

# Too Bad

Tay Money

I could hear the haters now, here they come  
Where you at? Point 'em out  
There they go, over there looking dumb  
I wish I could see your face right now, why you hatin'?  
You don't know, you just lost in the sauce and you broke  
Too bad, too bad, too bad  
I'm too bad  
Too bad, too bad  
I'm getting money and you be mad

They like how she keep on flexing  
Why you asking questions?  
Why you trying to count my pockets?  
I count up my blessings  
I done learned from all my lessons  
Who gon' be there in the end?  
It's gon' be me myself and I so why the fuck I need a friend  
That's why I'm running out of a fucks to give  
I know they can't touch my drip  
Fresh to death, before I go get dressed I made a bucket list  
Miss me with that sucker shit, couple cars, couple cribs  
Took your baby diddy on a date, he say he love it here  
He call me all the time, this hah on his mind  
He think this pussy his but that shit really mine  
I kinda feel bad, I can tell he really tryin'  
Shit, he supposed to  
Tay Money a dime

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I got bad intentions, I'm a hot nigga  
Name another young nigga that's fucking with me  
Two hoes in my night with 'em, text one now just talk to me  
Know you got a thing for them hood niggas  
Just something about them hood bitches  
You know you're with a thug when you rolling with me  
Here go the chopper we don't talk 50s  
Load up and go tweak with me  
Is you ready for a deep nigga  
Come here let me rub on you, baby too bad  
Got me spending cash on it  
We ain't never ran from the opps, we put pressure on 'em  
These niggas ain't ready for us  
These niggas ain't ready for us  
They be hiding from us  
I'm trying to spin the block can't spend no time with you  
These niggas ain't ready for us, they be hiding from us  
Tay ain't gotta worry about a thang, bitch I'm sliding for her

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