

# Bad Bitch

Dreezy

Bad bitch

I'm slaying all these hoes, I'm a savage  
Ain't with no basic shit, I'm not your average  
Feelin' like I'm Kobe, I ain't giving niggas passes  
Yeah I get it but I go hustle like I ain't had shit  
If I got paid to piss you bitches off I'd be mad rich  
Flexing on the 'Gram but broke in person, that's a Catfish  
Got her own money and a crib, now that's a bad bitch Gave mercy to these hoes, what would Jesus do?  
Somebody got to take a loss, shit it was me or you  
Mean mugging in the Ghost, they yellin' Beetlejuice  
My niggas with me got more stripes than an Adidas suit  
I took a break from all the hype to let you bitches get practice  
They want me to give my seat up like I'm Angela Bassett  
Probably catch me in the closet like I'm coming out  
Hope bitches just as good on foot the way they run they mouth  
Your man outside and what he drive was the only challenge  
First date, hundred a plate, that's how I know he got it  
Get you touched the first defense so niggas know we 'bout it  
Trippin', have you swimmin' out on Stoney Island, this ain't no emoji battle  
Numbers start doubling when they mention my name  
I seen the cockiest, gift of God and as quick as they came  
Somebody call the traffic guard, these niggas out of they lane  
I bet these bitches gon' respect me like a pimp with a cane Bad bitch  
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Feelin' like I'm Kobe, I ain't giving niggas passes  
Yeah I get it but I go hustle like I ain't had shit  
If I got paid to piss you bitches off I'd be mad rich  
Flexing on the 'Gram but broke in person, that's a Catfish  
Got her own money and a crib, now that's a bad bitch I'mma let you niggas run with the hype  
Your favorite bitch on Instagram don't look like that in real life  
Your favorite nigga in my DM's but ain't even my type  
And your favorite rapper should be acting 'cause she don't even write  
Talk of the town, I walk around like I woke up with a crown  
These bitches tryna take the sauce but they can't fuck with the sound  
You always with a yes man, I keep real niggas around  
Put in that work 'til we proud, we got this shit off the ground  
And I'm still fine with no makeup so I'm slayin' hoes when I leave man  
Second time getting top from the same nigga, call this shit a recap

Got the roof down with the seat back and a middle finger to the feedback  
I heard rumors sayin' I went broke, only hating hoes will believe that  
This shit mean more than a trophy  
And shit you know you got that dope when bitches tryna get nosy  
No matter what day of the week I'mma get high like I'm Smokey  
I keep it charged like a Mophie, don't let these bitches provoke me

Songwriters

DWANE II WEIR, SEANDREA SLEDGE Published by

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