

Lie 2 Kick It (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign & Kid Ink)

Bricc Baby

[Verse 1: Ty Dolla \$ign]

You ain't gotta lie to kick it
Nah you ain't gotta lie to kick
In the club with a padded bra
Y'all some little titty lyin' bitches
Damn, hundred dollars on that green dot
Spraypainted on them Red Bottoms
Old ass Louis bag
That ain't a purse, that's a computer bag
Fraud bitch with a fraud nigga
In line for them Js at the mall nigga
Ridin' 'round with no petrol
How you make that iPhone on Metro
Where you get a Louis belt made in Mexico?
Twitter hashtag, #BitchYouReallyBroke
Now all these bitches gotta book a nympho
Don't act, don't sing, don't model[Hook: Ty Dolla \$ign]

You ain't gotta lie to kick it
Nah you ain't gotta lie to kick it
You's a real bitch or real nigga
Then you ain't gotta lie to kick it
You ain't gotta lie to kick it
Nah you ain't gotta lie to kick it
Fake niggas and fake bitches
Tell 'em you ain't gotta lie to kick it

[Verse 2: Kid Ink]

You ain't gotta lie though
You know I got a thing for mulattos
Just follow the car with the Forgiatos
Bitch I only give my number to the Lotto
I ain't got no time for the model shit
So promiscuous, Nelly Furtado
Just tryna have a little fun, don't miss out
One more shot better bring the real bitch out
I don't really care about your history
Nah you ain't gotta act like a mystery
I'm the real, tell a fake nigga miss me
Burn rubber on them niggas like Penske
Lyin' 'bout your life that I'm living, simply

Woke up in a dream with two bitches tryna pinch me
I just get between 'em like parenthesis
Put 'em out their misery, parental advisory
Nigga please[Hook: Ty Dolla \$ign]
You ain't gotta lie to kick it
Nah you ain't gotta lie to kick it
You's a real bitch or real nigga
Then you ain't gotta lie to kick it
You ain't gotta lie to kick it
Nah you ain't gotta lie to kick it
Fake niggas and fake bitches
Tell 'em you ain't gotta lie to kick it[Verse 3: Brice Baby]
You ain't gotta like to kick it
Fake ass, fake titties, yeah I'm fuckin' with you
Oh you Beyoncé? Now you independent?
But you sold your food stamps for some Gucci slippers
Bitch stop lyin', make your ass shake
If you a stripper, be a stripper for the bands' sake
Now she runnin' 'round town with my band, mane
Bandcamp, Bat Gang, yeah them bands straight
Boy you know you lyin', you ain't killed nobody
You rockin' fake Trues, fake Gucci and Versace
Yeah you Lil Scrappy, you don't want the problems
I'm a Crip, no father, we can get it poppin'

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>