

## Regular

Stefflon Don

(And if I ever (ever fall)  
In love again (again)  
I will be sure that the lady is a friend  
Ladies  
If I ever fall)

I'm not like them regular chicks  
When I go for a hit, I don't miss  
Go for a hit, I don't miss  
I'm not like them regular bitches  
Not like them regular chicks  
Not like them regular chicks  
When my man dive in  
I go in and smash on them bitches  
Got my fam out the hood  
Cast out buyin' good now  
Got it poppin' like I should've  
Live my life, gotta loca  
In the neck of the woods  
In the neck of the woods  
It ain't trickin' 'if you got it  
When I pull up on 'em they be wylin'

I'm in the city and I'm pretty wit' it  
Diamonds on me, got me feelin' big  
Is you with me if I fall down  
Lemme know, lemme know, know  
'Cause I'm in the (goal, but fired up[?])  
Fuck love, I'ma handle my stuff  
Told you, I'm not like them regular chicks  
I ain't gon' deal with no regular shit  
He say he love me but play with the ting  
I be like "damn, who you kiddin'?"  
I'm not like 'em regular chicks  
Nobody gon' diss me or call me a bitch  
I be like them "damn, who you kiddin'?"  
Run up, run up, get done up  
If they kick me down I'm gon' come up  
I'm always gon' have one up  
Livin' my life, I won't give up  
I got my money, I can make do  
Made one milli, I could make two  
Ain't no favors, I've been workin', working back to back  
God knows I stay true

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Live my life, gotta loca

In the neck of the woods  
In the neck of the woods  
It ain't trickin' 'if you got it  
When I pull up on 'em they be wylin'

Diamonds on my wrist, diamonds on my neck  
Every time I step back I've got these bitches pressed  
Ooh they throwin' shots, but it ain't direct  
You know they could never come at me that way

Swear I ain't just like your regular  
Poppin', we gettin' that chedda' bro  
Flickin' my wrist like a balla'  
Bitches gon' hate 'cause they regular  
You think you're best, then you [?]  
Someone need slap you a joker  
Someone need slap you a joker

Whoa...  
You know what it is  
Baby you know that it's like that  
If I leave you, you ain't gon' like that  
You know I'm wit' the G's  
You know I'm turnin' up  
You know I'm poppin' tags  
You know I'm wit' the stuff  
If I spend it I make it back  
Money I run, and I run wit' Jah  
How you gon' treat me like bitches on crack  
How you gon' treat me like bitches  
Bitches, bitches, bitches, bitches

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Every time I step back I've got these bitches pressed  
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You know they could never come at me that way

Ooh, lovin' what you do