I thought you was smart ho Why you ain't play your part ho? I bought you a bag and you went put that on the blog ho I thought you was street my nigga I thought you was killer You say you gon' shoot me Why you type that shit on Twitter, hey I'm gettin' real money, no it's not a secret, no it's no facade How you gon' beat a charge, puttin' your whole life on a blog How you gon' suck and fuck me then tell my bitch, you done lost ho How you gon' go against the grain', I can't fuck with you at all ho I heard he like to subtweet, I guess he scared to at me I'm hitting her from the back and she like fuck my baby daddy, yeah Fuck his tied ass, fuck that nigga, he ain't shit Want me to stay in the house while he somewhere with that bitch, hold up I'm a real nigga, I don't pillow talk 'bout niggas He heard rumors 'bout her fuckin' on that, he said he gon' kill her I heard rumors he gon' spazz out if he ever see me with her This no rumor, come the right way 'cause you now I keep my pistol, ayy Why you gon' make a fake page and DM my bitch and tell her my business How you gon' try to deny it, I know it was you, it wasn't no witness How you gon' say you my dog But you fuckin' off with the enemy How you gon' say you a man But all in your feelings, you got some bitch tendencies I thought you was smart ho Why you ain't play your part ho? I bought you a bag and you went put that on the blog ho I thought you was street my nigga I thought you was killer You say you gon' shoot me Why you type that shit on Twitter, hey I'm gettin' real money, no it's not a secret, no it's no facade How you gon' beat a charge, puttin' your whole life on a blog How you gon' suck and fuck me then tell my bitch, you done lost ho How you gon' go against the grain', I can't fuck with you at all ho How you gon' say you don't care, tryna post shit to make me mad bitch I had to cut you off, put you in the past like my last bitch How you gon' say you gangster when you seen me in public and bitched up But on the net talkin' tough Gon' let her come and get you hit up, hey Fake been a fold, never should I put the police in the business, never would Niggas talkin' crazy, I don't let it faze me, why you mad? I never understoo Bitter bitches on the internet tryna bash me, should I call the ho and spazz Or should I be green, play some get back with her Fuck her friend, make her mad, ayy Why you playin'? if we don't catch you we send shots at your mans Have the clan pull up in vans and pop you like a xan I thought she was smart, she couldn't play her part I had to pay her some'

Bitch you had Tiffany on the way, and was gon' put a new ass on you

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