

# Shoutout My Bitches

K Camp

I love them bitches that do it on camera  
Say she from Houston but live in Atlanta  
Maybe some times I come through with that hammer  
Then lock that lock, now we goin' bananas

Shoutout my bitches  
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She know how to get it  
Girl I'm fuckin' with you

Put a hundred on the gas tank  
We 'bout to hit the highway  
I'm already on my fifth drink  
Thank God it's Friday  
Take her to the crib, I'm a show her how I live  
I ain't even gotta play my cards, she already know the deal  
Tell her, "How you doin'?" You can be my drinkin' partner"  
Walkin' with that ass out, it wasn't hard to spot ya  
Knew she was a dancer from the pictures by the locker  
The way she bustin' at the end, woulda thought she woulda shot him

She say she mad at me, mad at me  
Cause I ain't invite her to my show  
And the label when I'm out of town, I fly her out  
Oh you tryna get seen now?  
Shoutout to my bitches with no bookin' numbers  
On their Instagram page, just to get 'em money  
Shoutout to my bitches whippin' foreigners  
None of my bitches borin'  
They're all down to have threesomes  
When I dress I do 'em on my tour bus  
Bitches can't afford us  
Call the cab and let her pay for it

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