

Punkbitch

3OH!3

When I come up in the club, I'm talking mad shit
Come up in the club I'm 'bout to get my ass kicked
'Cause I'm sippin' on some gin, sip, sippin' on some Jack
Slip 60 in her panties with my number on the back 'Cause the proof is in the Kodak
The throw backs in a dark and vacant corner
You were freezing, I was warmer
And the roof is gone you know that
And baby chases like she don't know what she's seeing
I was steady, you were fleeting Punk bitch 'cause I've seen it before
Punk bitch and I don't care anymore
Punk bitch and I just want you to know
Punk bitch Punk bitch 'cause I've seen it before
Punk bitch and I don't care anymore
Punk bitch and I just want you to know
That we datin' mad models and poppin' mad bottles tonight Punk bitch, whoa whoa, oh
Punk bitch, whoa whoa, oh
Punk bitch, whoa whoa, oh
We datin' mad models and poppin' mad bottles tonight Uh, yeah, sounds good
Throw me up in the headphones, sounds good When I come up in the club, I'm actin' mad dumb
Ladies lookin' at me tell 'em, "Come and get some"
'Cause I'm sippin' on some Jack, sip, sippin' on some gin
Tip, tippin' all these strippers like I know them as my friends 'Cause the proof is in the Kodak
The throw backs in a dark and vacant corner
You were freezing, I was warmer
And the roof is gone and you know that
And baby chases like she don't know what she's seeing
I was steady, you were fleeting Punk bitch 'cause I've seen it before
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That we datin' mad models and poppin' mad bottles tonight Punk bitch, whoa whoa, oh
Punk bitch, whoa whoa, oh
Punk bitch, whoa whoa, oh
We datin' mad models and poppin' mad bottles tonight Write it down, scratch the nice
'Cause I just can't keep coming back Punk bitch, yeah
Punk bitch, yeah
Punk bitch, yeah

Punk bitch, yeah You put my picture in a box, it was the one inside your locket
What happened to the keys that used to jingle in your pocket
Your fingers say to come but your eyes say I should stop it
If I regret all I've done I would be trapped inside that locket You put my picture in a box, it was the one inside
your locket
What happened to the keys that used to jingle in your pocket
Your fingers say to come but your eyes say I should stop it
If I regret all I've done I would be trapped inside that locket You put my picture in a box, it was the one inside
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Songwriters

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