

# Waist So Skinny

## Trina

Fresh out of the salon and I just got my hair done  
Niggas tryin' ta holla at me but I told them move along  
'Cause my waist so skinny and my wrist so chilly  
If you ain't putting up a milli'  
Then you won't be fuckin' with me  
Now put your bans up, go put a grand on it  
That won't be enough at least a hundred bans on it  
'Cause my waist so skinny and my wrist so chilly  
And if you ain't putting up a milli'  
Then you won't be fuckin' with me  
I'm a boss, bitch, I stunt first class  
I got insurance on this boss ass  
See, I don't fuck with ho's  
'Cause they side ways  
I get this money by myself 99 ways  
I hate broke niggas, they can't tell me shit  
Fuck that charger, baby mama and that lil' dick  
I like big bags, I like real money the stacks stay stack  
Big bread full of hundreds  
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Then you won't be fuckin' with me  
Pink bottle popper yellow big shopper  
Pull up to the club valet my fuckin' helicopter  
It's not a mere hustler of the year  
See the baddest bitch right here  
Stacking papper like my name is Bob Dylan  
Pop the cady in the living room delay  
She not a stop somebody lying  
This bitch is a ten yo' bitch is a 5  
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I'm still a 50's bitch in this rap shit  
I don't fuck with y'all most of you ho's are counterfeit  
Call em' glow lickens they wanna lick my glow  
I'm booked 7 nights a week  
You caught the metaphor  
I got a big safe a captain crunch berries  
My diamonds look like you can eat them  
V V S cherries see I'm a fly bitch I'm making new moves  
And I dare a new bitch to run up on this old school, what  
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