

## stuck to script

jaydes

I got ri-, I got-

I got-, I got ri- (You have no heart)

I got rich off singing, gang got rich off flipping Xans (Why wo uld I lie?)

Balenciaga steppin', Rick up on my fuckin' pants (All on my fuc kin' pants)

I stuck to the script, all this shit was part of the plan (This shit was part of the plan)

She said, "Jaydes, why I get DM's from your fuckin' fans?" (Hoo d-ho-hood-hood-hood)

These niggas is not competition, man

Yeah-yeah (Turn me up)

Yeah-yeah, huh, hol' on, like, yeah

(You have no heart)

I got rich off singing, gang got rich off flipping Xans (Why wo uld I lie?)

Balenciaga steppin', Rick up on my fuckin' pants (All on my fuc kin' pants)

I stuck to the script, all this shit was part of the plan (This shit was part of the plan)

She said, "Jaydes, why I get DM's from your fuckin' fans?" (Fuc kin' fans)

I got my money, keep up with me, bitch

This shit not love, you not stuck with me, bitch

I'm tired of gettin' ego'd by some niggas I'm better than, watc h how you fuck with me, bitch

You got some money, but you not rich

You copped some jeans, you movin' stiff

You had a girl, I stole that bitch

You had some spotlight, I stole that shit

You was gon' run up, you folded quick

You feelin' threatened, you told him quick

That's not your weapon, you holdin' it

That's not your bestie, I gave him a follow back because he tol d me right where you live

I could keep going but I had enough

Exotic bitches gave head on the tour bus, get to the hotel they tryna fu-

I got rich off singing, gang got rich off flipping Xans (Why wo uld I lie?)

Balenciaga steppin', Rick up on my fuckin' pants (All on my fuc kin' pants)

I stuck to the script, all this shit was part of the plan (This

shit was part of the plan)  
She said, "Jaydes, why I get DM's from your fuckin' fans?" (Fuckin' fans)

Fu-fu-fu-fu-fu  
Like fu-fu-fu, like fu-fu-fu  
Like fu-fu-fu, like fu-fu-fu (Pew, pew, pew)  
(Let me hear that)