

Fuck Boy

Trina

Six in the morning, nigga at my door
I'm tryna figure out what he out there for
Last time I seen him he was talking shit
Found out his new girl can't suck no dick
Hit the intercom I ain't let him in
Pussy nigga lucky I ain't fuck his friends
Prolly thought at bitch, Would be down and out
Till he seen my riding round in that chromed out Benz
South Beach nigga you ain't bout that life
You cross that bridge they taking all the ice
You don't want no problems with them boys from the bottom
Strip your ass butt naked and hit the turn pike
You's a fuck boy, fuck boy
My bitch been said it
That's why I should've let your best friend get it
We went on trips you bought Chanel
But money ain't shit when you soft as hell
Cause you's a fuck boy, fuck boy
My momma even said it
Got a new nigga I ain't even gotta sweat it
You still gon talk and that's a got damn shame
But a hoe gon be a hoe and a lame gon be a lame FUCK BOY
You never heard me asking niggas for shit
You be on the gram asking niggas for pics
Can't believe I let you waste all my time
Now this fuck boy on my voicemail crying
Running round town with your bum ass hoe
But I'm the blueprint that's why you at my door
She my number one fan that's what makes it sweet
Bitch'll do anything for a fucking retweet
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