

I can't find the fucking pocket, nigga  
What the fuck?

Uphill battle 'gainst patriarchy with a plastic knife  
That'll probably be the synopsis of my fucking life  
Doing all that "Pick me" shit to be somebody's fucking wife  
Tuh, I'd rather lay where fucking lightening strike  
Who hurt you? bitch, I'm a walking open wound  
So shut the fuck up, before you meet your maker soon  
I break what your mama gave ya, yo ma can't save ya  
Told your baby daddy I was basic, but he ate it  
Then he tipped me with your child support like I was a waitress  
I don't meet to be rude, but goddamn that dick was faceless  
But that face was spacious  
So I copped a squat and rode it slow like Miss Daisy  
Tryna shake him like McGrady