

Uh
Yeah, uh

I go on and on
You bitches can't stand how I last so long
I must've had super powers
Put in work, I been in the booth for thousand hours
Check his numbers, better do the math
Nigga might be homeless and you give him some ass
Jim Carrey, I can see through the mask
Ghetto angels over watching, they gon' be on your ass
And for the last like four-five months
I been feeling like Ice, made your nigga a munch
You was never my type, can't be seen with a slut
And your money too short, kitty won't even cum
Are you dumb?
What's my favorite word? (Flo Milli, bitch)
Yeah, I'm in that mode, I'm on Flo Milli shit
Better keep you a hustle, don't stop 'til you rich
Every time I look up a new ho on my dick

Ho, it's over, blow the whistle
He 'bout to drown in this pussy, come get 'em
Hello? Ho, it's over, blow the whistle
Somebody please help this nigga

A.P. on my wrist, where you get that from?
He got ninety-nine bitches, but my ass ain't one
I don't trip, keep it trill, bitch, I feel like Bun
Shakin' ass in Jamaica while he feeding me rum
Are you drunk?
Why you pressing me, I'm not your lady
This nigga want me to have his baby
Chocolate bitch, M&M, Slim Shady
Sweatin' my hair out, now my edges wavy
Double Cs, everything you see me in
Hoes think they fuckin' with me, y'all some real comedians (haha)
I was Double Dutchin' that nigga
He don't ever hit you 'cause you clutching that nigga
Damn, you be making lunch for that nigga
To me that's a dub, make him take me to dinner
Hello? Where the reservations, daddy?
Thought he was a homebody, he popped out with a baddie
He popped out with a baddie

He 'bout to drown in this pussy, come get him
Hello? Ho, it's over, blow the whistle