Ohh. Trina Ohh... 'Cause me I'm trying not to trip Trying not to trip Can't let that jealousy get the best of me Gotta keep my mind on the chip Money on my mind That gossip won't get your stacks up How you gon hustle blind 'Cause I need fish tanks on my wall hoe Umbrella in my car door Y'all mad but y'all broke What the fuck I'm worrying bout y'all for Gat new checks and new stress Yeah I know it come with that So if a hoe leave, let her stay gone unless she bring them bogies back 'Cause me I'm trying not to trip Trying not to trip Can't let that jealousy get the best of me Gotta keep my mind on the chip Cause these hoes gon hate you anyway They gon hate you anyway Shit, either way it go They gon have your business in the streets You gon have some enemies Even if you broke Shit, Might as well get money They gon hate you anyway Either way it go Might as well get money Ex friend used to be my best friend Now she run around with my ex man Me I gotta blame myself Should have never put this snake bitch on a jet man Showed the bitch how to dress Gave the bitch clothes and look how it gets Put her in a rolce She ain't never roll like this, when niggas will be getting real chest Sipping em gold bottles, with your role model You look up to me bitch, you won't be getting no followers You ain't gat no hustle, you ain't even trying nothing You trying to ride shotgun but I'm thinking bout buying one

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