

My bitch hot like she D-ing up the spot  
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She AP'in, really eatin', niggas watch  
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Keep a lit sixteen, a network of typers  
Fuck selling to pipers to get the baby the diapers  
Call a bitch Swifter 'cause all she know is swipers  
Fuck a rap nigga but she don't need him to wife her  
Benz trucker, all your mans wanna fuck her  
She get a nigga cleaned up too, you need a buffer?  
Travel out to them islands in Thailand  
She don't know if it's Lam Van or Lie Van  
All she know if it's my hands it's pie hands  
All she want is the monograms and my bands  
Charcuteries (What is charcuteries?)  
(Man it's when you go to yo hotel room and they got the cheese)  
(And the fucking pepperoni sliced on the little wood board waiting on you)  
New jewelries, new taste level, shit, she be schooling me

I got a bitch that'll master your card  
Nice with the Visas, passports is art  
Every page inked up, her and the bitches link up  
They think they hear the drum and the machine when it syncs up  
Heads bopping, oh boptie bop bop  
Who you think showed you that Chanel did the tube socks?  
Bussing down watches, rental whips in the garages  
She don't trick but she charges

'Lotta double C's, double G's (You know how I do it)  
New body-parts, they double-D's (You know how I do it)  
The dual exhaust, it's double V's (You know how I do it)  
You niggas talk, she fucking me  
Her mother saying she should be a nurse hurts  
But she just worry 'bout who got the purse first  
I tried to tell her go to real estate school  
She say, "Don't you see these fucking dealer plates, fool?"  
"You know the rush it is to know bitches hate you?"  
"'Cause they man is locked up but still laced you"  
"And you know I need it twice so it takes two"  
"Fendi cross-body fanny pack, beige-blue"

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