

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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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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