

Chris Brown, Loyal (ft. Lil Wayne & French Montana)

[Lil Wayne:]

I went to born last night
I know this hoes ain't right
But you was blown up a phone last night
But she ain't have a ring on, her ring on last night, oh!
Nigga, that's that nerve
Why give a bitch your heart?
When she rather have a purse
Why give a bitch your inch?
When she rather have nine
You know how the game goes
She be mine, but I have time, I'm the shit, oh
Nigga, that's that nerve
You all about her, and she all about her
Birdman, do you in this bitch, no flamingos
And not a day, everyday, but trust these hoes

When I rich nigga want you
And your nigga can do nothing for ya
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see
Just got rich
Took a broke nigga's bitch
I can make a broke bitch rich
But I don't fvck with broke bitches
Got a white girl with some freight ties
I took her to the bay with me
Eyes closed, smoking marijuana
Rolling up the bar, molly I'm a rockstar
She wanna do drugs, smoke weed, get drunk
She wanna see a nigga trapped
She wanna fvck all the rappers

When I rich nigga want you
And your nigga can do nothing for ya
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see

Black girl with a big booty
If she a bad bitch, let's get to it, right away
We up in this club
Bring me the bottles
I know girl, that you came in this bitch with your man
That's a no no girl
All is funny in the air
I wanna see you dance

Just got rich
Took a broke nigga's bitch
I can make a broke bitch rich
But I don't fvck with broke bitches

When I rich nigga want you
And your nigga can do nothing for ya
These hoes ain't loyal
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Yeah, yeah, let me see

[French Montana:]

What's a rock in the system?
Ain't no tell her what I fvck, well I dissed them
That's what they be yelling, I'm a pimp by blood

No relation, I don't chase some, I re-play some
LVs, Hermes, Dolces
Them hoes, ain't loyal, they rotting
School me to the game, now I'm on a goody
Put it in the loader
She was riding in the hoot
Fvck that bitch
I got my own hoe
Fvck your wig
I got my own smoke
Had to put my ming back on
Tell that bitch
Put a ring back on
Montana

Come on, come on, girl
Why you frontin??
Baby show me something
When I call her, she gon' leave
And I bet a hundred dollars she gon' cheat
Come on, come on, girl
Why you frontin??
Baby show me something
You just spent your ring on it
And it's all for nothing

When I rich nigga want you
And your nigga can do nothing for ya
These hoes ain't loyal
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