

Woah  
Bitch, don't play with me  
Yeah, yeah  
Bitch, don't play with me  
Go ahead, fuck me on that money  
Bitch, don't play with me  
Fuck me on that money  
Bitch, bend over  
Make it clap  
Church on Sunday  
They can't fuck with me  
I know it, they literally tried  
I told her I don't fuck with her  
She looked at me and she literally cried  
You can get a chest-shot, headshot, literally die  
Bitch, you mad at me?  
I tried to tell you I'm literally fried

How are you mad at me?  
Pulled up, illiterate vibe  
Bitches bad built  
Fat ass, match no thighs  
You can't get fly like me  
Way I do it, a literal crime  
You is not my type  
Yeah, you could be in a little bit of time  
Heart colder than ice  
She like ice, no spice  
I can say it twice  
About to pull off a heist  
Moving with a pipe  
I can get them bags in for lower on the price  
I can-

Woah  
Bitch, don't play with me  
Yeah, yeah  
Bitch, don't play with me  
Go ahead, fuck me on that money  
Bitch, don't play with me  
Fuck me on that money  
Bitch, bend over  
Make it clap  
Church on Sunday  
They can't fuck with me  
I know it, they literally tried  
I told her I don't fuck with her  
She looked at me and she literally cried  
You can get a chest-shot, headshot, literally die  
Bitch, you mad at me?  
I tried to tell you I'm literally fried