

What (Featuring Truth Hurts)

Eve

(Verse One: Eve)

You can love Eve, hate Eve, I don't care

Cop my shit, dog, play this here

Come through, ride out, bitch like me

Stomped out you little flames ever so politely, it's me (Chorus: Truth Hurts)

You know what this is, got the crowd like WHAT!

Ain't a bitch alive that can take my WHAT!

This time when I come, it's gone be like WHAT!

It ain't hard to tell you just been done

(Verse Two: Eve)

This bitch, sick spit, clips toxic

Oh shit, that's it

Tired of my voice? Plug ya ears

Outrageous by choice? Love the stares

Knew my time would come, was prepared

Comeback second to none, still she here

What, whatever though, cats incredible

Watch me jaw-drop, y'all stuck like vegetables

Take my shine? That's my lifeline

Sit back and watch me chart climb, bitch, now it's all mine

I ain't givin' up or lettin' up, advice? Step it up

Slow down, cause your mistakes is catchin' up

Fan's a fan and you scramblin', I'm sittin' pretty

Ain't nothing left but me standing and you ain't wit me

Sob stories all you left wit cause it's over

Some say I'm mad, naw, I'm just a little colder

(Chorus: Truth Hurts)

You know what this is, got the crowd like WHAT!

Ain't a bitch alive that can take my WHAT!

This time when I come, it's gone be like WHAT!

It ain't hard to tell you just been done (Verse Three: Eve)

I'm the boss of this, know the cost when you floss wit this

Got you lost like "Excuse me, miss?"

Can't give up, you step, I jump five steps ahead

Need new shit, old tactics is dead

Anything that you thought was the shit, it ain't

All the things that you thought you could do, you can't

While I'm here, heh... stay prepared

Veins in ya eyes while you stare, nose flared out

Same as it used to be, niggas clear out
Open spaces, heh, I replaced it
Disappointment on all ya faces
Cheer up, back to the basics, I geared up
Settled this, stuck, and I'm here, what?
What you gonna do to take me out? Nothing!
But thank you cause you caked me out
Watched you, studied you, made me better
Played you, faded you, now they sweat her
Got through the door only cause they let her
Dose of the first was cool, but it gets better
Yeah... shit gets better(Chorus: Truth Hurts)
You know what this is, got the crowd like WHAT!
Ain't a bitch alive that can take my WHAT!
This time when I come, it's gone be like WHAT!
It ain't hard to tell you just been done(fade out)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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