

# 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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