

# Mad Or Nah

G-Unit

This what she put her Louboutins on to  
This what she play when she cheatin' on you  
This why she buy Hermes belts and Birkin bags to  
All my exes, you mad or nah, boo?

Baby, if we hang tonight, even if I ain't your type  
Bet when you wake up in the morning I just changed your life  
Your woman represent you, my mama raised me right  
Make sure her Alexander McQueen is fittin' her tight  
Aight, got you lookin' sexy in Giuseppes  
The last bitches slipped up, they know they should've kept me  
Now your game done stepped up  
Your nigga "like why you left me?"  
See me in the background when you took a selfie  
Don't do no stressin', baby, that type of shit ain't healthy  
If you need help with your bills then just tell me  
You got a girlfriend, it's cool, y'all can share me  
A couple of bad bitches never scared me, I'm with that  
You seen them new Celine bags, you can get that  
Try this Versace on and see if you can fit that  
Shawty said it's not about designer names  
I'm just tryna introduce you to the finer things

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It's still love there  
You know it's still love there  
I'm just fuckin' with these other girls

I don't want a good girl, I can't help it, I'm ghetto  
All your followers on Instagram doesn't make you special  
You gotta understand that I come from nothin'  
Off the back I be thuggin', you got my back or you frontin'  
You in it for the money or the prize at the end  
We play the game to win, that's why you lay with him  
But you don't see his hands when I'm in between your thighs  
[?] mine when I'm deep inside  
Pray he asleep when you creep inside  
Give me head, looked me dead in the eyes  
Asked do I got bitches on the side  
Let's keep it strictly business, no ties  
No lie, baby, yeah I do, they just not you  
I know you hear a lot of shit about me, that's not true  
I'm playin' with some change, don't let that change you  
You say you want a gangsta because your man ain't one  
Life ain't a pretty picture, girl, but we can paint one, for real

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Poppin' tags, she smilin' so hard her face hurt  
She bird off bouncin' in a Jason Wu miniskirt  
She keep 'em Birkins on deck, nigga  
She got the same bag that's on Oprah show  
And got the same Celine bag B got  
And got the same Hermes bag Ri got  
Gold bags from Louis out in Paris  
Your bitch don't got this, it's not in the US  
Yeah, and it ain't trickin' if you got it  
Alexander McQueen clutch match her wallet  
I said the girl is a fashionista  
She said Gucci played out like gettin' fresh on Easter

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