

Hitmaka

B-B-Bankroll got it

I got a handful of niggas, they be out in every state
Like my outfit, I got to switch it every day
My out-of-town nigga want to put me on a flight
I'm married to this money, I could never be your wife
Still dealing with my nigga over East
I want to give him time, but he always in the streets
The way this nigga walk, you'd think he from the West
He fuck me off the za and I can feel it in my chest
He a trap nigga, got it jumping like the stove
Want to lock me in like the niggas on parole
Give me what I need, then I scratch him off the list
I tell him I'm in love, but I'm lying through my lips
Ex-nigga call, see if we can talk
Side nigga mad 'cause I never show him off
I'm fucking on his mans and he still ain't got a clue
He think you running game, but I've been a player, too

Player (Been that, been that)
Heartbreaker (Been that, been that)
You better watch how you move
Player (Been that, been that)
Heartbreaker (Been that, been that)
You better watch how you move

Baby, you the illest, baby, you the thickest
Baby, you the realest, baby, you got inches
You know I'm a player
I fuck with other bitches
But you know I love you the most, give me kisses (Muah)
Yeah, I just want somebody, 'body
To treat me like somebody, 'body, somebody
Don't be like everybody, 'body
My little bitch brown skin and pretty like Tink (Tink)
Pretty ass teeth, pretty ass feet (Teeth, feet)
You're pretty like your mom and you're pretty as can be
You don't play no games when it come to me
I'm a player, you a player, too
I be playing, you be playing, too
I be cheating, you be cheating, too
But when I'm leaving, I'ma leave with you, ha

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