

Bad and Boujee

William Singe

raindrop, droptop
smokin' on cookie in the hotbox
f*ckin' on your bitch she a thot, thot

cookin' up dope in the crockpot
we came from nothin' to somthin' brah
i dont trust nobody grip the ah
call up the gang, and they come for ya
my bitch is bad and boujee
cookin' up dope with the Uzi
my hittas savage, ruthless
we got 30's and 100 rounds too
so, my bitch is bad and boujee
cookin' up dope with the Uzi
my hittas savage, ruthless
we got 30's and 100 rounds too

willy will, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo!
rackings and rackings, got back-ends on back-ends
im ridin' around in a coupe
i take your bitch right from you
bitch im a dog (roof)
beat the hoe walls loose
hop in the frog
i tell that bitch to come confort me
swear all these hittas is under me
they hate and the devil keep jumpin' me
bankrolls on me keep me company
aye, we did the most
pull up in ghosts
my diamonds a choker
holdin' the fire with no holster
rick the ruler, diamonds cooler
this a rollie, not a muller
dabbin' on 'em like usual
magic with the brick, do voodoo
courtside with a bad bitch
then i send the bitch an uber
young and rich and plus im bougie
tryna make my like a movie

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dont owe nobody, owe nobody
always on the job, got no hobbies
got the city f*ckin' with me cause im homegrown
vibin' out more than my phone though
leave me 'lone, me on my own though
i cut that bitch off like an edit
my daddy a G, its genetics
i heard ya new shit, its pathetic
and your contact should be shredded
took my dogs on a private jet from the public housing
i kept it G, yeah, one thousand
clique star- studded like the paramoumt mountain

last night took a L, but tonight i bounce back
wake up every morning, by the night, i count stacks
knew that ass was real, when i hit, it bounced back
you aint getting checks, yeah yeah yeah chi chi
i been broke as hell, cashed a check and bounced back
D town LAX, every week i bounce back
if you a real one, then you know how to bounce back

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