

# B.B.W.W x Fake Show

Tory Lanez

Yeah, bought a new white Wraith, last night, nearly crashed it  
Spinning out on a highway, 720 in a Aspin  
Bad bitch in the passenger, seen her whole life flashing  
Ray whipping a McLaren right behind me, nigga, spun right past him  
Thank God I'm alive  
Thank God but I probably spent a bank job on a ride  
Black bubble, white Wraith, cost 19k, uh  
But that ain't none of my safe, uh  
All you rappers ain't safe, uh  
Let me say it with the bass, uh  
All you rappers ain't safe, uh  
All you singers ain't safe, uh  
First single had me in the crib puttin' platinum plaques into place  
Dropped Luv, went top hop club, everything just grace  
Grammy-nominated on the first album, now motherfuckers see the face  
Look at me  
I know these niggas is trippin', these niggas are shoogin' me  
Bust down, bust down, bust down  
Raphael, what'd you do to me?  
I need the money at last  
I need the money advance  
Tell me the money is near, I ain't coming out the van  
Key close, gotta keep hoes by the G code  
Got three hoes in a G4  
Got A, B, C, D, E, F, G, X, Y and Z hoes  
I'm still balling like D. Rose  
I'm still popping off Vevos  
I'm still looking like, wait  
Still sipping on tea soles  
My dick giant like Fifo, if you need know  
Money singing in a C-Note like Do Re Mi Fa So La Ti Do  
Did it for my niggas back home  
In a fiend house, selling crack on a trap phone in a crack home  
Winter time getting cold, had to go to grandma Lees  
Steal a jacket up out of Jack Jones  
Rodger tellin' me get mad at the phone  
bills, switchin' to the black phone, yeah  
I had to switch to a tellers  
Ain't really shit you could tell us

All of y'all niggas is jealous, ah  
Running through the check, money upset  
All of these niggas is mad at me  
Ten chains, buy ten rings on a nigga look-alike swagged at me  
I can't keep a girlfriend, too busy tryna make the bag happy  
Cali girly throw it back at me in a back ally and a cat daddy, yeah  
I say bust down, bust down  
I feel dick, it's your bitch  
She gon' touchdown, touchdown  
Bitch, I'm up now, what now?  
Fuck 'bout what you talkin' bout  
That shit sound like us now  
My shit sound like what now?  
I'm prayin' that my exes don't ever get famous  
Or flex on me with a rapper or an entertainer  
Life in this business come with these different dangers  
You rather lie, tell me you still an angel  
How you still an angel?  
You be lyin',  
you just fuck some niggas on me and  
claim you see it from different angles  
I see the danger  
I find her crazy, shit, I know you as a good girl  
Triple flowin', trip returns, flipper  
Last night, call, I had sex off liquor  
Trash bag full of every dollar at the bar  
That you ain't down to pick up for these niggas, throwin' it up  
You hate it when niggas gettin' dirty with they ones  
Ain't the reason why you 'bout to get them Louboutins though  
Ain't the reason why you 'bout to get your rent paid  
Tell them hoes throwin' shade, they should wear their best shades  
She gon' make a thousand on a bad day  
10 I was shippin', she don't ever take a half day  
Just hold me down, was a pap boy  
I did it to the fullest 'cause she hate to leave it half way  
Hol' up, bust it, I can't, trust it  
Fuckin' with you got me goin' way up out the budget  
Pour a shot up, this is for the last night  
Last night, before I lost you to the fast life  
Good girl gone bad, you gon' do your thing  
Anything to get the bag, gon' do your thing  
If she ever do it, she gon' do it for the bag  
If she ever do it, she gon' do it for the bag  
Good girl gone bad, you go do your thing  
Skinny girl in my donk

Anything to get the bag, go on do your thing  
She don't dance but she dance  
If she ever do it, she gon' do it for the bag  
She gon' do it for the money  
If she ever do it, she gon' do it for the bag  
She don't dance but she dance

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