

Sinner

Samara Cyn

Say, don't fuck with me
Don't fuck, uh
Don't fuck with me, uh
Huh
Okay, shit

Don't fuck with me 'less you ready for this problem ('Less you ready for this shit, man)
Mama always taught me you don't start those, you solve 'em (You ain't ready for this shit, man)
Mink, mink goblin, finish 'em, they wobblin'
Okay, chill, they fallin', damn, Cyn, get off her
I'm a prophet, don't take shit, won't harm shit
Can't take the play, don't you jump in this ball pit
Used to work at Harbor Freight, but now this my office
Can you believe they pay me all this money just to talk shit?
Lil' bitch, I'm vibin', lil' bitch, we mobbin' (Yeah)
All in God timin', well, goddamn, I'm shinin'
On these records, this ain't silver, ho, it's white gold
Wait 'til I get them diamonds, it's gon' be a chokehold, KO

I'm a hoochie, I'm a sellout
Smell like shit every time it's me they talk 'bout
I'm a born sinner, better get that gone
Eighty-five, burnin' rubber 'til I get back home, uh
And bitter is the fruit that fell early
Slither with these snakes on me, Lord, have mercy
Hands in this chicken, no Church's
Throwin' up to purge it, Lord, forgive me for these urges

Uh, so who the fuck I look like if I slow up now? (Uh)
Talkin' out they neck, but my foot calmed that down (Uh)
Used to let that slide just to keep folks around
Now I keep the scissors in my bag in case they get loud
We pipe that smoke down, uh (Yeah), don't get me rowdy
These hoes can't rap with me, say that shit proudly
Bad, bad, Mike Lowry
Servin' face and seasoned, bitch, I even brought my Lawry's
They like my lil' voice, they think that shit sweet
They think they gon' beat this lil' caramel coochie (Please)
Well, bitch, I'm the new-age Eve
Forbidden gems up my sleeve next to that .380

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