

I'm so glad you chose me, baby (Baby)

And I'll make you so happy

Yeah

Let me tell 'em like this, listen, hold up

Yeah, I'm gettin' warmed up (Beezy)

Yeah, oh yeah

Yeah

Hmm, hmm, yeah

She a top model bitch (Yeah)

Gave her twenty racks, I walk her straight through Wells Fargo, bitch
(Grrah)

Gangster bitch, she play with sticks (Grrah)

She pop Percocets and shit (Come on)

Went to school, became a nurse, oh, you be workin' for your shit

Hold on, yeah, that's that shit I like

Baby girl, you just my type (Bitch, you my type)

Pack your bags, come spend the night (Yeah)

Matter fact, don't miss your flight

Huh, I'ma fly you out to London

You, your homegirl, and your cousin (Know me)

We keep it between us and I won't tell nobody nothin'

I'm the one you can put your trust in

Girl, you like my drug, like my drug, I pop you every day

You my Percocet to the molly in my lemonade

Think I need my CDL, I'm beatin' up the interstate

Left me for that fuck nigga, I don't need her anyways

Yeah, now, bitch, I need you like I need my Glock (My Glock)

Take it with me, spin it on the opps (Grrah)

Bitch, you leave me and that's your ass (Huh)

Bitch, I'm comin' for your top (Huh)

You know that I love you, bae

Yeah, ain't no bitch that can take your spot (Huh)

They smoke dope and sip on drank

Yeah, it's me and you, forever we locked in

Why they hate me, dog? (Huh)

I sweat, blood, and tears to ride Mercedes, dog

Hmm, let a nigga hold me? Nah (Bitch)

I just turn the handcuffs into Rollies, yeah

Bitch, I turned 'em to the Rollies, dog (Huh)

Nigga snitchin', talkin' to the police, nah (Yeah)

I'ma go back to jail if I don't listen, fuck them bitches

I'll take off and go missin' on 'em

I don't understand why they hate me, dog