

Bomb Bae!

Jean Deaux

Look at my gold, check, necklace, check
Tatted bitch talkin' real reckless, yes
Everything I do epic, blessed
No UPS and you'll get the message
Everybody talkin' bout bezels (Bezels)
Everybody drip just drizzle (Drizzle)
Bitch, go to work, you can't clock me
Clock in 'cause you're on the schedule (Yeah)
If they go crazy, then I'ma Goku (Uh-huh)
Bitch glowed up like Goku (Goku)
Daddy's all meat and no tofu (Tofu)
Boss gon' detox, he likes them Whole Foods
Stash diamonds in that Payless (Payless)
'Tween your Reeboks and nice shoes (Nice shoes)
Now I re-up on the bullshit (Bullshit)
Sendin' them home like a curfew (Oh)
I'm with Mrs. Smith and that Smith & Wesson (Woah)
Bitch, I'm the answer, you out the question
Heat up the scene and they steady pressin'
I'm on the green like my salad dressing
Dry ice, the diamonds on freeze (Freeze)
When he make me come, I'ma cream on the cheese (Uh)
You can be rich, but you cannot get these
I'm one-on-one like this shit on my feet, ooh

Just give me rum like Bombay
And he gon' eat it up (Eat it up) 'cause he know it's gourmet (Gourmet)
I'm up in that bitch head, séance
But you know I want bread, bae, I need it homemade (Homemade)

Quit the retail, not done braggin', so (No)
I'll get 'em higher than crack rock
If he give me lip, I'ma crack jaw
I cannot play with that nigga, not at all (At all)
At they neck with a hacksaw
Ted Bundy on these hoes
Servin' these flows for C-notes
I'm in my undies, but money get dressed and it re-post
Eatin' yummy à la mode (Mode)
Eatin' bums, I'm in beast mode (Yah)
You know what the fuck goin' on (Goin' on)
Find out when you decode the G code
Your baby daddy crazy, I think that nigga in love
I'm a big mama, still don't give a mother fuck
And I might get some head
Depend if we drink all this liquor then hiccup
Hoes be smilin', I can't trust her
She wanna know if I'm fuckin' her nigga
Don't talk crazy, I'ma be inchin' up
Like ridin' a boa constrictor
These hoes can't rap, I know she suck
I could eat his good spitter, so hit her

Just give me rum like Bombay
And he gon' eat it up (Eat it up) 'cause he know it's gourmet (Gourmet)
I'm up in that bitch head, séance
But you know I want bread, bae, I need it homemade (Homemade)