

Buss It

Kash Doll

Uh (Kash Doll)

Uh

Ayy (30, you a motherfuckin' fool, nigga)

Ayy

Where you get it from? (I get it from my mama)
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Put your hands on your knees, then bust that shit open
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Bust that shit open, bust that shit open
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No time for lil' boy games, tell that nigga cut it out (Period)
Fuck them little ass chains, tell that nigga ice me out
I got ass for days and these bitches in a drought
Told him grab my waist when I bend down and poke it out (Ah)
I heard you a hater 'cause your nigga is a fan
Only fuck with rich niggas, bitch, I don't want your man
He tryna see this ass in person, he tired of seein' it on the 'Gram
And for these frilly ass hoes, I don't wanna be your friend, bitch
Bust down, go and put your hands on your hip (Ayy)
Rich bitch, got a hundred bands on my wrist (Ayy)
You dismissed, I might have to cancel out that bitch (Ayy)
Do a split split, I'ma do pilates on the dick

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Ooh, money get me in the mood
If you ain't got it, you gon' see me turn rude
All these curves, you gon' make me curve you
Put this pussy on a plate, nigga, I'ma serve you
Ass fat, big bag, full of cash (Full of cash)
Broke boy, I ain't worried 'bout your cash
I be laughin' to the bank, yeah, I got the last laugh
He in love with thick bitches, boy, I got ass ass
Ass bouncin' like the South (Like the South)
Spent two thousand on this blouse (On this blouse)
If she ain't bad, point her out (Point her out)
If he ain't got it, put him out

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Where the bad bitches at? (Ayy)

Where the thick bitches at? (Ayy)
Where them boss ass, hoodrat, real bitches at? (Ayy)
Where the school bitches at? (Ayy)
Where the rude bitches at? (Ayy)
Where my nine-to-five, makin' shit move bitches at? (Ayy)

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