

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