

Beat It (feat. Jacques)

Young Thug

[Hook: Rich Homie Quan]

Why my bitch cheating on me?

What the fuck I do to her?

I ain't did nothing nigga

Why she wanna play with me?

My feelings done got involved

Nah that bitch can't stay with me

Swear to God on my Grannie

Rest in peace to, Annie

Now the bitch got two daddies

This a reunion, no family!

I wanna fuck you in your best outfit girl put in on, yeah

David Copperfield, Baby girl I can get it gone, Nair

You the picture, I'mma put you on the wall

I'm the hammer, You the nail

Beat it up, beat it up, Beat it up, beat it! Put your ass to sleep, baby girl tempur-pedic

Cuhz whip it up, in a pan like Pita

Love big titties, turned on by them C Cups

Did a show in Boston drinking lean out a tea cup

No party, I'm sorry

Ridin' round in the motorcycle, no Harley

That lil ho retarded, had to nickname lil bitch.. tortoise

Shootin' shots, I ignore it

Pants saggin' cause I walk around with that 40

Nigga talkin' beef, eat it up cause I'm hungry

Fuck YARS, nigga im extortin'

Feelin' like J-Prince nigga

J-Prince son Jas, fuck with every time

I was in LA chillin' at Jas Prince house

A deal, I ain't never signed

I ain't never ever ever lost shit

Kill a nigga, knock em off for some fuckin' lawsuit

Shoot a nigga momma house up, no talkin'

(Shh) Too much talkin'...

Ran out with a 100 bands, I ain't playin'

Cut the promoter, thought I was playin'

Got a 2-2-3 LeBron James, Cleveland

Why am I insecure bout my woman? Why my bitch cheating on me?

What the fuck I do to her?

I ain't did nothing nigga
Why she wanna play with me?
My feelings done got involved
Nah that bitch can't stay with me
Swear to God on my Grannie
Rest in peace to, Annie
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This a reunion, no family!
I wanna fuck you in your best outfit girl put in on, yeah
David Copperfield, Baby girl I can get it gone, Nair
You the picture, I'mma put you on the wall
I'm the hammer, You the nail
Beat it up, beat it up, Beat it up, beat it! I don't lick pussy but tonight I might eat it
I don't want that shit lil bitch, I just want my receipt back
She grippin' on my nuts, Michael Jackson I might beat it
Her first name Victoria, I know she got some secrets
I don't wanna fuck with her, if she ain't gon' keep it
Real with a nigga till the end, girl I need ya
Let me put my dick inside your hole, peep it
Thugga want your soul, he need it She ain't got too many times, she got 3 shots like an Adidas (Ay)
Let the lil bitch come roll me like tempur-pedic (Ay)
Throw that pussy, I catch it like a receiver play
If she find out Im cheating, she might just leave today
Put that lil bitch on her feet, no bengay
[???] That's what kids say
And my diamonds they come wet like a fish tank
Lil money big bank take lil bank (Yeah)
Lil nigga wanna play, I'll leave em in a wheel chair
Yellow bone bitch from Toronto, she a regular
When I kiss her, I be suckin on her neck like Dracula
And I'm a motherfuckin' lion, nigga cats kill Why my bitch cheating on me?
What the fuck I do to her?
I ain't did nothing nigga
Why she wanna play with me?
My feelings done got involved
Nah that bitch can't stay with me
Swear to God on my Grannie
Rest in peace to, Annie
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Beat it up, beat it up, Beat it up, beat it!

Songwriters

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