My baby plans to marry rich
Yeah she's got her eye, on a guy
My baby plans on getting hitched
The weddings set for next July
My, my baby plans to marry rich
Yeah she's got her eye, on a guy
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Imma, a hot mama Yeah, I'm cute, truly My dukes put the boost on bitches acting silly We'll save the comedy We'll save the stand up You pussy Judd Apatow niggas need to man up, oh I'm a Country Grammar gal But my name ain't Nelly I hit the block for a dime at the corner deli All of you bitches think I'm slippin Think y'all trippin Not need horseshoes 'for I leave you limpin', oh I got bars For you hoe niggas No nigga you can not stop the young me God please, let me bless them in Bastille Look behind the old me Who did not know how to chill, oh Imma get mine Y'all gon' eat dust Red bottom chick Céline clutch purse I rock the gold bang with the kuchi My head wrapped up in an Hèrmes doobie, oh Another show, another fight Another glass of champagne to toast the night I'm an international showgirl Y'all know it's your girl It's Mykki

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