Loyal

Chris Brown

Young Mula, babyI 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 rappersWhen 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 seeBlack 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 danceJust got rich
Took a broke nigga bitch
I can make a broke bitch rich

But I don't fuck with broke bitchesWhen 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 seeWith 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, MontanaCome 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 nothingWhen 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 seeWhen 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/