

She don't want no scrub nigga  
(Great John on the beat by the way)  
Look, look

She said she don't want no scrub nigga  
But since we got a bag, she been tryna fuck with us  
She stuck up on the gang like a sticker  
She wants a Mr. Fame, we just tryna get richer  
She said like "ouu, what's up, let me kick it witchu"  
I'm with the gang, who you bringing with you?  
And I ain't tryna know your name, I ain't tryna kiss you  
And after this, I might just forget you

She like "when you finna pull up on me, hit it off"  
She said she want some Fendi, Chanel, and Louis Vuitton  
Her man mad, said he tryna get it on  
I got a choppa on me, don't get hit up for a broad  
Her best friend know all the words to my songs  
She said she fell in love, said she finna get involved  
These bitches pick and choose, and that's why they getting tossed  
They hate to see me win, they love to see me take a loss  
And I know she don't really really fuck with me  
She seen a lil cash and now she's claiming that she stuck with me  
I be in the cut like a buck fifty  
Shorty never held me down so she's never getting up with me

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Yea, yea, she get lit, and she gon' let me hit  
The type to run yo' pockets tryna make you spend a brick  
You ever seen her dance she do better on a dick  
I pulled up with my mans and she pulled up with a bitch  
I know they only want me 'cause they heard I'm getting rich  
She loves to send me pictures of her ass and her tits  
My cuzzo said he clicked, said he met her on the strip  
So I know she be hoeing, I know she gon' do the clique  
So fuck it, I ain't loving, imma sit and take a sip  
I'm counting up these hunnids, I ain't worried bout a bitch  
Look, fuck it, I ain't loving, imma sit and take a sip  
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