

Hold My Purse

Janey

Verse I

Honey, hold my purse
I will nurse/ this game back to its worth
I will curse/ these rappers, they the worse
I'm the toughest nigga in the game wearing a skirt
Straight low blows/ I-ma hit you where it hurts
Your flow/ dead, back of the hearse
Im the new queen, new bitch, new wife
The new general left. Right?
And in the last ten years of my life
No one can do it better unless they all dike
Underground hype/ we cant get along
Im here for a catalog/ not for a song
Youre here for a bridge/ Your bridge is over
I deliver heat! Your synthetic wig is over
I know your hoping/ I dont take notice
Cause if I do, the game will change as you know it
Verse II
Bitches/ know your/ position/ and dont act different/ when I visit
Cause when ya gone missing/ youll be wishing/ you was listening
When I mentioned/my intention/ to christen/ the game to a good condition
Youre so weak, severely malnutrition-ed
Im pissing/ all over bitches/ like R. Kelly
Whatcha going do? You soft as jelly
And you cant tell me/ your nigga dont feel me
Well/ I feel his deli/ up in my belly
Bedroom bully/ I push down that skully
And watch ya nigga give me more head than Dudleys
I steal a bitches man like Angelina
I then seen more men than a sports arena
They was real press, so I took em to the cleaners
So yall betta stay on ya toes like a ballerina
Cause Im a little meaner/ than Ike was to Tina
Fuck with me, your career will be fucked more than Adinas
Im a bad bitch, ask about Janey
Im a beast! (RAOW!!!) You cant tame me
Im so official, I aint playing
Let me flip it/ so you dont twist/ what Im saying?
Buck shots! Dem no fuck around stranga!
Wi nu play, so dem livin in uh danga!

Ready fi bun dem, oonu tek di uh blazing
Blaow! Blaow! Tek di uh blazing! Verse III
I'm a CEO/ Mid-East bitch
Every artist that was let go/ won't sell shit
I'm the best thing that entered your life
You couldn't fill my shoes, if you was wearing my Nikes
I gave you a style/ so you can run with it
Who the fuck need to get high/ before they start spitting
I'd say you some shit/ but you'd take it as a compliment
That's how muthafucking dumb you is
Two thumbs down, thats how slum you is
Stop writing, youre better at forearming your dick
I am Mike Tyson's fist/ and Steve Nash's arm, shit
That's how muthafucking strong I is
My money on that long arm ish
My words is on that far gone shit
Why don't you just pay homage kid?
Cause you'll never get on top like an Amish bitch

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