

Let Them Know

Mabel

Nails shining like Christmas
Heels on six inches
Waist cinched, Mugler fit
You can't have this
You can't hit this

I got a new man in my business
And he all about his business
And his name ain't none of your business
Oh, oh, oh

Pin up girl on that poster
Say So like I'm Doja
Icey
Wifey
Body shape Coca-Cola

I got a new man in my business
And he all about his business
And his name ain't none of your business
Oh, oh, oh

Let them know
Oh baby, let them know
'Cause they can run their mouth
But I'ma stand and pose for you
Let them know
Go 'head and flip that switch
No, they can't beat you down
'Cause, baby, you're that bitch

Lips pink like peaches
Money long like beaches
Rolls Royce screeching
Rolex gleaming
Blonde hair, yeah, I bleached it
You can call me Khaleesi
I stay up on my queen shit
Up here the haters look teeny tiny, ooh

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(Baby, you're that bitch
Baby, you're that
You're that bitch
Baby, you're that
You're that bitch
Baby, you're that
Baby, you're that)
You're that bitch

All my girls feel the bass line
Ponytail to the waist line
Throw it back, baby, take time
Money talks and I make mine
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