

Ya Bih

Yo Gotti

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)

I'm legend my life should be studied
I come from nothing, run up a thirty
Fucked on a superstar bitch, and I butted
Christian Louboutin, yea I been blooded
I'm not a crip, but I got blues in my pocket
Too many blues won't fit in the wallet
Cristopher wallets (Wallets), everything B.I.G, we are the hundreds

Your bitch outta pocket, I'm fuckin' her (Fuckin' her)
Your bitch a lil' baby I'm duckin' her (Duckin' her)
Your bitch a lil' bad I am cuffin' 'em (Lockin' 'em)
I turn your lil' bitch to a hustler (Whatever)
Your bitch on a dope shit, she a customer (She gon')
I'm tired of your bitch, had enough of her (I'm tired)
She like cars, we fucked in a Cullinan (Ooh-oooh)
Gotta umbrella her (Go)

We made it to water (Extorted)
Sixty minutes and I had her draws off (Woo)
How you let a bitch make you fall off? (How?)
Ayy come get your bitch out my call log (Please)
A hundred miss calls, I block her (Hello)
Oh yeah she determined, can't stop her (Damn)
She blew a bag at the doctor
Sixty [?], she eat cornbread and pasta (Yeah)
Yeah my type of bitch don't need nan' nigga (Damn)
She got a boutique and a cold figure (Damn)
You know she young, got an old nigga (Yep)
And she gon' keep a few hoes with 'em (Oh)
Bitches be salty so, swear they be subbin' me (Sub)
Niggas be thirsty bitches won't fuck with 'em
She on a shift for real (For real)
Got her ass done but it looked real

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I turn your lil' bitch to a hustler (Money up)
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Gotta umbrella her (Go)

That ain't your bitch, that's our bitch (Mine too)
We just gon' keep it in your house (Then what?)
You spent a thousand in Ruth Chris (Tricked off)
I took that bitch to a dope house (My hood)
You see the difference is plenty (So many)
Handle that emotion you know I'ma give it
And my eminent would a girl from my city
Soon as she get drunk we gon' fem on some flicky
I'm deep in my dog for roll me some truffles
Wherever I go it's a smoke out (Puff that)
My bitch got a bubble, I beat it like she get in trouble
Get wet as a buss down

Told her stay out my business, go get you a business
She talk to a vendor on what's up
He mad as a bitch let me find out
Had his head holdin' my hunnid come hideout
You the type little bitch get you for everything
In n' out I only know how play mine
Them niggas corny she fuck with the bread guy
Shot my shot, would have switch I got dead aim (Bow)
Still wishin' they had me ex beauty bitches
You can pay me to pay attention (Nope)
She fall in every rapper with a Richard Mille
Tryna fuck her way up get a meal ticket (Facts)

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