

# Tay Money, Fake Love

I ain't trippin' on no weak bitch when all she do is sneak diss  
He can't talk right now his mouth full he eatin'  
Walk on the stage and Tay Money they screamin'  
We poppin' pussy and bottles this weekend  
She gon do what the who where I ain't scared  
Cause I seen her at the club and all she do is stare  
Yeah I got pink hair so she got pink hair  
Swear they don't like me cause Tay Money everywhere  
I'm in and out leavin' he thought he could keep me  
Let him chew it like he teethin' you you better believe it  
I'm the coldest white bitch out here and I mean it  
You think that you fuckin' with me wake up cause you dreamin'

How do you feel, drunk than a skunk  
I'mma need 10k to walk in your club  
I can tell by they eyes that they throwing slugs  
Then smile in my face and ask for a hug  
Bitch you full of that shit, fake love  
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Pass the wood we gon light up turn my fucking mic up  
Yeah I got security but I still gon fight her  
He gon give me head like a hair dryer  
After I cook for him in my air fryer  
Damn Tay who is this this that new shit  
I was in Chicago he was on bullshit  
How you fumble Tay Money man I swear you stupid  
You know what I'm on new money new dick  
He keep texting me where you at boy I'm hoopin'  
I ain't even tryna do all that you can't move in  
Tay where you at damn tay I'm cruisin'  
Had to boss up cutting off all loose ends

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