

## Better Or Worse

Fredo Bang

Ain't that DJ Chose up in here?  
Mm, look like DJ Chose

Uh, all of my diamonds they wet  
Girl, he ain't fuckin' you right (he not)  
We get to pack on the plane (sheesh)  
We had to stuff it in rice  
I let her count up the dough (dough)  
Fuck around and I counted it twice (twice)  
You know I'm not trustin' no hoe (no)  
Bitch must've thought she was wife

They say, 'For better or worse'  
Thought we was better at first  
Then we got deep in that shit  
I found out your secrets and shit  
And found out I'd rather be lone  
Found out I'd rather be lone  
Found out I'd rather be lone, uh

Money so dirty, gotta go to the wash  
Catchin' a play , i got dope in my boxers  
Got in my feelings, shit fuckin' my partner  
Seen it myself, I'd probably have shot em  
Hundred thou' sittin' right on my neck  
Hundred round sittin' right under my pole  
Hundred thou' make a bitch change her mind  
Got a hundred thou' the reason I ain't trust no ho

Breakin' down dope, got it crackin' like glass  
Thumbin a hundred, I'm feelin' my stash  
Break down, break down, break down bags  
Ain't eat on her cat, tryna stick to my fast

All of my bitches got pretty white teeth  
None of my brothers ah talk to the P  
I want a bitch like Cardi B  
All of my, all of my, all of my, woo

All of my diamonds they wet (they wet)  
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Found out I'd rather be lone, uh

Gave her my heart and she used it against me

Say I'm a dog, I'm just chasin' a biscuit  
Sellin' that fetti, that fetti, that fetti, that fetti, that fetti  
And I made me a fifty

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Found out I'd rather be alone  
Found out I'd rather be alone, oh