

Rapunzel

LISA

It's the Hot Girl Coach, and LISA (Ah)

Hair down, feeling like Rapunzel
Keep your doggies in a motherfuckin' muzzle
Only one queen in the jungle
Ayy, only one queen, only one
I don't window shop, I big spend
If I got a message, I click "send"
You can't lie to me, I got a sixth sense
Feel my energy with some Himalayan incense

Livin' lavish while we still young
Spendin' that shit 'til we go dumb
Flashin' them gold teeth all damn day
When I walk by, I hear them say

That's money
That's motherfuckin' money
Bitch, tell me how you love me
Bitch, tell me how (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
That's money
That's motherfuckin' money
Bitch, tell me how you love me
Bitch, tell me how (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Hair down, feeling like Rapunzel
Hair down, feeling, hair down
Hair down, feeling like Rapunzel
Hair down, feeling, hair down

(Real hot girl shit)
I'm the hood Rapunzel, fifty-inch, my bundles (Yeah)
Louis V, my duffle, body T for trouble
Made a mill' at my show, quarter mill' on my throat (Brr)
And if a bitch want beef, I make a meal outta ho (Ah)
Damn, I might be too pretty (Too pretty)
What they finna do with me? (I don't know)
Booty so big, ass sittin' up like new titties (Baow, baow)
Two chains on, finna pull up with the roof missing
Poppin' all my life, bitches hating, ain't a new feeling (Ah)

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Need some me time, gotta meditate
Level up, level up, bitch, I levitate
In my pocket, I got somethin' you won't ever make
But I'm generous, maybe you can have a taste
Anyway, gotta go 'cause I'm runnin' late
Every day, make a bag, bitch, you gonna hate
I would too
But this is my life, baby, I ain't you