

# Snake

Sauce Walka

Chamberlain, he's got it  
JRag on the beat  
Drip  
Ghetto Gospel, nigga  
Shit, ooh-wee

Bitch, you a snake, anaconda  
First I gave you my trust, when you gave me your word, then I gave you my honor  
Should've known from that feeling I got from your eyes when you gave me your number  
Should've known that you just a square Betsy lil' bitch and you ain't about commas  
Boy, you a ho like Madonna  
A big boss on the 'Gram but we know in real life that you really a runner  
You ain't feedin' your fam, all your people ain't straight, nigga, how you one hundred?  
Nigga, how you one hundred?  
Nigga, how you a stunner? nigga, what 'bout your mama?  
How she still in that Honda? How she still in the struggle?  
Nigga, how could you spend sixty on a Patek but your baby in trouble?  
You got beef with her mama, but your baby need dollars  
But that's not that kid's problem  
But he throwin' racks in Harlem  
He out in Dreams, he ballin'  
If he get a new number, he callin'  
See your dick in these hoes is your problem  
That's why you ain't got no way to solve it  
'Stead of handlin' your business, you stallin'  
Tryna get some new pussy, you childish  
And these bitches no different, they make it no better  
They fuckin' for followers instead of cheddar  
You got a man on lock, sendin' you letters  
But you all in VIP tryna get wet up  
In my opinion the shit be a set-up  
These bitches be loyal until they get head up  
Say they want truth but they change when you tell 'em  
At first she was gutter, she thought she was heaven  
Until it's one day she wake up lookin' seven  
Bitch was supposed to be here 'round 9 but she didn't make it up 'til by 11  
You call her number and it got declined at least twenty times,  
now you know it's hectic  
She sent a text in 'bout bein' neglected  
Now she somewhere ain't a scrub fuckin' naked