And you think with your dick

Put my hands on my hips, have no time for your shit

Boy, get yo' Don't know if I'm ready Talk to you tomorrow You can call me petty But I get angry when you come to mind Don't say that you're sorry Too late to the party Girl, don't get me started (Don't get me, woah) I refuse to let you ruin my-I tried for your punk-ass, boy Swear, I lied for your punk-ass, boy Look at you, looking like a punk-ass (Boy) I ain't listen when they said you a punk-ass boy I can tell you wanna book a hotel, do ya? Have fun by yourself, honey No, I'm not mad at you Oh, you think that's attitude, boo boo? Boo, ooh Ego, am I in the way of yours? Don't answer that, I don't really care I have paid too much attention You said I could bank on you and you ain't even there Your timing a lot like Dilla, you're a little late I don't wanna wait for ya, he just wanna pull up at my place (No way) Why you got me going through hoops? (Croquet) I'm a boss ass and you want that so don't crawl back Acting like you all that, you ain't no Keenan or Kel Give me a reason to tell you that I'm needing your help I am an independent woman, uh (Yeah) Feeling like you shouldn't, uh (Yeah) Hit me up, you wanna fuck (Woo) Just another runner up, I knew it Don't know if I'm ready Talk to you tomorrow You can call me petty But I get angry when you come to mind Don't say that you're sorry Too late to the party Girl, don't get me started I refuse to let you ruin my-If you had a dime for all of your chances you could buy me the bouquet I des erve And some dessert, word So don't come around me with puppy eyes 'Cause you suck at lying and I am the queen of deception Your dick ain't as good as I let you believe My next man can give you a lesson, yeah You don't know what you just lost (Woo) I'm Fieri with the frost (Ayy) I should call Cardi, go off You out here pulling a Rachel and Ross, uh I can tell when you're drunk 'cause you act like a dick

'Cause I just checked my wrist and it's fuck off o'clock right now Pipe down, lights out
You can't clear your name with some white out
Get on my knees? I'd've bite down
Goodnight now
I'm turning my phone off
Picture me with my clothes off
Now I got a new fling and that shit got you Green
I'm Draymond and you getting no shots

Don't know if I'm ready
Talk to you tomorrow
You can call me petty
But I get angry when you come to mind
Don't say that you're sorry
Too late to the party
Girl, don't get me started
I refuse to let you ruin my-