

Conceited

SSGKobe

CashMoneyAP

CashMoney, CashMoney, AP

Whippin' in that Maybach, uh
With them bands in my lap
Yo bitches that you call yo brothers stab a knife in yo back
And she don't wanna fuck with you nigga, 'cause you be cap
You talking shit I get the blick and shoot the glick at yo hat
And I just ran up some bands, oh my
Fucking that hoe from behind
You my ride or die
Baby don't you lie
Baby don't deceive me
Want you to entertain me like I'm on TV, uh huh

Started from the bottom now I'm here
I'm sippin' lean I pour the juice this ain't no beer
And bitch you playing too many games, yeah, yeah (Grratata, ha)
Let me be yo future nigga
Baby tell me if you see me as yo future nigga
I know you don't love you just tryna come and use a nigga
I'm tired of inflicting this pain on myself
I came from the mud from the dirt ain't no help
I run to the bag but you slow like a snail
I ran my bands up now I'm going to Chanel
They shot my lil' brother I remember seeing them shells

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