

# 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