your illusions cause I mind my own business
Baby turn up, turn up, turn up
Asking women be my witness
You could be the shit too
If you was worried about you
And you'd be the shit too
If you was worried about you, girl
Girl
Worried about you, girl
Girl
I ain't said I'm better than you
You're like "Is she better than me?"
You watching all my moves
Like why you gotta be a creep
Lurking on my IG
Faving all my shit on twitter
But when I see irl smdh why you skitter saying
"I don't like that girl, she thinks that she's shit."
See you foaming at the mouth
Cause all your friends want to hit
Want to go
Want to fight
Nah, I'm just playing
I'm just saying
If you got something to say then just come say it, girl
Why you front
Why you flex
You know you're such a fucking fan
Why you front
Why you flex
You know you wish you were my friend
Why you front
Why you flex
You know you're such a fucking fan
Why you front
Why you flex
You know you wish you were my friend, girl
Wish you were my friend, girl
Girl, why can't we be friends, girl
You know you're such a fucking fan, girl
Aye