

Bitch Duh

KenTheMan

(Bitch duh)

Yeah, I'm about to spin about a tweet (Bitch duh)
Big B Bottega on my feet (Bitch duh)
Can't have your nigga, I play for keeps (Uhh, uhh)
BIA BIA

I hear bitches poppin' shit and that's so funny to me (Funny to me)
How you say you runnin' down but you can't walk on the beat? (Can't walk on
the beat)
I ain't know I had an opp, cause she don't say shit to me (Uhh)
I'ma cop me a new gun before I cop me a plea (Bitch duh)
Heard they want my low I dropped it in Dubai (Bitch duh)
I can never turn my phone on just to cry
On a live, I hate a sneaky nigga, pick a side
If you wanna get up with me, tell that bitch that we're outside (Haa)

Hey bookie, how you mad behind some big love
Cliqued up with some bitches that ain't got much
You ain't really talk but you're a Twitter thug
Mad behind my ex, you should be about that account, love
I'm turned up
Bitch she said she fuck with me must be on cocaine bad
Gave that bitch my maid number, use it with your dusty ass
Thirty-six my shoes I heard you tape 'em and then take 'em back
Heard your nigga spinnin' every block and you gon' take him back
Big Ds
Tell her that the D stand for her desperate ass
Big Dreez
Get me thirty seconds, I'ma body that
With ease
Askin' 'bout your nigga, he where mami at
If you feelin' frisky baby, you know where to find me at

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Can't have yo' nigga back, I play for keeps (Bitch duh)
Ain't never seen a hundred with a crease (Bitch duh)
Ever seen a million dollar mink (Bitch duh)
Crib big, lost my keys for a week (Bitch duh)
If I'm his ex you know that nigga stalkin' me (Bitch duh)
I'm livin' in yo' head rent free

Way I'm eatin' bitches up, I can't beat these allegations
I might tweak out at the smoke, yeah, I flip shit like I'm vavin'
I live rent-free in the head when I check in it's never vacant
Ho, my pimp be really workin', I got bars like I'm on papers
Bitch duh
I be solo, niggas weird, bitches fake
Bitch duh
I am spoiled rotten, I make sure I get my way
Bitch duh
I don't wait, my patience little like my waist
Bitch duh
I body bitches when I pop out serving face, haa
Seen they got my old swag, I switched it up they copy me
Wouldn't bet on these rat bitches if I've seen them on the lottery

I think it's time to heat shit up, still the coldest fire degrees
Let's be real, that ho can't eat me up if she was toppin' me

Bitch duh hoe
Got a mil' on me still got in for free
Hood hoe
Black on black Maybach, ride that shit on E (Skrr)
Fuck a store
New Balenci' dropped, bring that shit to me (Gimme that)
Of 'course that nigga ran to you, cause he can't fuck with me
Million dollar thottie on a block, hoe the streets is T
I don't box, pretty with a Glock, tell him: 'Reach and see' (Try)
At your big age, now I'm big dog, got them pissed off
I can't hold my tongue, I gotta get my licked off

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