(Tony ain't shit) Ayo

Barbie dangerous Weak bitches don't endanger us You are over, you ain't in range of us 'Cause I won, won, won angel numbers Fashions and Burberry rain boots Lookin' like every designer fav muse Front row, next to the who's who's Tryna build another Barbie doll, screw's loose Name a rapper that can channel Big Poppa and push out Papa Bear, whole mothe r of the year Every summer I come out to walk, bitches, make 'em disappear, but to me it's just another year She ain't got that kind of flare, let me see what I'ma wear, they gon' copy, I'ma wear Moncler Heavy on the arch (Facts), he was hittin' from the back Then he asks was all this my hair, um, yeah

Spit-spit-spit your game, pop your shit, face on pretty, ass stay thick Beef with who? She got the right one All these rap bitches, ain't got to like none Kitty on fleek, I got the tight one Pick one ticket, I got the white one These rap bitches you like is my sons Stick 'em on this rap shit when I'm done

I'm still sittin' here, you got a lot to prove Appreciatin' my solitude Beef ain't my go-to but I got bags and this bread if we buyin' food And I'm still queenin', Chanel bags They still swingin', old hits They still swingin', they like the flow, they still streamin' But it's kill season, you apologize, but it's still treason Got 'em steamin' like dry cleanin' Move on my timin', I ain't no demon Hoes' words ain't got no meanin' Queen of this rap shit, it's Bohemian Their worst nightmare, they still dreamin' Bitches Jack and I'm still queenin' And I'm still prayin' You would too if you knew how these jealous bitches move First twenty-two by twenty-two They don't know the half 'til they cracked in two So called beef with who, wait, who? Broke a couple rap niggas hearts in two Now that my jack pun interviews (Interviews, interviews) It's clear to see they wanna be me Hit the road, E-X-I-T My flow, they B-I-T Shots thrown, but I-D-C Go home or do it B-I-GMy throne, they can't S-I-T

My crown, you can't F-I-T I'ma tell you like a nigga told me

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