Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I don't go on dates, I want the funds instead
I might let 'em sniff the-, don't let it go to yo' head
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Beat a bitch 'bout mine, said what I said
Off the Don Julio, don't let it go to yo' head

Bitch, get back, I be moving tact
I be talking money, he be throwing racks
He said I'm dramatic, don't know how to act
Nigga, if you love me, get my face tatted
Want me be your lady, cop me that Mercedes
I be in the latest, BET in Vegas
Nigga, is you crazy? This wetty leave 'em wavy
Papa, I'm your baby? Well let me swipe your Ame'
Miss deep pockets, big bags, they don't fold
Van Cleef or Cartier, no Kenneth Cole
New set, French tip, I'm ten toes
Blew a bag from Fifth Ave to Melrose

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Don't let it go to yo' head

He get too comfortable, he cannot fold me to bed

I leave a sucker nigga hungry till he suppose to be fed

I'm Lil' Miss Got The Juice, came through as a bev

I know you thirsty, nigga

You ever had some nani from the gutter?

Thongs on in a sweatsuit and these French toes in these buttas

Said he want to put his mouth on it, nigganigga better not stutter

Wear they hats on these nigga, Yankee fitted, ain't no trucker (Hey, baby)

I don't need a nigga, what you doing me to dead? I leave him on read, all I see is red I ain't let him fuck, if that rumor get spread Then the Don Julio getting thrown at yo' head

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