

## 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 would I lie?)  
Balenciaga steppin', Rick up on my fuckin' pants (All on my fuckin' 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?" (Hood-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 would I lie?)  
Balenciaga steppin', Rick up on my fuckin' pants (All on my fuckin' 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)

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, watch 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 told 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-

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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)