

TFAB

Tom MacDonald

We arrive at the venue so faded, been wasted all day at the house
They knew we were coming so when we roll up they roll red carpets out
Anyone with a problem gets texted we're here, now we seen 'em duck out
We're twenty-five deep and we're not on the list but they give us a bottle o
f booze and a couch
Welcome to Beverly Hills where all of the bitches are badder
They wanna know how we all feel but fuck anybody who's asking
This is the come up, fuck your two cents dawg, I don't need your pennies
They're all tryna dodge us like they came with tennis
They're pourin' their 40's, we're spillin' our Henney
Yeah, bitches bust it open like a piggy bank
Married to the money, call it wedding cake
Smokin' on the hookah 'til the Swisher blown
All these B's in the trap selling honeycombs
(Turn up, turn up) turn up, what's love got to do with it? No Tina Turner
Shot, shot, shot, shots, Wolf in the club, I think he brought his burner
We in the cut and when we hit the crib then I got hoes in my mouth
I eat the pussy 'til that pussy rich, I don't pay for that shit I got gold i
n my mouth

Hey, it's your birthday
Hey, it's your birthday
Hey, grab your girlfriend and we can head to her place
Hey, it's your birthday
Hey, it's your birthday
And your booty means the world, make it earthquake

Twerk it for a Birkin
Girl you twerkin' for that Birkin
Tell her you ain't really work unless you twerkin' for a Birkin
Tell her twerk it for a Birkin
Hey, twerk it for a Birkin, hey
She a bad bitch, tell her twerk it for a Birkin
Twerk it
Throw that booty, throw that booty, throw that booty girl (yeah)
Throw that booty, throw that booty, throw that booty girl (yeah)
Throw that booty, throw that booty, throw that booty girl
Throw that booty, throw that booty, throw that booty girl

W-w-we're in the cut with them Styrofoam cups and you already know
Champagne on the table, Ciroc on the table
Our section is full
The bottles are poppin', the booties are poppin', it never gets old
Syrup with codeine to slow it down so I can live in the moment, I don't have
a cold
(Get it) all of my people are here and they gun hands got sun tans
From hangin' that shit out the window in Compton, makin' them thugs dance
So many rings in my face you might think that I play in a punk band
But then you hear one of my songs and everyone is like "goddamn"
So many ones in the air you would think we're choppin' down money trees
Buckin' like a virgin, I swear that no one can fuck with me
Bitches bust it open like we're drinkin' Henney
My homies got them clippers like the Staples Center

Hey, you a bad bitch
Hey, you a bad bitch
Hey, got a flask in your purse for the captains

Hey, you a bad bitch
Hey, you a bad bitch
Hey, shake that ass home alone with the cammers

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Twerk it, yeah

My team live by the gun like it's renting a room in our building
My team live in the club like there ain't no such thing as eviction
My team throwin' them ones in the air and we not at the strippers
My team is wildin' out up on the stage, we don't ever buy tickets

Hey, you a booty hoe
Hey, you a booty hoe
Hey, bring you back to the crib and get a nudey show
Hey, you a booty hoe
Hey, you a booty hoe
Hey, catch a dick in your mouth and your booty, hoe

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