

# Bad B\*tch (feat. Jeremih, Rick Ross & Fabolous)

## French Montana

Got a good thing goin' with a bad bitch  
You know who to call when you need it  
Wish I had another you, I'm greedy  
Sometimes like that nigga get greedy  
Got damn I fell in love with a bad bitch  
You know that every time you leave me  
Even though I know how men be talkin'  
I just know that nigga wanna be me  
Came in here and fell in love with a bad bitch  
Back then she ain't have shit  
Now she grown up, she got ass, tits  
Wanna know where she got that ass at  
She hit my heart, a toot, toot on it  
She got a dump truck, I put a boot on it  
Don't mind spendin' this loot on it  
Treat her like my whip, I put some shoes on her

Got a dump truck, put a boot on her  
I don't mind trickin', spendin' loot on her  
Walk up in the club, and toot, toot on her  
She's a bad bitch, put shoes on her  
God damn, fell in love with a bad bitch  
Said, "French, take me to Paris"  
Dominican mami from Cali  
I said, "Gon' bend it over, let me grab it"  
I said, "Gon' bend it over, make it nasty"  
Walked up in the club, rollin', Stevie Wonder glasses  
I ain't lookin' at you niggas, lookin' way past you  
Young, fly, G's up, pocket full of cash  
You know where to find me, you know when you need me  
All my dogs eat, they'll tell you I ain't greedy  
I ain't gon' love her, too much to leave her  
I ain't goin' public, surely is easy

Pull up with my niggas, make a move  
Red light, green light, no it ain't Gucci  
Used to walk up in the store, couldn't afford that  
Now I walk up in the store, buyin' all that  
Drink it to the head, man, nigga feelin' woozy

Pull up in the old school, boy I'm on some new shit  
Red to the head, man we gettin' all that  
And shorty phone answers, she don't ever call back  
And I can see why these niggas hate me  
Pull up in a drop and the watch 80  
Pull up to the front but a nigga faded  
Got a new crib and the shit gated  
Came from the bottom, watch a nigga ball out  
Drink it to the head, smoke 'til you fall out  
Countin' up this money, nigga, keep the door locked  
All my niggas gettin' to this money, no lie

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