

Too Rich for the Bitch

50 Cent

That bitch there a door knob, nigga, we all get a turn
Fuck you catching feelings for? I mean when your ass'll learn?
That pussy community, communityWhile you be all in her DM, nigga
She be all in my BM, nigga
You be all in your feelings 'bout it
Like "when I see him I'mma kill this nigga"
I'm on three-way like, "you hear this nigga?"
I should take the bitch back and clip the nigga
Pussy make him not pay attention
You punk bitch go with this nigga
I throw bands, bitch, these hoes love me
I fuck a bad bitch 'till she ugly
Put the pussy in recovery
I'm like, "now what you think of me?"
Niggas goin' out just to talk to these hoes
Blowin' big bankrolls on clothes
Now they wonder where the money at
Yeah, the motherfucking money that they had from the re-up gone
I don't do no stalkin'
I don't cuff no hoes, tell a bitch keep walkin'
I don't do much talkin'
Right now I'm flossin', I do this often
Gotta flex on a bitch
Tag team, I got next on a bitch (I got next)
I ain't stressing a bitch

But every now and then I blow a check on a bitchDrop that ho back off in her hood, too rich for the bitch
I'm too rich for the bitch, I'm too rich for the bitch
Drop that ho back off at that club, I'm too rich for the bitch
I'm too rich for the bitch, I'm too rich for the bitch
Now do it, baby, do it, baby (Do it, do it)
Do it, baby, do it (Yeah yeah)
Now do it, baby, do it, baby (Do it, do it)
Do it, baby, do it (Yeah yeah)Shawty playin', she lame for that
She ain't have to put a nigga name in that
Beefin' over these bitches, not me
Nah, nigga, I ain't came for that
We don't talk to no pillows, nigga
We brought all these bitches with us
You act like you got all the hoes

But all I see is niggas with you
She don't like when you pullin' on her
She like me, I'm pullin' up
I act like I don't want her
You act like you can't get enough
That bitch there like dopeboys
If you got money she goin' for it
I drink that hoe, her head so good
She gon' have you there like, "oh lawd"
All this time you ain't on
I done bought her shit you can't afford
She take pictures with your money
But you tell her she can't throw it
All you niggas don't panic
I'm just tryna understand it
I must take these hoes for granted
Or you niggas just so romantic

Songwriters

Curtis James Jackson, London HolmesPublished by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>