

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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