

CAN'T BE FUCKED WITH

Ty Dolla \$ign

All the hoes in the club go ratchet
All the strippers in the club go ratchet
All the hoes in, all the hoes in, all the hoes in the club go ratchet
All the hoes in the club go ratchet
All the strippers in the club go ratchet
All the hoes in, all the hoes in, all the hoes in the club go ratchet

Thirty mil' up
Hopped off the porch and I ran it up
EZMNY overstand these niggas not us
I can't remember when, these bitches ain't give a damn
Hundred points up on the scoreboard, can't even count the wins
Tycoon talk, the money is sent
Ain't on my level, then we can't be friends
You ain't my bitch if you ain't a ten
Pretty lil' bitch be twisting my ends
Jump in that water, I swim with the sharks
Signed a new artist and he goin' hard (Yeah)
You wasn't there from the start
We was laid up in the dark
Nobody lent a hand
Now a nigga got a plan
Now a nigga thinkin' smart
Do this shit for the fam'
Grateful I took a chance
What would you do for a chance?
A chance to be a Tycoon
What would you do for a chance?

Woah, woah, woah
All the hoes in the club go ratchet
All the strippers in the club go ratchet
All the hoes in, all the hoes in, all the hoes in the club go ratchet

Pull up bumpin' Jodeci
Too lit, I can't go to sleep
Hundred racks all over me (Yeah)
Codeine cup is bittersweet
Blew a ticket in a week
Hundred racks all over me (Yeah)

Can't be fucked with, can't be fucked with
Can't be fucked with, can't be fucked with
Can't be fucked with, can't be fucked with
Can't be fucked with, can't be fucked with

Cash keep falling, no receipts
Push the foreign with no keys
All my sins, they on repeat
But the more they set me free
Poppin' pills, she barely eat
Heart's so cold, I'm in these streets
I can't go, I keep my peace
Still too rich to ever weep
Countin' bands, I'm never cheap
I fuck her once then let her leave
Can't be laid with my enemies

Said she wish it was ten of me