

Yeah, me I don't trust no broke nigga
You fuck with the old me
I don't know niggas
I got my own check
Never been a gold digger
And if we talking about the stats
She know mine bigger
And this ass bigger
And my tab different
Pretty face, body snatched
I could bag different
Pull up in black trucks
With the bad bitches
How you going outside
And you don't bag bitches

Know the pussy wet like Aquafina
Yeah I'm ratchet, but I'm still a diva
This ain't cheap, bet' not your Visa card
Give me what I want, I need it all

I gots to see some
Turn this bitch up, if you is a eater
Switch that shit up, like Martin & Gina
Chain on tennis like Venus Serena
I gots to see some
Turn this bitch up, if you is a eater
Switch that shit up, like my Martin & Gina
Stank face while I jump in these jeans
I'mma make that booty go pop
Make that booty go
When that booty go pop
Make that booty go
When that booty go pop

In sin city might throw fifty bands
So much money don't need rubber bands
This shit so hot, bitches might get a tan
Why you in your feelings
Oh that was your man
And I'm stepping on hoes in stilettos
Shake the room, make my knees touch my elbows
Bitches don't want me get ratchet and ghetto
Anything poker face, make a bet hoe

I gots to see some
Turn this bitch up, if you is a eater
Switch that shit up, like my energy
Chain on tennis like Venus Serena
I gots to see some
Turn this bitch up, if you is a eater
Switch that shit up, like Martin & Gina
Stank face while I jump in these jeans
I'mma make that booty go pop
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When that booty go pop