

# Loyal (CDQ)

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

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