

Cute

Moonchild Sanelly

This one's for all my cuties in the world
What's up?
Go on with your bad cute self
You know it

Yes, I'm cute, I'm not rude
I be breaking all the rules
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Yes, I'm cute

Yo I'm the baddest, I'm the baddest
I'm a savage, I'm a sav
It's that black girl magic so you know I'm living lav' (Lavish)
Better talk to me in money
Better talk to me in bags
Gucci, Prada, Saint Lau', Dior
You know I'm pulling up in swag
Come get you baby daddy 'cah your baby need a dad
All these bitches is my sons, all these niggas is my funds (Money)
So don't play 'round with my money 'cause I'm really not the one
I'm a big boss chick, these girls don't know 'bout no tonnes (What you know?)
And that's on trapper of the year
Got a Nina and Annina, playing Nina while I steer (Okay)
God protect me on my journey, ain't no bitch I'll ever fear
I've been through shit that break you, I ain't even shed a tear, hoe
Yeah, I'm cute, I'm cute
Yes, I'm drop dead cute
In the white coupe
Ice cream scoop
Got the drip, I got the drop
I got the sauce, I got the soup
Long moola, short hair
Betty boop, boop, boop

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I be saying something rude
I be breaking all the rules
I be shaking all the prudes
I be drinking all your booze
I be kissing all your bros
I be snaking with your girls
'Cause I'm cute, 'cause I'm cute
I be doing something rude
I'm a constant freaky mood, mood, mood, mood, mood
You should watch the way I move, move, move, move, move
Tippy toeing in your shoes, shoes, shoes, shoes, shoes
'Cause I'm really fuckin' true, true, true, true

I be breaking all the rules
Your nigga buying me shoes
Your nigga buying me Loubs
Like, what's he trying to prove?
I stay styling and cute
Get bread, piling my loot
I'm a motherfuckin' boss
Catch me lightin' my zoot
They keep on trying to snooze
My killers dyin' to shoot
2K on my boots
Wanna fuck me in a suit?
But I'm all about the shmoney, so I gotta recruit
Got him feeling like a child when I take him to the moon
I'm not rude, I'm not rude, I'm not rude
Call my kitty "Holiday" cah when he leaves, he get the blues
Glitter like it's gold, but my lipstick's nude
Hungry brothers wanna eat me like some food, I refuse
Turn up with my girls
Where the booze? Where the booze?
Gon P, Grey Goose
Got the rum over proof
Got the trees, got the roots
Got the weed, got the juice
White girls love the Charlie 'cause I'm fire in the booth, period

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