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Goddamn
Y'all hoes watch everything 1 do
Ol' creep-ass, freak-ass, peepin' tom-ass bitch (Hahaha)
(B-B-Bankroll got it) Ayy, hmm
I ain't got beef with nobody 'bout shit ('Bout shit)
We all know who the it bitch is (Hmm)
Y'all keep arguin' 'bout edited pics (Edited pics)
Ask my accountant, he'll tell you it's lit (Mwah)
Bitch goin' live from that dirty-ass crib (Ew)
Think you my opp, but it's all in your head (It's all in yo' head)
Outdoin' any bitch comin' for Meg (Yeah)
I sell out arenas, the fuck is you sayin'? (Yeah, ah)
They give 'em a cookie for comin' for me, but won't give 'em a stream, won't
invest in a team
Mission accomplished, you got your lil' comments
But all of that hatin' ain't buy you a thing (Buy you a thing)
All of this love bought me a chain (Yeah)
M for a show and I bought me a ring (Baow)
Bitches buy ass and ain't fixin' the face (Yeah, yeah)
If you comin' for me, better pick up your pace, hmm
Hot Girl Productions, head of the label (Head of the label)
Nothin' but hits comin' out of the stable (Yeah)
Shout out to God 'cause He set up the table
Own everything, everybody ain't able
Clearly we know who been taking the payments
We see who name bring the clicks and engagement (Hmm)
We know the people in blogs with arrangements (Hmm)
I know the ones that ain't bout what they claimin' (Ah)
Man, fuck these bitches, fuck these niggas, fuck they feelings (Fuck they fe
elings)
Way too much dick-eatin' on Twitter
On rap nigga dick, a punk-ass nigga dinner (Yeah, yeah)
Niggas ain't makin' these labels no money (Hmm)
Everything they make goin' straight to the dealer
I wear rocks, bitch, I feel like Jigga
A real bombshell, gettin' turnt in the villa, ah (Yeah, yeah)
Smoother than Jergens, clean like detergent
Bitch, I ain't fuckin', I'm workin' (I'm workin', hmm)
If these niggas weren't tellin' my business, damn near thought I was perfect
, hmm
He text me say, "911," he need this pussy urgent (Do)
These bitches ain't built like me, they tryna find a surgeon, hmm (Ah)
Bitch, these niggas love this ass, I ain't finna stop twerkin', hmm (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm so in love with this money, I ain't never finna stop workin', hm
I've been ballin' for so long, I think I'm Kyrie Irving
I'm a tall drink of water, pussy like a shot of bourbon, ah
Hmm, you know
I'm sick of you motherfuckers actin' like I don't be rappin' my ass off, hmm
I know a booth hate to see one of you non-rappin' ass bitches comin', hahaha
I slang more chicken heads than Roscoes (Roscoes)
More blue in my thread than an iPhone, hmm
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These hoes fake hard like a strap on (Hmm) Hermès, every color in the Pantone (Yeah)

I buck on that dick like I'm half horse (Ah) Ass sittin' up high like a minotaur (Yeah) Bitch need a pen pal, can't spit a bar (Hmm) Spit your best when you're tryna get a nigga off They be clappin' for bitches that do the bare minimum Come to me, everybody get critical (Why?) They be forcin' the hate and it's pitiful (Hmm) Bitches lame and I don't wanna sit with 'em (Nope) Bitches mouse and I don't wanna click with 'em (Nope) Comin' for me like I'm putting dick in 'em (Ugh) They compare you to me, you a synonym (Hmm) I'm producing these bitches like Timbaland P-p-p-pop it back (Back) Hear how that pussy smack (Ah) Fuckin' hoes that wanna be me (Wanna be me) He want some copy cat (Copy cat) Ooh, you thought you really made it (You did) I know these bitches mad (Bitches mad) All these lil' hoes come and go (Hmm) Like they be sellin' ass (Baow) LV, rainbow print, that's vintage I ain't even ask how much, just spent it (Just spent it) Bought it in Japan so a bitch can't get this (Yeah, yeah) Lil' ass bag, couldn't make me your mistress (Make me your mistress) All my accounts got all my interest (Yeah) On my own mood board on Pinterest (On Pinterest) Givin' out work, don't need no assistants (Hey, hey) Ain't a bitch pen out this vicious (Ah)

Hmm, and if you sick of me, bitch, you better stay on bed rest 'Cause I'm finna fuck up the rest of your year, hahaha
Bye
Mwah