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Aye
I shit on bitches for a livin' (Shittin' on 'em)
Sixty on my wrist to count the minutes (Hold it up)
Angel in my head-to-toe Christian
Spades for my aces when we sippin' (Keep it comin')
Pendant got a couple rooms in it
Birkin with a quarter ticket in it (Quarter milli')
Balenci' on the boots to stand on business (Standin' on it)
This ain't nothin' new, bitch, I been it (Been, been)
I got a million on my wrist, another ten in the bank
Been gettin' to it all my life, what the fuck did you think (What the fuck?)
Still keep the poles around me like I work at the Pynk
Should've knew what I was on when I came through in that mink
And my diamonds on sink, only buss when I blink
And my neck like Miami, this where the Cubans link (Link up)
Ain't no bitch from the D that got more motion than me (Name 'em)
I'm the headliner, hoes can't even open for me, come on (Facts)
Say my name hopin' for a co-sign (Nope)
Bitches lookin' for a way, I made mine
Road to the riches, and I paved mine, bitch
I shit on bitches for a livin'
Sixty on my wrist to count the minutes (Let's go)
Angel in my head-to-toe Christian
Spades for my aces when we sippin' (Keep it comin')
Pendant got a couple rooms in it
Birkin with a quarter ticket in it (Quarter milli')
Balenci' on the boots to stand on business (That's right)
This ain't nothin' new, bitch, I been it
Look, is it my codes, my hoes, or my shows? Who knows (Who knows)
Ones getting chose as the lames get exposed
Candy on my wrist, like the candy in they nose
Starin' at my presidential, like damn, we did it, Joe
I ain't never have to fuck for a bag, I get it though (I get it)
Know I'm used to money comin' in fast, you bitches slow (Girl)
What feelings? All my blues get packed in a Louis tote
You was hot then, now you just cooked, curry goat
Sheesh, nigga from the A all up on my peach (That's right)
Let him in and he thought he was on the beach
This right here the type of shit you can't teach
Bitch
I shit on bitches for a livin'
Sixty on my wrist to count the minutes
Angel in my head-to-toe Christian
Spades for my aces when we sippin'
Pendant got a couple rooms in it
Birkin with a quarter ticket in it
Balenci' on the boots to stand on business
This ain't nothin' new, bitch, I been it, bitch
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