

Mike T

ScarLip

Listen

I'm checking these hoes
More than they getting paid at they job
Like, the fuck?

Check on a bitch like Nike
Flex on a bitch like Spike Lee
Beat on a bitch like Mike T
Don't runner up, tell a ho come fight me
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Hahahaha, brrr
It's cold in here
Got a pole case a ho get bold in here
Got some ice, so it might get cold in here
Can't lack, gotta bring my pole in here
Ho, that ain't yo' nigga, so why you triggered?
You let him hit 'cause he took you to dinner
I let him hit 'cause he play with them triggers
Homeboy be quick to go buss at them niggas
Buss at them niggas, buss at them bitches
Buss at them rats, buss at them snitches
Just look at the sea, it's too many fishes
So why would I stress 'bout a nigga?

I get 'em gone, ta-da
They sing along, la-la
Blizzy gon' aim at his Matta
Diddy boppin', do the cha-cha
I think my prayers is working
'Cause I used to pray for a Birkin
On God
And I used to pray for that Prada
I walk in the spot, and I'm throwing them dollars
Make it rain, trick
I got a friend named Reisha
I got a friend named Alyssa
If you got that gold, she a digger
Every time I see her, she with a new nigga
Like, what?

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Brick wall, waterfall
Girl, you think you got it all, but you don't
I do
So move with that attitude

Reese's Pieces Butter Cup
Fuck with me, he fall in love
Fuck with you, you hurt his gut
Huh
Hands on my knees, making it squeeze
Act like you tough, yo, you ain't trying to meet
Act like you tough, talk through the screen
Send your location, you ain't tryna meet
Yeah, I get down real dirty
Real dark skin, real tall, real curvy
Won't text back 'cause that nigga ain't worthy
He see me winning, now he wanna hurt me
I love who I am
Know where I stand
Know I'ma blow 'cause that's all I got planned
Like, why you mad?
I just be chilling
Making my money, I'm handling business
I don't throw shade, I just direct it
You see me in person, you better respect it
They love who I am, they always applaud me
Late to the party, I need about forty

Just don't go villain
Drop down low, make her touch to the ceiling
Why they be hating?
I just be chillin'
Broke boy, get the fuck out your feelings
I'm focused on cash, swerve through the dash
Flexing on bitches, I'm makin' 'em mad
I got him simpin', I know that he's sad
I'm still a chick that ain't none of them had
My body golden, yes, I am chosen
I got him praying like this is The Omen
I tell him listen, he do what I told him
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Ya'll bitches don't wanna fight
No, ya'll bitches don't wanna fight
No, ya'll bitches don't wanna fight
Y'all bitches couldn't fight to save y'all life