

Last night I cried
Give me a second, give me a minute
Nah, lil' bitch, can't let you finish
Yeah, that's right, I need commissions, oh my
All that sauce you got from me
All that shit I gave for free
All I wanted, babe, wanted, babe
This ain't no warnin' sign
In case all you hoes forgot
Know you been more than lost
But that don't mean I'm so
Comin' like I'm so greasy
Ex-nigga, he so needy
Punk ass tried to replace me, but this dick just too high
They can't survive off mini-me's
I'm talkin' pedigree
Ain't no writers, that's just me
Ain't no spiteful, I'm just T
Can't hate a bitch for free
Talkin' I'm off the bench like Brady
I'm pressin' niggas like KD, it's up

Yeah, nigga, it's up to me
Remind you with that lil' rease
So classic, that ass so fat, it look natural, it's not
I talk bullshit a lot
No more f*ck-shit, I'm done
Damn right, I'm the one
Damn right, I'm the one
Comin' back, shit so kiddy
Comin' back, snatch like bandit
Comin' back, this ain't cancer, I'm organic with my fresh squee
ze
I'm dumpin' like press squeeze
I'm horny like suck D's, so darin' like touch me
And all the petty shit aside
All the phony shit aside
I just want what's mine
Mine, oh
I just want what's mine
This ain't no warnin' sign
In case all you hoes forgot
And I cried, I cried
Said what's on my mind
Ooh-oh-woah, I cried