

May I

Flo Milli

Haha

Flo Milli shit

Make a thirsty nigga wanna chase me (Ooh)
Bitch, I'm lit, I wonder can he face me (I'm lit)
Only laugh on the way to the bank, see (Hahaha)
I want money so fuck you, pay me (Bitch)
Ball like a pro and girl, you just a scrimmage
Play with these bands, nigga, your money timid (Haha)
I'm winnin', on your man mouth like a fitted (Yeah)
This pussy V.I.P and he can't get in it (Lil' ho)
Coupe like I'm rockin' shit for take off (Ooh)
I put in work, I'm makin' bitches take a day off
Finesse and givin' hoes a reason to hate for
My niggas clutch with the shot like a playoff
I'm not your bestie, not your sis (Eww)
I'm not the one, I am that bitch
It's slow for these hoes
I got 'em mad, they so dramatic
Want my spot but they can't have it
This smoke for free though

May I kick a lil' somethin' for the G's
And take your nigga only for the weekend
Late night creepin' and I'm cuffin'
I'on keep 'em, send your nigga back home
I said may I kick a lil' somethin' for the G's
And wake up to the money while you sleepin' (Yeah)
Flexin' on a dummy ho
If it ain't 'bout the money, I won't pick up the phone (Bye)

Got these hoes on my case (What?)
Tell these hoes "Not today" (Bitch)
All this drip ain't for free so you hoes gotta pay
Why your nigga in my face? Play his ass like 2K
You know Flo got that flavor, your man wanna taste (Wanna taste)
Pay me ties when I step in the building
I need my bands from the floor to the ceiling
Commit to no nigga, money too appealing (Fuck a nigga)
What the fuck I look like catchin' feelings?
Yeah, they mad, I'm on top and I'm chilling
Got 'em look up to me like these hoes is my children (I just shit on 'em)
Fashion week, I made a killing
Numbers goin' up, breakin' the charts on a billion
If you ain't lovin', now you do times two
I'm with' your daddy gettin' nasty like the 2 Live Crew
Word to Stevie, they can't see me like Do I Do (See me)
And if you cross me, I won't hesitate to shit on you, bitch

May I kick a lil' somethin' for the G's
And take your nigga only for the weekend (Where he at?)
Late night creepin' and I'm cuffin' (And I'm cuffin')
I'on keep 'em, send your nigga back home
I said may I kick a lil' somethin' for the G's
And wake up to the money while you sleepin'
Flexin' on a dummy ho
If it ain't 'bout the money, I won't pick up the phone

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If it ain't 'bout the money, I won't pick up the phone (Period) (Pick up the
phone)