

My Ways

Tiara Thomas

I never throw hands over niggas
I don't love that man
But I'll definitely throw a grand to a stripper
God damn look at all those bands
Look, bitch, I'm tryna change my ways
Stay strapped up just in case
I'm a good girl on the low
But I just can't trust these hoes
Pulled up in a black like Malcolm
Higher than a motherfucking falcon
Stunting on some bitches from Carlton
Never trust a nigga like how come, ooh

Bitch, I'm tryna change my ways
Bitch, I'm tryna change my ways
Bitch, I'm tryna change my ways
Bitch, I'm tryna change my... aye
I got pimp juice in my blood
I stay strapped up just because

Bitch you wish that I hated myself, hated myself
I dropped a label, I'm faded, I'm faded
I made it myself, made it myself
Oh I'm so wavy, I rode the wave, bitch, I'm Michael Phelps
I spent a stack on my belt
Rolling my hips, that's my pelvis
These bitches think that I'm Elvis
These bitches think that I'm selfish
Truth is these bitches is helpless
Chewing these bitches like relish
These bitches think that I'm... woah!
Boy, I'm tryna change my taste
These niggas is a waste

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I stay strapped up just because