

# Fake Bitches

Justina Valentine

Ya damn right  
Fake bitches, fake love, better lay low  
Fake bitches make me gassy  
Oh yeah  
Yo yo yo

Fake bitches, fake love, better lay low  
Real rap, real chat when I say so  
Get the bag get the paper get the pesos  
When she walk by I be like "Hey hoe !"  
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She a rat set the trap with some queso

I could never twist with a fuck bitch  
Eight pic posed up like a duck bitch  
You a try hard doing too much bitch  
Wish I had a dick you could come suck bitch  
Turning tricks for a couple bucks bitch  
You a chicken head let me hear you cluck bitch  
Fucking with the water thats gon' have you stuck bitch  
Coming for a real one try your luck bitch  
I don't wanna have to take down these hoes  
The grass is up high but the snakes on the low  
Screaming she real she the fakest I know  
Your ass don't giggle cause the cakes are borrowed  
Ain't a bitch breathing who can do it like me  
Stevie Wonder to a bitch acting like they can't see  
If you wanna get respect, guess you got to be mean  
All these bitches are my daughters should've take a plan B, uh

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It's funny how they never mention me like they ain't heard of me  
But ain't a single bitch that they could bring that tried to murder me  
The way I'm killing shit go check my record sure got felonies  
Not only is she rapping cold but shorty got the melodies  
How can they make a list of chicks and not even include my name  
When I'm one of the few who really write and who respect the game  
And I'm the only one who go bananas when I'm off the brain  
And all the rules of Hip Hop they used to [?] change  
Sleeping on me, taking nap, nap, nap, naps  
But I'm the most ill that's no cap, cap, cap, cap  
I'm moving to the [?] you're mad, mad, mad, mad  
And to all my real bitches give a dab, dab, dab, dab  
There's a few of us that still exist please don't get it twisted  
We be in the mix, sweet like licorice, kill you with a kiss  
All you hating bitches still looking sorry  
And all my real bitches show love like Cardi

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