

Loyal (East Coast version)

Chris Brown

Young Mula, baby I woke up all last night
I know this hoes ain't right
But you was blowin' up her phone last night
But she ain't have a ringer nor her ring on last night ooh
Nigga, that's that nerve
Why give a bitch your heart? when she rather have a purse
Why give a bitch your inch? when she rather have nine
You know how the game go she be mine, 'bout half time, I'm the shit, ooh
Nigga, that's that nerve
You all about her, and she all about hers
Birdman Junior in this bitch no flamingos
And I've done everything but trust these hoes, C.B. fuck wit' me! When I rich nigga want you
And your nigga can do nothing for ya
Oh these hoes ain't loyal
Whoa these hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see
Just got rich
Took a broke nigga bitch
I can make a broke bitch rich
But I don't fuck with broke bitches
Got a white girl with some fake titties
I took her to the Bay with me
Eyes closed, smoking marijuana
Rolling up the bar, molly I'm a rockstar
She wanna do drugs, smoke weed, get drunk
She wanna see a nigga trapped
She wanna fuck all the rappers When I rich nigga want you (Want you babe)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (Nothin' oh)
Oh these hoes ain't loyal (No they ain't)
Whoa these hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see Black girl with a big booty
If she a bad bitch, let's get to it (Right away)
We up in this club, bring me the bottles
I know girl, that you came in this bitch with your man
That's a no no girl
All is funny in the air
I wanna see you dance Just got rich
Took a broke nigga bitch
I can make a broke bitch rich

But I don't fuck with broke bitches When I rich nigga want you (Want you babe)
 And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (No nothin' no)
 Oh these hoes ain't loyal (Oh no)
 Whoa these hoes ain't loyal
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, let me see With Ciroc in the system?
 Ain't no tellin' will I fuck, 'em or will I diss 'em
 That's what they be yelling, I'm a pimp by blood
 No relation, I don't chase 'em, I replace 'em
 LVs, Hermes, Dolces
 Them hoes ain't loyal, they rotatin'
 School me to the game, now I'm on my duty
 Put it her in the Lotus she was riding in that hooptie
 fuck that bitch
 I got my own hoe
 fuck your weed
 Got my own smoke
 Had to put my mink back on
 Tell that bitch put a ring back on, Montana Come on, come on, girl why you frontin'?
 Baby show me something
 When I call her, she gon' leave
 And I bet that bottom dollar she gon' cheat
 Come on, come on, girl why you frontin'?
 Baby show me something
 You don' spent bread on her
 And it's all for nothing When I rich nigga want you (Want you babe)
 And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (Can't do nothin' for you)
 Oh these hoes ain't loyal (Oh no)
 Whoa these hoes ain't loyal
 Yeah, yeah, let me see When I rich nigga want you (Want you babe)
 And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (Oh)
 Oh these hoes ain't loyal (No they ain't)
 Whoa these hoes ain't loyal
 Yeah, yeah, let me see
 Yeah, let me see
 Yeah, let me see
 Let me see
 Oh these hoes ain't loyal

Songwriters

MASON BETHA, DERIC MICHEAL ANGELETTIE, TYRONE WILLIAM GRIFFIN JR, SEAN COMBS,
 CHRISTOPHER WALLACE, DWAYNE CARTER, ABOU THIAM, BOBBY BRACKINS, NICHOLAS
 BALDING, KARIM KHARBOUCH, MARK KRAGEN, CHRIS BROWN, TODD ANTHONY SHAW,
 OMOLOLU AKINLOLU, ASHA PUTHLI GOLDSCHMIDT Published by
 Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.,
 Universal Music Publishing Group, Songtrust Ave, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song

Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>