

PHATNALL

GloRilla

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Man, people be mad, and people be hurt
Don't be listenin' to shit these folks say about me
They come and see what's up with me
As if, know what I'm sayin'?
Like, people be real-deal mad
My ex, and my old friend, like, them hoes mad
Like, they ain't got shit good to say about me
Like, know what I'm sayin'?
([?])
Hahaha
And turn me up when you do the ad-libs

Don't tell me nothin' 'bout my exes, man, them niggas sad (They sad)
Might get 'em tatted on my face because them niggas dead (Rest in piss)
Don't tell me nothin' 'bout my old friends, man, them bitches mad (They cut out)
If you don't see them with me now, then, you know where they at (The bottom)
Money talk, but, I don't answer, fuck collect calls (Fuck the system)
When I be steppin' on these bitches, make they flesh cry (Ooh-wee)
Then, I say, "Fuck a nigga," proudly with my neck tall (Fuck 'em)
Then, tell 'em throw they neck back for this pussy, boy, this Fentanyl (It's to die for)

Don't go off what that nigga told you, boo, that nigga hurt (He fucked up)
He 'posed to [?] me today, but, I don't even love him (Nigga miss me)
He tried to take a dime for granted, he ain't see my worth (Took a L)
Keep tryna see the good in him, but, he might do you worse (Bitch, run)
She might act up on a nigga who ain't actin' right (Why you do that?)
'Cause I'll be damned a nigga make me lose my appetite (Nah, fuck that)
And, all my exes dead to me, I hit they candlelight (Wee)
Drop a ho, and added ten new more, this shit some magic, right? (Yeah)
And, if I ever fall in love again, that nigga rob (He different)
And, I can tell if he a peon, let that nigga talk (Just listen)
Better not hold no ho for ransom, let that nigga go (Cut him loose)
You braggin' 'bout how you got four, but, what that nigga bought? (Stupid as s)

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Talkin' 'bout you don't eat no pussy, man, you niggas gay (Like dick)
Nigga dead don't eat no pussy, really get in the way (Move over)
Back in the day, I really felt sorry for anime
But, now I slap the shit out of a nigga if he don't eat the cake (Fuck out o f here lil' bro)
He hit the gas, and I be wildin', I don't use no brakes (Damn)
But, he just threw that .30 back, now, I need the brakes (God damn)
He tryna prove a point to me because I made him wait (For real)

Thought that boy was finna slide 'bout it, but, shit was great (That's how you feel?)

Yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout yo' BD, man, that nigga ate (Whoo)

She be sad, and he ain't shit to me, that nigga straight (He really cool)

I'm outside, she probably thinkin' I'm gon' take her place (I might)

And when she found out it was me, I wish I seen her face (On gang)

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