

Kim K

K. Michelle

LookWhy when I do this shit they mad
When they do this shit they glad
On my way to get that bag
No discounts on 5th Ave.!
Black girl who's angry
Media can't stand me
I may never get this Grammy
But I'mma feed my family!
It's just me and my bitches
Swear I just love when it don't have to be 'bout no niggas
I get to be in my feelings
Talkin' that talk, I'm bout to walk in my thoughts, listen!
Wuzzup with all you black women?
I date a black man named Idris
You say "[I'm] ghetto, he trippin',"
You'd rather him with white women
How you don't like me, no
When you just like me, oh!
I know it must hurt
He fuck with me and he don't want her!
That's why I should be the bridge for you bitches
That'll help you to get over these niggas!
'Cause I don't trust no one like that
And I ain't gotta get you back
I let God handle you hoes
Said a prayer for you on the lowWish I could be a Kardashian so I could be black
They ask if it's real, I say it's real fat
Don't get caught up in facts 'cause ain't shit real
And ain't shit funny, so fuck how you feel!O-o-o-ohhh
Why couldn't Sylvia sign me over B5
Why all these percocets got me feelin' so alive
I don't know why-y-y
I gotta fuck with Blac Chyna
She's such a lion, no Tyga
She's just a constant reminder
Niggas will sponsor vagina
I ain't trippin', no
No time, I'm too busy gettin' it on my own!
'Cause I don't trust no one like that

And I ain't gotta get you back
I let God handle you hoes
Said a prayer for you on the low Wish I could be a Kardashian so I could be black
Put my face over Pac, wear my braids to the back
Throw a filter on that, 'cause ain't shit real
And ain't shit funny, so fuck how you feel! O-o-o-ohhh
Wish I could be a Kardashian, so I could be black
Ooooh yeah, oh...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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