

crystal

P-Lo

Aye, had to let a bitch go
Aye, had to let a bitchh go
Aye
Aye
Aye, aye, aye, aye

Uh, hella saucy, I'm crystal
I go dumb, Too \$hort blow the whistle
I'm the one, you the two, like a pencil
Aye, you don't live what's posted on your Insta
All that fakin', you can save it
Ain't your kid, so I'm not the one to play with
She always callin', always beggin' me to save her
Rockin' with my gang, it came up with me from the pavement
Bitch, I'm on my big dog status
I'm on your shit, don't matter
She want the wood like cabin
Just one time don't feel like stabbin', uh
On the run, I ran pages
I'm the one that makes girls love asians
When I'm around it's no statements
They thought I talk flagrant

Poppin' like Crisco
Had to let a bitch go, aye
Had to let a bitch go, aye
Lot of bands, keep a big roll, aye
Had to let a bitch know, aye
Poppin' like Crisco, aye
Had to let a bitch go, aye
Had to let a bitch go, aye
Lot of bands, keep a big roll, aye
Had to let a bitch know, aye
Yeah, uh

RBE-SOB that's the gang bitch

Had to let that broke bitch be
Buck down, pay 450 for these ripped jeans
Well respected in these streets like I'm Big Neechi
23 with the clip, hoe 16
These niggas wanna be me but they can't though
Choppa make a nigga sing like he Dej Loaf
Fuck me, my enemies you need to pay for
I could never trick or give this dick to a stank hoe
Talk down I'm at you [?]
In that G Wagon, no this ain't no fuckin' Rover
When you slide, ain't no talkin', bitch bend over
But I ain't hittin' shit if it got a holder
How you trapper of the year workin' at Best Buy
BBS on my chain this ain't SI
Thought that bitch was gon' save you with that best lie
And no I ain't catchin' feelin's, I just catch flights, nigga

Stop actin' like you sick, boy you perfectly fine
You favorite rapper not 2Pac, I heard he alive
Nigga, even when I'm wrong think I'm personally right

And you nigga got bitch [?], so she a dyke
Had to let that bitch go with her retarded ass
The boy fallin' off
Nah, bitch I was just fallin' back
Politics is politics, and you don't want know parts of that
You ain't got no house, so where that [?] apartment at

And if I told you 'bout my drank, then you might start to laugh
Bitch I ain't sendin' you no Uber, dammit call a cab
Ain't no point of lyin' to me, I know all the facts
I real my number I won't give, but you can call the trap
We don't fuck with snitches, hell to the nah
And if them [?] snatched you up, you would tell them the law
If a war had started, you would tell em to call
You put my name on paper [?]

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