

Hitmaka
Blockboy

Igniting you to fuss and fight
Nigga catchin' feelings, I'm catchin' flights
Let them other hoes do what you like
Ain't the only nigga that's fuckin' me right
Get it understood
G-Wagon match the Patek when I'm in the hood
Face card don't decline, credit is good
Too many on my line, I'm tellin' you, babe
Don't you ever get too comfortable
Comfortable
Comfortable

Aye, aye
First off, give me my respect (Hold up)
You can't check a bitch wit' a check (The fuck)
Nigga movin' foul, I'm a have to call a tech
Fuck tryna get it right, you gon' get left (Fuck on)
Wit' them hoes actin' like somebody else
We both know you ain't shit by yourself (Facts)
AP on your wrist, designer on your sleeve
Still, the flyest thing on your arm is me (And is)
Couple shots wit' my girls while we ki ki
Like fuck that, I'm about to pull a KeKe
Bitches only fuckin' you, to see how you fuck me (Thanks to me)
Coulda been a MUA and still couldn't beat me, bitch

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Aye, look
How I'ma sleep when you leave?
Peacefully
How I'm outside in these streets?
Frequently
Take the house and the cars and the keys wit' me
And skrrt off on your ass wit' every piece of me (Bye nigga)
When you nigga gon' learn that a bad bitch, is still a bad bitch even if you
treat her average (Huh?)
Only baggage that I came wit' was a Louis
Your chest would cave in if I did you how you do me (Tuh)
Same nigga that be in your ear wanna fuck me (Yup)
I be wrong if I let one of them nigga touch me (Come on)
Bad bitch, you know this pussy got power
The situation dead, nigga, come and get these flowers
I'm gone

Aw, nigga, you can save it
Fuckin' wit' a doll, but I ain't the one to play wit'
Bad bitch never goin' out sad
Fuck goin' out sad
Fine like a ticket
Actin' like the man when that dick ain't even hittin'
You ain't even have no ambition
This ain't even worth my attention

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