

B

Todrick Hall

Yo yo
Who was doing all the cookin'
Doing all the cleanin'
Who was making sure the cookies' always good for eatin'
Who was there putting it down every evening
Even when you was leavin' for no reason each time your phone was ringin'
And who was there making your friends wish that they could be you
The game was done, you's a bum, I ain't finna feed you
Take the shit out of the Benz you ain't got the key too
I don't need you, kiss my ass while I pack and leave

Oh honey you don't fucked up real big this time
Never get another bitch lookin' this fine
Don't let the doorknob hit you
Take your sidechick with you
Tick-tock
Kick rocks, rocks

Bitch I was you B, bitch I was your Yoncé
Bitch I was you B, bitch I was your Yoncé
Bitch I was you B, bitch I was your Yoncé
Bitch I was, bitch I was, bitch I was your Yoncé

Bitch I was a ten
Bitch you was a five (nah four)
Bitch I was a win, pussy most niggas would die for
Bitch I had you in position she couldn't apply for
Why you have to lie for (ooh)
I'm bored
Bitch I'm louboutin, I ain't fucking with payless no more
I'm a G6, I ain't flying with Southwest no more
Bitch your ass is broke, I ain't looking to impress no more
Bitch I was your Marilyn you can't blow up my dress no more

Could've been your Madonna, now who gon' tell yo mama
You lost a bomb ass bitch killing like Rihanna, hair like Ariana, thick like a grown Moana
Hope you happy with Melania cuz' you lost Michelle Obama (eat it)

Bitch I was you B, bitch I was your Yoncé (I was your Yoncé)
Bitch I was you B, bitch I was your Yoncé (I was your Yoncé)
Bitch I was you B, bitch I was your Yoncé (bitch, I was your Yoncé)
Bitch I was, bitch I was, bitch I, bitch I was your Yoncé

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