

My ex still going out sad, bitch
You fuckin' on niggas to make me mad, girl
You fucking on niggas to make me sad, girl
It only hurts yo dad, it only hurts yo dad
I'ma make you stand on what you say about me
I'm gon make you stand on what you
I'ma make you stand on what you say about me
Girl, I'ma make you stand on what you say, mami

Knowing I'm a bad motherfucker, bad motherfucker
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Recruiting all the shooters, this the military
Five thousand for the glasses, I'm a visionary
Hit her doggy style over missionary
Why you runnin' from this dick, bitch, you really scary
Fuck about ya man I get him buried, can you dig that
Everybody shine together, I'ma get my lick back
Grown shit don't play no games I text you, hit back
Now buss it open, make that shit clap
Clap, clap, clap, yeah
Blues strips in my pockets I be runnin' through these racks
Racks, racks, racks, yeah
Drop ya location I can put you on the map
And I'ma make ya stand on what ya say bout me
All this motion make her feel a way bout me
Make her lose her mind she go insane bout me
Trick on that pussy do it right might get a range out me

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Diamonds jumping out the gym, they like Olympians
New religion to these bitches, I'm Corinthians
I pulled up in a 63 but this a different Benz
Threesome every time we link, I'm hitting different friends
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Say that
Top me off in public, close the curtains on the Maybach
I might just let her do her thing while I lay back
And embrace that, no face that
I'm a bad mother, with my bussy on

Keep my business out your mouth about who I'm bussin' on
Why is she give a fuck if she ain't who I'm fuckin' on
Why my old bitch so obsessed, something's wrong

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