

## Plenty Sun

## Ice Spice

It's so hard, I don't know how to do with it  
Stop playin' with 'em RIOT

He like, "Bae, you hella fine but you hella young"  
I'm like, "Baby, don't you worry, I'm like twenty something" (Grrah)  
He like, "Okay, so you pop to stay, you get enough"  
On my tummy-tun (Grrah), he put his tummy dong (Grrah)

He got plenty funds  
We done hit the strip club, he got twenty ones (Twenty ones)  
We done hit the strip pouts, he got many guns (Many guns)  
Birdy took a fake Brick now he got tummy runs (Tummy runs)  
I ain't got no fuckin' kids, I got hella sons (Grrah)  
And you're chillin' with a star, not just anyone (Grrah)  
And you're chillin' with a star, like it's plenty sun (Grrah)  
And I pack the José, I got dirty lungs (Grrah)  
And I post my fire pics, yeah, the Getty ones (Damn)  
Ain't got time for them bitches, yeah, them bitches bomb (Bitches bomb)  
I ain't got a lot of friends, I'm meticulous (Like)  
All them damn diamonds on me look ridiculous (Grrah)  
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All them damn diamonds on me look ridiculous (Grrah)  
All them damn diamonds on me look ridiculous (Ridiculous, ridiculous)

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You know I'm too fine to be single 'cause I got a man ('Cause I got a man)  
But you cute, I fuck with you, I cancel all my plans (All my plans)  
Put that shit on, think he fly, he think he Peter Pan (Peter Pan)  
How you bitches mad at me? I thought she need a man (Need a man)  
Said, "What you tryna do?" (Grrah) "Get me fooled on some bags and designer shoes?" (Grrah)  
You ain't crackin' 'til you sign this, I got shit to lose (Shit to lose)  
And you munchin' shit first, nigga, I don't make the rules (Huh. Make the rules)  
And you ask a lot of shit, nigga, this ain't class (Huh, this ain't class)  
You just gotta know I'm bad with a lot of ass (Lot of ass)  
You just gotta know I'm P with a lot of plaques (Lot of plaques)  
And I always come in first, yeah, I'm never last (Never last)

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And you're chillin' with a star, like it's plenty sun