

# Like That

## Quality Control

It's Yung Miami, ho  
City Girl shit  
Mustard on the beat, ho

All I wanna know is where the niggas with the racks at?  
All I wanna know is where the niggas with the bags at?  
Hair done, nails done, stomach on flat  
I'm a real ass, trill ass bitch, I need a nigga like that, where he at?  
Yo, tell me where the real niggas at  
I need a nigga like that, where he at?  
'Cause I'm a real ass, trill ass bitch, I need a nigga like that

I'm a real ass bitch, I need him too hood (Yep)  
Buy me Louis, take me out, and fuck me too good  
Take me 'round his homeboys and they whisper  
They like, "Damn, nigga, do she got a sister?"  
Wobbly wobbly, drop, drop it on his dick  
And this pussy tighten up, when he in it, gotta grip  
Gotta use two hands 'cause my thighs too thick  
He gotta drop ten bands just to take me on a trip, ayy  
I need nigga that's gon' pull up with that heat  
Need a nigga that's gon' leave my wrists on freeze  
He gon' beat that case, it ain't got no lease  
Need a nigga that don't fuck with nobody  
And he don't give a fuck about you hoes  
Tryna slide in his DM, yeah, I know  
Gotta stick under the seat in the Rolls  
I might catch a bitch coming out the stores, like, "Bitch"

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Pussy clean, pussy pink, pussy need to eat  
In the morning he gon' gargle it like Listerine  
He know I'm better than his ex, better than his next  
That's why he got all these diamonds, they drippin' down my neck  
Wobblity, wobblity, wop, I'ma bounce on it  
Do my dance, then put my mouth on it  
All these lil' bitches wanna get like me  
'Cause they never met a motherfucker fresh like me  
They fucking niggas, but you know they give me figures  
I got my own, but I'ma spend it anyway  
And if you really wanna know if you a winner  
When ain't no commas, who these broke bitches pick?  
Fuck a date, nigga, take me to the bank  
Trickin' niggas, I do it because I can  
Then send him home to his BM in the van  
Then text my other nigga like, "Where you at?"

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Put this cookie in your mouth like a Percocet  
Put my legs on his face like a turtleneck  
This ain't no race, take your time, nigga, shmurda that  
Nigga, jump in this pussy, hurdle that  
I need a real ass nigga that's gon' hold me down  
Pick a bitch up, lick a bitch down  
Lick me from the back, smack it 'til it hurt  
Lift a bitch skirt, nigga, make me squirt  
Keep a strap in the Jeep case a bitch tweak  
Hope that nigga got some racks 'cause this ain't cheap  
I'ma break the whole bank if he date me  
And hope I don't go in his pockets when he go to sleep  
Renni Rucci on the beat and the dick  
Make a nigga lick my feet and my clit  
Pull it out, it tastes sweet on the lips  
I need a nigga with some meat on the stick

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Where he at?  
Dumb fat, yeah, you know my ass fatter  
Where he at?  
Dumb fat, yeah, you know you like that