

Body Bag

Monaleo

Aye, look
I don't give a fuck about the next bitch, she lame (Dummy)
I don't give a fuck about the next bitch, she
Yeah, okay let's go
Body bag
Body bag
Body bag

I don't give a fuck about the next bitch, she lame
And I don't give a fuck about that clique that she claim
I'm a whole different bitch, me and her is not the same
And I'm hotter than a bitch, I'm a whole different flame

You know the motherfuckin' name, I go by L-E-O
Two things I ain't never been and that's a bitch or a hoe
I need them racks if you gon' book me for a motherfuckin' show
Yeah, they know fucked up when they let a P bitch through the do'

Ok look bitch
Na na na boo boo
Yo' nigga love me (Ha!)
He gon' spend them racks before I ever let him touch me (nigga what?)
Zip up your pants, I want that neck, you cannot fuck me (Ew)
Yeah he know I'm prettier than a bitch, but I get ugly
Bitch!
I will kill you and let my cousin do a TikTok on yo' grave (Hoe!)
Let a hoe try me and I'mma bust her ass like Dave
I don't fuck with none of these bitches, they can't even get a wave (Bye!)
I just heard yo' album, it wasn't givin' what it was 'posed to have gave
I could be at my wedding and I still wouldn't trust a nigga
True shit

Opp bitches hating linking up and taking group pics
I don't give a fuck about no rap bitch, I do this
Yo' nigga a thot I'm in his mouth like a toothpick
Super slut, he gon' give it up he like my music

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You know the motherfuckin' name
These bitches know what's up with me
I walk in any room I feel the tension bitches muggin' me
It's cause they niggas lovin' me
But yo' nigga a dub to me
I treat him like a fly cause he a gnat and he be buggin' me
Big Leo ain't no touchin' me
Hoe watch yo mouth before you come up missin'
I don't throw no slugs but you will die for doing all that dissin'
Hoe you ain't no bully you a bitch stop with all that fiction
'Cause when I seen her she was shakin', throwing up and pissin'
Yeah, body bag
Body bag
Body bag
Bitch come out the house I'm on yo' block I'm in a Pontiac

Cold word that's why I swing a stick and wear a hockey mask
Bitches say it's up when they see me (Okay)

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You know the motherfuckin' name

Pussy hoe stay in yo' place
The shit they say on Twitter they wouldn't say it to my face
They gon' make me catch a case
Get 'em gone without a trace
Hoes wanna fight me?
Fight yo' stylist for that lace
That shit is a disgrace
Aye, it's a marathon not a race
I'm takin' my time I know my pace
Shoutout Keke that's my ace
And we walk around with sticks this ain't no mace
Hoes broke, but me I'm laughing to the bank shoutout to Chase