

Token, 30 People

Ayy, ayy, ayy

Bad bitch, she going to Hell
I like to bring her to my city to show 'em I'm well
Congratulation messages always blowing my cell
But I can name you thirty people who hoping I fail
'Cause now I got a bad bitch, she going to Hell
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'Cause now I got a bad bitch

So bad I should go to confessions
I know a whole lot of men who think I should throw 'em some credit
Just 'cause you gave me advice that don't mean you're owed a percentage
And if you really had it you wouldn't be broke and dependent
I got a girl so bad that I'm overprotective
So it ain't a mystery why they been growing so jealous
I gotta be extremely picky who I'm showing my blessings
I gotta check up on the homies just to know they're invested
And I just disconnect, I never hold a grudge
I don't like the negativity to follow us
Told my girl that I believe the hate more than the love
She don't take offense she said "I know why they judge, 'cause you fuck a"

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So bad I'm afraid I'm of my karma
They said to keep your OG homies if you playin' it smarter
But I got someone switchin' on me so it's makin' it harder
I got The Demon's and Bacardi's from the Macy's and Zara's
And they assume that they're entitled to it too
I got me a Benz, they think they should get a coupe
Call me out on it, say I'm like the brand new
Assumin' all your wins that's the reason why you lose
Stupid bitch we could've done it all together but you grew your own ego
I never justified it with the work you do for your people
You saw me as a lil' homie so assume that we're equal
But I was down to eat shit, you want to feed off of me though
I park the whip up in the city and I feed in the meter
I don't ever trust a word, I gotta feel the demeanor
Say you happy for me but I ain't believin' it neither
I bring my girl just to see if you get eager to meet her

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