

No Love Shemix

Flo Milli

Grr, run it up

Callin' my shit like hold on (Hold on)
She tryna fuck sumn
All on my trap phone
Slide if you want to
Way that you talking
You finna leave with yo' back blown

Yeah he callin' my shit like (Huh?)
Let me pick it up, let me hear right (Hello?)
I done went ghost, now he all alone (Bye)
Bet he tryna see what that P like
I told that nigga, "Speak to them greenlights"
I can't stop until I hear a moan
We get together, don't answer the phone (Put it down)
They be trippin' like, baby, we grown
Baby, we grown
They sayin' "Yo' bitch perfect" (Hello?)
You get to spinnin' the block, they hurtin'
Bad ass bitch, you can tell by the waist
Don't hit from the back, I'm pretty in the face
Okay, I just been holdin' my weight
And believin' a bitch tryna eat off my plate
Okay, try and cross me, I'ma give you a taste
He wanna save a ho, give him a cake
I know these hoes wanna be me
Blue face bands to the bank, I'm a Keykey
Shittin' on hoes 'cause I can and it please me
Shakin' my ass, he ain't know I was freaky (Ooh)
Ayy, white toes, Malasian on a bundle
He whipped it out, I saw a anaconda
I just wake up and think about the hundos
I can go back and forth with a nigga that's fine
But it ain't no love in this bitch (No love)
How 'bout when J.K., my nigga be poppin' this shit
I always knew I would be rich
I came from the bottom now I'm at the top of they list
I tell a ho she can dip yeah (Bye)
Fly ass bitch, can't copy this drip
He wanna go on a trip
When I hop on it, I hope he can handle this cunt

Callin' my shit like
Let me pick it up, let me get right
Yeah, yeah, callin' my shit like
Let me pick it up, let me get right

I fucks on ho's, no problem
These all black pumps got red at the bottom
Yeah, I'm from Brooklyn
But I'm good in all hoods from Fordham to Harlem (Brooklyn)
Ain't no competition, I'm lookin' the bomb and you fit the description
Clutch on my wrist, watch how it glisten
It's time Maria lux all on my inches (Bang)
Any bitch step to me get stepped on (Stepped on)
Seven-figure talk just to fuck with the big Don (Yeah)

I pop shit, do my big ones, take a ho salary, ice out my left arm (Ice, ice)
Tell a ho, "Google me," I been that girl, this attention ain't new to me
Shorty, stop tweetin' and won't say my name (Pussy)
Put an at on it since I don't do ambiguity
Bitches is blowing respectfully
I say what I want and ain't nobody checkin' me
Why would you watch me from fake pages? (Huh?)
Admit it, lil' bitch, you hig key obsessed with me
Rich bitch status, you know my swag is
Iced out diamonds, low mein jackets
I'm the biggest, should put me in Guinness
I broke the record for shittin' on bitches

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Trina
Callin' my shit, I'm like, "Hold on" (Hold on)
I ain't in the states, let me periskin swipe down
Gettin' fucked on
Making your nigga wine and dine me til them racks gone
A bad ass bitch with a stroke like a wrist
Since I hopped off the porch I been that bitch
She say she hotter, she don't exist
Naan bitch standing next to this uhh
I'm hotter than lava (Yeah)
Let's keep it real, bitch, I been a problem
She doing the dash, she back in her bag
And all that she after is comma's
She don't do the drama (Nah)
Stay in your lane, you don't want me to wake up my other persona
I don't do the rappin', gon' need you a donor, this bitch in a coma
Smell the aroma
Can't breathe bitch 'cause I'm fuckin' ammonia
Then the pneumonia
Bring in a body bag, throw a sheet on her
Then do a quickie
Call up her nigga and slip him a mickey
Give him a hickey while he up in me
And all of that money, I'm takin' it with me

Callin' my shit like
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Yeah, yeah, callin' my shit like
It ain't no love in this bitch
I done went ghost, now he all alone
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Tell that nigga he can dip