

# Cattitude

Miley Cyrus

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Bitch, you look like you done already done had yours  
You better go take your country-ass indoors  
And put some damn clothes on  
'Cause don't nobody need to be seeing all of that  
The library is officially open

This cat is in heat  
Let me ride that beat  
My pussy on fire  
Pussy fire, well I'm fire  
This cat is in heat  
Let me ride that beat  
My pussy on fire  
Pussy fire, well I'm fire

Turn up your gratitude, turn down your attitude  
I love my pussy, that means I got cattitude  
If you don't feel what I'm saying, I don't fuck with you  
If you don't feel what I'm saying, I don't fuck with you  
Turn up your gratitude, turn down your attitude  
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If you don't feel what I'm saying, I don't fuck with you  
If you don't feel what I'm saying, I don't fuck with you

Ayy, go stupid, go dumb  
Come and get it 'cause I know you want some  
Nashville, Tennessee where I'm from  
Since I was three, I've been banging on the drum  
Rum-pum-pum-pum, rum-pum-pum-pum-pum-pum  
Rum-pum-pum-pum, rum-pum-pum-pum-pum-pum  
Rum-pum-pum-pum, rum-pum-pum-pum-pum-pum  
Rum-pum-pum-pum, rum-pum-pum-pum-pum

Nasty, I'm so nasty, nasty  
I'm nasty, I'm so motherfucking nasty

Ride, shine, clock said pussy time  
Bust my pussy nut while I'm fingering your butt  
Do I suck dick? You ain't seen shit  
Throw a C-note, watch you slide down my throat  
Yeah, my pussy fine, I pop it 'cause it's mine  
I don't give a fuck if they call me a slut  
What I do with a dick, elect me president  
Put tears in his eyes when I milk a brother dry

I'm so nasty, I'm nasty (Nasty)  
I'm nasty, I'm nasty

I'ma keep working from dawn to dusk  
So I can keep buying cars off Elon Musk  
The matte black spinners, now that's a must  
But I want the whole pie, so leave the crust  
I'm the moon, I'm the stars, I'm a Maserati  
I love you, Nicki, but I listen to Cardi  
I got a new song on the radio, and it goes five  
(Four, three, two, one)

That's right, it's a number one  
And I can't take you with me as a carry on  
I already got my luggage, it's Margiela  
And for my 16th birthday, I got carried on  
From the house of the queen  
Queen, queen, that's what you can call me  
Queen, I'ma have you run to your mommy  
Queen, I'm the life of the party  
Don't worry 'bout me, go and get yourself a hobby  
(Sweet pussy of mine)  
I'm so nasty  
(Sweet pussy of mine)

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(Get it, get it) I'm so nasty  
(Cash money) I'm so nasty  
(Get it, get it, got it good)

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If you don't feel what I'm saying, I don't fuck with you

Back up, you're squashing my charisma  
Why I gotta be so motherfucking extra?  
Back up, you're squashing my charisma  
Why I gotta be so motherfucking extra?

(Get it, get it) I'm so nasty  
(Cash Money) I'm nasty  
(Get it, get it) I'm so nasty  
(Cash Money) I'm so motherfucking nasty

You're just mad 'cause your hair is flat  
(I'm so motherfucking nasty)  
You're just mad 'cause your hair is flat  
(I'm so motherfucking nasty)