

(Hitkidd, what it do, man?)

Ayy

I ain't perfect, but anything I did to any of you niggas, y'all deserved it
You see me in that mode, don't disturb me when I'm workin' (Yeah)
Lil' bitch you better back up, don't know what be in these purses (Blaow)
And I ain't say, "Excuse me", 'cause I did that shit on purpose
Yeah, you see a star up in this bitch
You know I brought a hundred black cars in this bitch
Knees freak, I don't like nobody touchin' on my shit
So you know I had to bring my own bottles in this bitch (Ayy, ayy, ah)
Ridin' by myself, shoppin' bag in the backseat
Niggas with the money to they ear don't attract me
Fly out the country, let a prince nigga bag me
Nympho, wanna do a nigga pockets nasty (Ah)
Bitches hatin' on me, but it's cool, niggas love me
Body bangin', I ain't had to let the doctor cut me
Sick of bein' humble, 'cause you bitches don't respect that
And the next one of y'all hoes wanna get bold, I'm gon' check that
And the next one of y'all blogs wanna spread lies, I'm gon' sue you (Yeah)
And the next bitch that break my NDA, they goin' for you too
Now listen to me, I'm givin' you bitches a warning
You gon' have to pay me forever tryna be corny
Ayy, I'm from the city of the drink sippers, slidin', ridin' paint drippers
(Yeah)
Bitches so bad, got the famous niggas stage dippers (Baow)
Poppin' all the music, so you know I'm kinda screwed up (Know I'm screwed up
)
Wrist so icy, turn a drank into a cool cup (Yeah)
Goin' through so some shit, so I gotta stay busy
Bought a 'Rari, I can't let the shit I'm thinkin' catch up with me (Yeah, ca
tch up with me)
If they say the see me outside of a bookie, then that was kizzy (Ah)
Barely be at home, but I still put on for my city

Damn, where the real bitches at?
I'm finna bring real bitches back (Ayy, ayy)
Where's all the real niggas at?
Free the guys, bring the real niggas back (Ayy, ayy)
Damn, where the real bitches at?
I'm finna bring real bitches back
Where's all the real niggas at?
Free the guys, bring the real niggas back (Ah)

How many more ways can I say that I'm the baddest bitch?
I walk in and bitches grab they nigga, that's a compliment
'Cause you know in his head he wanna spread me like a condiment (Ah)
He want me to make that glizzy disappear and swallow it
You know I keep it realer than real, ain't shit 'bout me fraudulent
They take all the hate that they got for me and they market it
When they shit ain't poppin', they usin' Megan for marketing (Yeah)
And they ain't got enough in they budget for me to talk to them (No)
I know you hoes wish that I would get down and stay down (I won't)
Bitch, make a move or keep that shit up on the playground
'Cause I ain't finna stop until I make it to the tin-nop
And I do everything that all my haters said I could not (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
And it look like a sign just be slidin' on my wrist watch (Ah)

I hope that you ain't shoppin' when I'm shoppin', you get kicked out
I gotta watch my back, 'cause I forget that I'm the shit now
I walk up in the studio pissed off and lay that shit down
Matter fact, wait, stop, bitch, I really rap
I be quick to check you pussy bitches like a pap
Kill a bitch, all I need is a pistol and a pad
Let me get the beat, so they remember who I am

Damn, where the real bitches at?
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Where's all the real niggas at?
Free the guys, bring the real niggas back (Ayy, ayy)
Nigga, damn, where the real bitches at?
I'm finna bring real bitches back (Ayy, real bitches back)
Where's all the real niggas at? (Ayy, ayy)
Free the guys, bring the real niggas back (Ah)