

That's My Attitude

Trina

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Money over everything
That's my attitude
Still the baddest bitch in the game
That's my attitudeTalk to ya man when I get ready
That's my attitude
Have him blowing stacks, I ain't Pedi
That's my attitudeYeah, that's my attitude
Yeah, that's my attitude
And I feel like I'm the shit
Yeah, that's my attitudeYeah, that's my attitude
Yeah, that's my attitude
I feel like I run this shit
Yeah, that's my attitudeMoney over everything, I'm all about my change
I'm still rich, still the baddest bitch in the game
Fuck this hoe, that hoe, all them bitches lame
And I ain't gotta say it, you already know the nameSee, I'm still running over bitches, still fuckin' over niggaz
Yo husband and yo boyfriend, I don't see none them niggaz
I roll with CEO and stock brocka niggaz
While you be riding around town with the brokest niggazI'm filthy rich, my money talk loud as shit
I don't hear ya hoe, here let me turn it down a bit
I feel like I'm the shit, I feel I run this shit
I'm 'bout to marry my money, I'm so in love with it, yeahMoney over everything
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Yeah, that's my attitudeYeah, that's my attitude
Yeah, that's my attitude

I feel like I run this shit
Yeah, that's my attitudeGo and do ya thang shawty, no, I ain't mad at you
But you can't fuck with me, I'm mo' badder than you
My waist skinny, my ass more fatter than you
Sorry for being conceited that's just my attitudeGet on my level hoe, you ain't on my latitude
I got plenty cribs, no tellin' where I travel to
You think you living good, I got a better view
Condo on south beach, Beach Vila and MalibuHate to brag but I got a hundred in that, new Louie bag
Pull up in the Benz with the paper tag
I got major swag, them niggaz yellin' shawty bad
Them hoes mad 'cause I got everything they wish they had, yeahMoney over everything
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I feel like I run this shit
Yeah, that's my attitudeM-O-E, that's the shit that I'm on
If you ain't got no money, take yo broke ass home
You talkin' couple hundred, betta leave me alone
Need diamonds and black cars and ya dollaz for the shones
Come onI'm on the paper chase, my man paypa straight
He took me to his house, welcome to the safe
Oh my God, he made it hard to keep a straight face
I got 'em on his knees, telling me how good it tasteYou bitches hella fake, I'm getting hella cake
Like I'm the birthday girl, it's time to celebrate
I'm so paid, looking sharp with the Louie shades
I put these bitches in they place that's my attitudeMoney over everything
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