Ok, ok, ok
Ok, ok, ok
Ok, ok, ok
Ok, ok, ok

I got two phones
One for loving
One for fucking
I got two cars
One for chillin
One for stuntin
I got two commas in the bank
Ain't gotta beg for nothing
I got two balls
Tell my haters they can suck 'em

I got two, two, two, two, two, two, two
I got two, two, two, two, two, two
Cause I'm too busy winning
And too god damn fine
I got two of you
And he on the other line
Click

It was just last Tuesday
He blew me like a tuba
It was too good to be true
Yeah it was fishy like some tuna
Is you two timing me bitch?
Is your love true or not?
Is there two of us?
And sorry I say two a lot

Anyway he gave me attitude
I said who you talking to
Then I said toodles
Then I told him hit the road like To Wong Foo
He said all I gots two dollars
I said aw bitch that's too cute
You got two lips
I got two cheeks
Bitch I think you know what to do

I got two phones
One for loving
One for fucking
I got two cars
One for chillin
One for stuntin
I got two commas in the bank
Ain't gotta beg for nothing
I got two balls
Tell my haters they can suck 'em

I got two, two, two, two, two, two I got two, two, two, two, two, two Cause I'm too bootylicious These thighs is too thick
I got two of you
And he's got a bigger hearse too

He's got his timbuktu on
Took his ass back to Tucson
I turned up to some Tinashe
Cause I love to get too on
Had to get him out my hair
Like a toupee
Wish I slapped the nigga twice
Cause he two faced

He called me I said I don't give two fucks
You too down and I'm too up
You too damn old for this
I'm tired of this shit
Two girls one cup
You too cute to buy red roses
You can keep these damn tulips
He said can we just talk tomorrow
I said shh don't interrupt

I got two phones
One for loving
One for fucking
I got two cars
One for chillin
One for stuntin
I got two commas in bank
Ain't gotta beg for nothing
I got two balls
Tell my haters they can suck 'em

I got two, two, two, two, two, two
I got two, two, two, two, two, two
Cause you're too busy loosing
And I always win
I got two of you
And he your best friend

Bitch I'm too much

Not to toot my horn But stop the music Toot toot Tonight I got this intuition That I'm too cute Like I'm d squared Got two brothers when I need to And they don't say shit R2D2 Got a new tattoo Say fuck with me now Baby I'm too hot Hard to cry Yeah that's why they taking shots like I'm 2Pac Let me stop It's too soon Bitch I thought I was 2 Chainz Just know two can play that game And this last hook ain't the same

I got two lips
One for kissing
One for blowing
I got two cribs
One for living
One for hoeing
I got two commas in the bank
That money steady growing
Bitch I'm too beat
Ask my haters cause they know it

I got two, two, two, two, two, two
I got two, two, two, two, two, two
Cause I'm too busy winning
And too god damn fine
I got two of you
And he on the other line
Click