Fuck you

La Floripondio

I dunno exactly what's wrong with your nigga's neck It's ain't my fault if he lookin' You 'spose to keep his ass in check 'Cause every time I come near all he do is stare And I can see it in his eyes that he wants some He know what's in the prize, it's Red Rum To any of these hoes that come Stand next to me and look like bums They make pennies and all I do is stack the paper Just in case I run into some complications I'm set for life, never in debt And you frustrated when I get all the niggas attention You fall off guess you was born to make the coffee for us Writin' bitches with a higher position With Brat talk niggas listen, go get a nine to five 'Cause you can't keep up with the shit I cook up I can't help it if you're nigga wanna hook up Gotta man but he keep lookin' at me Like he really wanna drop ya bad 'Cause I'm the shit and I know you mad But I don't give a fuck You got some dough but your paper ain't as long as mine And ya really wanna stop me bad But fix your face bitch, I'm here to stay And I don't give a fuck, you And I'm ma make sure that my niggas keep on lookin' Tell you broads to calm down, there ain't no competition I'm flawless as the rocks on my left pinky And I love it when y'all wanna get at me And make me think my shit don't stink Evidently you ain't satisfied at home She ain't got no style of her own Nobody of her own Not roaming in the V12 You turned on because I bought it myself What other bitch do you know like this? That's tight as a hot curl, known to rock worlds Once I'm spotted you will probably drop your girl My intimidation to niggas is challengin' to 'em

He fiendin' to get in my Vicky's Secrets And underneath my Gibaud and my boxer shorts I rock ice burg sports and Brat prints of all sorts Interestin' to you, 'cause I got some dough You thinkin' if you and me get together You'll never go broke Gotta man but he keep lookin' at me Like he really wanna drop ya bad 'Cause I'm the shit and I know you mad But I don't give a fuck You got some dough but your paper ain't as long as mine And ya really wanna stop me bad But fix your face bitch, I'm here to stay And I don't give a fuck, you Gotta man but he keep lookin' at me Like he really wanna drop ya bad 'Cause I'm the shit and I know you mad But I don't give a fuck, you You got some dough but your paper ain't as long as mine And ya really wanna stop me bad But fix your face bitch, I'm here to stay And I don't give a fuck, you

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