

Bronx Season

Cardi B

Oh, how you doing?
I'm alright Now how much times do I gotta prove these niggas wrong?
And how much times I gotta show these bitches I ain't soft?
How many shows I gotta sell out 'fore you get the cost?
Why they really tryna front like I ain't hit the charts?
All these labels, throwing deals from left to right
But I ain't giving in until they get them numbers right
All these people think that this shit happen overnight
All that flexin' they be doing
Shit is all a hype
No tolerance for a hating bitch
Talking shit
Only time I hold my tongue is when I'm sucking dick
So when I see you in the streets, yeah, it's fucking lit
And don't be talking all that sorry shit
Don't flip the script
I see the lights
I hear the hype
I hit the mic
I kill the show
I get my dough
I catch a flight
I see a hater
I'm running down
It's on sight
I throw my hands
I hit em' left
I hit em' right
They sleeping on me just because I used to strip
But it's all good cause now they wanna get up in my VIP
Blowing up my phone
Saying everything I touch is lit
Acting cool and wanna fuck me
Like they wasn't talking shit
I let em' live
Let the shady motherfuckers live
Get them the price then it's time to show em' what it is
Don't got the bat?
Well then what you really tryna pitch?

Don't waste my time
I ain't never been no average bitch
Not to mention
I did my tour and that shit was winning
Independent, the headline
Award of feeling
I thank the Lord for all the blessings that he is given
I love the fans
They fill me up with their ammunition
I don't really talk shit but now I gotta off this
I don't know why bitches think we work in the same office
Corny bitches tryna keep up?
Look exhausted
Wave the white flag
Girl, you might as well just forfeit
My ex told me I was never gon' be shit
Lookie, lookie now
Lookie now
Nigga I'm that bitch
What you thought?
Yeah, you really lost
Now you kinda sick
But I ain't never need a nigga
I was always on my shit
I used to stare at magazines
On the train
Looking at these models
Like "I gotta be this one day"
Fuck around
Got myself a name
Now I'm getting paid
Left the corny bitches in the grave
Now they throwing shade
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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