

Bitch Betta Have My Money

Tyga

Bitch better have my money (Bitch)
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Bitch better have my money Bitch better have my money, money
Bring back a 100 take 20, 20
20 more minutes then I'm comin'
I could fuck you longer, but bitch I'm in a hurry
Hurry up, Usain Bolt to the money
Swear I'm the shit, everybody fly around me
Rap like hustlin', you hustlin' with dummies
I got a big ego, bitch don't touch me
Fuck her for some money, fuckin' up the country
Pistol with the homies, you at home lonely
Call it my Macaulay, pokin' white boobies
Fuck the, fuck the police, these niggas know they know me
50 for the Rollie, niggas ain't brodies
Hoes got 'em trippin', cuffin' like cufflinks
Don't know where her tongue be, rinse it in the fuckin' sink
I don't care what the bitch think, I just know one thing Bitch better have my money (Bitch)
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If the bitch don't, tell her bounce like a bunny
I don't give a fuck bout what that bitch talking
She ain't got the cash till that bitch get to walking
I eat, sleep, shit, think about them dollars
Pop a pill, pop a nigga, pop my collar
I'm poppin' like a Tic Tac, bitch you better get back
Funny looking bitch, who been fucking? Sinbad?
I did that; do it all, go big never small
Got a crib with a closet, you would think you at the mall
And her mouth like halls in her jaws like wisdom teeth
You hear the beat; I bet you they gone bang this in the Middle East
I been a freak, 9th grade I was fuckin' in the bathroom
I was fuckin' at school like my house didn't have rooms

Her best friend is named Benjamin Frank
So bitch better have my cake, FO' HUNNID Bitch better have my money (Bitch)
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Bitch better have my money Man this bitch better have my money
This bitch so smart, she's nothing but a dummy
Bitch better have my mula
Fuckin' round with a real nigga and a shooter
Little dust bag bitch! Make a nigga rich
Shut the fuck up and jump on this dick
Nothin' but a motherfuckin' skank
Fuck what you talkin' bout and fuck what you think
I need money, I need it real fast
I need it real bad like white girls need ass
Baby you can help me, break this dub
20 motherfuckin' racks up up in the club (club, club, club)
Club, up-up in the front
That's why I sent a bitch to get at each one
Triple top rank, treat her like a bank
I don't give a fuck what the bitch thinkin' bitch I'm just sayin' Bitch better have my money (Bitch)
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Songwriters

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