

LLC

Qveen Herby

Ah-ha-ha-ha
Shut up

I just took her name and made a bitch a LLC
Stuff a couple stacks up in there, bitch, get on your feet
You'd make twice as much if you switch it up, just to see
To you, he rich and famous, but he just a guy to me

I ain't come from no background, didn't learn from the streets
Isolated in cornfields with Dre on repeat
Hip-hop did raise me like a long-distance dad
At the end of the day, I'm no daughter, though
Just through and through a fan
Look what a fan can do, look what a fan done did
Now, all this dope fan art be hangin' at my crib
Some people wanna hate me, some people wanna joust
But, honestly, I'm honored to come out of hater's mouths
Maybe I'm a little too eager
I don't like it either
Always been a people pleaser
I've been a believer
Papa was a preacher
Always thanked God that you made me a leader
Always liked Nicki when she Roman, Caesar
Third trip down to Indonesia, put it on the Visa
Call me for a feature
Not a rich kid, but I love a new freezer, uh

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See a bad bitch, I don't hesitate to bow
Rap game lame, "only boys allowed"
Tried to get two and they tear us down
Like, bitch, I'm a cow, what is beefin' now?
Don't stop to slay, don't change your ways
At night we pray... to Beyoncé
Oh shit, now, Rita gotta sick for days
Maliibu mali-be in Tokyo so-mey
That's back, Doja Cat, she could bag the bae
Nicki, Iggy, Cardi B, CupcakKe, and me(y)
And let 'em eat the cake and top it off wit' bake
And came for the top spot, don't be mistaken
And fuck the Boys Club, but we got 'em quakin'
So weak, all they wanna do is see us naked