

# Megan Thee Stallion, Shots Fired

[Intro]

Brrt, brrt, baow (Buddah Bless this beat)

[Verse 1]

Imagine niggas lyin' 'bout shootin' a real bitch (Huh?)  
Just to save face for rapper niggas you chill with  
Imagine me givin' a fuck it was your fuckin' birthday (Fuck you)  
You in your feelings, I just thought it was another Thursday  
Now imagine me cockblockin' niggas on some dry shit (What?)  
I don't want you on the bench, believe you wouldn't've been invited (You wouldn't've been invited)  
And if it weren't for me, same week, you would have been indicted (Should've let them lock your ass)  
You offered M's not to talk, I guess that made my friend excited, hmm  
Now y'all in cahoots, huh (Okay), you a puss in boots  
You shot a 5'10" bitch with a .22  
Talkin' 'bout bones and tendons like them bullets wasn't pellets  
A pussy nigga with a pussy gun in his feelings  
Okay, he in the backseat and he keep callin' me a bitch (He a bitch)  
We all know the shit I could've came back with (Lil'-ass nigga)  
He talkin' 'bout his followers, dollars, and goofy shit  
I told him, "You're not poppin', you just on the remix" (What's poppin'?)  
Now here we are, 2020, eight months later  
And we still ain't got no fuckin' justice for Breonna Taylor (Breonna Taylor)  
Any nigga on that nigga's side is a clout chaser (Fuck y'all)  
A bitch who he fuckin' or a ho that he payin', uh

[Interlude]

Imagine me, hahaha

Imagine me entertaining you fuckin' goofy-ass niggas and you fuckin' goofy-ass bitches  
Brrt, brrt, blaow (Buddah Bless this beat)

[Verse 2]

Who you takin' shots at, goofy-ass nigga?  
Keep your broke ass out a rich bitch business  
And that go for you bitches too that's tryna get picked  
Talkin' shit, I'll slide on you, thinkin' that you slick  
Ooh shit, it's a lotta weak niggas in this bitch  
They confused  
They hate me, but watch my videos beatin' they dick  
Who a snitch? I ain't never went to the police with no names  
I thought a bitch that got her chain snatched, caught a loss had something to say, ayy  
I be speakin' facts, uh, they can't handle that, uh  
They want me to be the bad guy, let me put my mask on  
I was chose, I ain't ask to be this motherfuckin' cold  
Still the brightest star and not just the ones that's up in this Rolls  
Keep it pimpin' always, actions do the talkin'  
I know you want the clout, so I ain't sayin' y'all names  
Oh, you out here ballin', huh? Who you get that money from?  
Ten toes down for whoever get the Patek, huh?  
I be so content 'cause I know I'm a real bitch  
And anything I say, I'm never scared to repeat it  
You'd think I was a killer how these niggas scared as shit  
I pull up one deep, but niggas bring they whole clique, ayy  
Who you takin' shots at, goofy-ass bitch?  
Watchin' me succeed from your knees, suckin' dick  
I know you want attention from the niggas that I get  
I'm a steak, you a side plate, shrimp, stay in your place  
Real bitch, yeah, yeah, I ain't sellin' fairytales  
FaceTime my nigga while my other nigga layin' there  
Bitch think she sabotagin' somethin', tryna run and tell  
Bitch, I got a bond with my niggas and they all aware, yeah  
Who you takin' shots at? Shut up with your scary ass  
No profile pic, bitch, your mama shouldn't've had  
Kick me while I'm down bad, I remember all that  
Next nigga send a shot, I'ma sent it right back

(Ah)  
[Outro]  
Brrt, brrt  
Brrt, haha  
Ah  
Should've let them lock your ass up  
Pussy