

Lame

Trina

(lyrics)(Intro)

Naw nigga get the fucc out my face
Lame ass nigga I don't know you nigga
Get the fucc outta here don't be standing close to me
Get the fucc over I don't want no drink (hell naw`ll)
I buy my own bottle I'll buy you a bottle too
Broke ass nigga get the fucc outta here

(chorus)

You a lame small watch ity bity chain
You a lame running round thinking you the man
Yous a lame miss me with that weak ass game
Yous a lame you so lame
Nigga you a lame always talking bout yo bread
You a lame nigga probably workin wit the feds
Yous a lame u aint really got no change
Yous a lame you so lame nigga yous a lame

(verse 1)

Who you think your fooling boy I know your lame
Can't even see the cross is that your baby chain
Think your spittin game, my ears catchin pain
Your trap bumpin hard why your shoes don't have a name
Gingivitis breath cuz u talking shit
I know everytime you lyin cuz u grab yo dicc
That's a fuccin rental you jus threw on tints
You fucc that ugly girl why you don't claim yo chicc
Thought you slangin briccs you aint Hercules
Them lil nickel bags you more like mini me's
You jus offending me caused me a tragedy
U fix your thoughts there's a chance you'll be fuccin me
No I don't want yo number
No I don't wanna give you mine
And no I don't wanna meet you no where
No I don't want none of your time

(verse 2)

Yous a snitchin ass nigga
Soft get robbed pussy pie ass nigga

Booty d borrow your brother clothes broke nigga
Standin at the crap games you lookin ass nigga
Sittin shot gun dick ridin slub ass nigga
Always where you at when you call ass nigga
You ring my phone bacc to bacc tired ass nigga
You can't keep a job on the corner ass nigga
Bond out of jail and then you bac again ass nigga
Livin witcho mama cheap petty ass nigga
Running outta gas all the time ass nigga
Always wanna borrow a few dollas ass nigga
Ol boppin ass nigga

(verse 3)

These fucc niggas lame they swear they makin bread
You wanna talk to who bitch you can gimme head
Head the other way make a you turn
Cuz ima big spender ima make yo pockets burn
Ask round the firm and I run the firms
Motivation seminars so my bitches learn
We don't fucc wit lames cuz we bad bitches
Let em know first quarter that we bout them riches
Givem tender kisses hell be blowed away
Especially wen he see how much he gone have to pay
A high maintence bitch like kimora lee
O another bad bitch who Victoria B

(outro)

I see you lame ass nigga
I'm bout to start exposin u niggas
Start callin niggas names bitch ass niggas
Yal niggas don't wanna fucc wit me straight up
I'm bouts to pop off on n e mutha fucka that want it they can get it
Get the fucc outta here
Lame ass niggas fucc yal lame ass bitches too
Shut the fucc up succ a dicc bithces
Yours truly trina baddest bitch of all times

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>