

Bands Up

Lil Debbie

Fuck it up, uh
(K-Classic) fuck it up
Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up
Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up

Funny all them bitches speaking on me (talking)
No response, my money's speaking for me
Broke ass bitches, never come for me
Only bossy bitches in my company
They still eating if they never get a call from me
Circle solid 'cause we live that life of luxury
So much paper, got accountants for them counts now
So much flavour, they just waiting for a countdown
Five, four, three, two, one
Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up

Money got me looking super clean
All my bitches rooting for the team
I'm the definition of a boss bitch
Money in the air, I'ma toss it up
Money got me looking super clean
All my bitches rooting for the team
I'm the definition of a boss bitch
Money in the air, I'ma toss it up

Double cup and kush, I've found my zone
My position in this city set in stone (syling)
I'm just stating facts already known
Bitches know the game, shit, I just play
Fuck the competition, I just slay (slay 'em)
Bitches come and go, I'm here to stay
Name a bitch more popping out the Bay (where she at?)
You can miss me with that bullshit, not today
'Cause you know the deal
Where the shit's real, them hoes know the chill
I treat this rap shit like whack bitches I know the kill
I got a double cup like yeah, I just doubled up on my thing
I re-up, you know we up still buzzing off of that tree
I'm just me

Money got me looking super clean
All my bitches rooting for the team
I'm the definition of a boss bitch
Money in the air, I'ma toss it up
Money got me looking super clean
All my bitches rooting for the team
I'm the definition of a boss bitch
Money in the air, I'ma toss it up

I be on some other shit
Fucking up the game on the mothership
I don't pay no mind to that stuff and shit
So all them talking ass bitches go and suck a dick
Savage (I am)
We be state to state, don't need no baggage (local hoes)
Bitches talking down, they do no damage
I'm all in till I'm balling

Got five friends and they all tense
Fifty shades of slay your bitches
Still M.O.B., I don't pay you no bitches
Bitch, you ain't know my life
You could never handle my flight
Feeling like kyte
You ain't never seen these heights
Haters never dimming my light
Bitches so hurt
Mad that I'm moving that work
And they mad when I'm moving my skirt
Bitches throwing shade, talking 'bout the moves I made
Disregarding all the dues I pay
So let's get up

Money got me looking super clean
All my bitches rooting for the team
I'm the definition of a boss bitch
Money in the air, I'ma toss it up
Money got me looking super clean
All my bitches rooting for the team
I'm the definition of a boss bitch
Money in the air, I'ma toss it up