

Brand New

Sonta

Fuck you, bitch, my weave brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my shoes brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my fit brand new
And you know I throw a couple of bands, too
Fuck you, bitch, my crib brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my whip brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my hair's brand new
Snatch your wig and your fucking man, too

You know I keep my nails on fleek
My lashes turn them on when I blink
Eyebrows shaped up, real clean
And you know my shoe game real mean
She say, "Can I get a pic with the camera?
'Cause damn, girl, you look so familiar
Don't mean to drill you, but you one in a million
And the way you dressed, baby, you just hit the kill switch"
I got these bitches mad, they upset
Tell they ass to get glad like a trash bag
[?] just to stay pretty on their trash ass
Somebody, please escort these bitches to the trash can
He looked me up and down and asked me what my name is
Don't act like you don't know, bitch, I can make you famous
You knew exactly who I was when I came in
And I taste good, I'm an edible arrangement

Fuck you, bitch, my weave brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my shoes brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my fit brand new
And you know I throw a couple of bands, too
Fuck you, bitch, my crib brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my whip brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my hair's brand new
Snatch your wig and your fucking man, too

I think she mad 'cause my hair is real long
She's like an Android, I'm like an iPhone
She's like copper, I'm more rose gold
[?], you should go home
Then try again 'cause something went wrong
Girl, you don't fit in, this is not where you belong
I keep it cool, but I don't be super friendly
'Cause females act like your friend, but they envy
I call them frenemy, a friend and an enemy
The bitches ain't no kin to me, I'm focused on this winning streak
I'm not thinking 'bout no rumors or no jealousy
Can't give a damn what they say 'cause they ain't telling me
To sum it up, I'ma always fuck it up
I'm on the winning team, you better get your buckets up
And you the runner up, but you ain't running nothing
Don't get it confused, bitch, I'm not that brand new bitch

Fuck you, bitch, my weave brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my shoes brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my fit brand new
And you know I throw a couple of bands, too
Fuck you, bitch, my crib brand new

Fuck you, bitch, my whip brand new
Fuck you, bitch, my hair is brand new
Snatch your wig and your fucking man, too