

Cardi B, Lil Thot

[Intro]

Deal with them no no
Deal with them I can't
Peanut butter ass work
Fuck around and get jammed
Cardi in this bitch you better understand
I flip the script and kill shit now they want to hold my hand

[Chorus]

I be that hood bitch from that block
It's my hood on top
Why you asking all them questions you a cornball you get popped
I'm really with the shits I'm a real bitch I don't flop
They ask who I be I'm that east coast lit thot
Yeah I gives it up I gives it up I gives it up and that's word
These cats got no stacks man they fucking get on my nerves
I gives it up I gives it up I gives it up and that's word
And if you ain't talking about money then I'm pitching nothing but curves

[Verse 1]

Oh they mad Ima keep them mad oh they hella sick
See me stunting see me getting bands oh yeah hella bricks
Cardi looking good in this shit oh yeah hella fit
Run up on me wrong they pop the trunk on you elephants
You don't know me hoe you don't know me bro you don't know me just move
I A-L-T control delete and get your ass removed
That fuck shit that truck shit I do not approve
You niggas with that shrimp dicks be fucking up my mood

[Chorus]

I be that hood bitch from that block
It's my hood on top
Why you asking all them questions you a cornball you get popped
I'm really with the shits I'm a real bitch I don't flop
They ask who I be I'm that east coast lit thot
Yeah I gives it up I gives it up I gives it up and that's word
These cats got no stacks man they fucking get on my nerves
I gives it up I gives it up I gives it up and that's word
And if you ain't talking about money then I'm pitching nothing but curves
Deal with them no no
Deal with them I can't
Peanut butter ass work
You fuck around and get jammed
Cardi in this bitch you better understand
I flip the script and kill shit now they want to hold my hand

[Verse 2]

Just get up off me just get up off me just get up off me you fake
You talking all that tough shit but quick to talk to the jakes
Let a bitch try me that's these red bottoms to the face
Nigga hating hoes ain't got no clout that's Superman with no cape
All I need is Coronas and I'm set for the night
Let a bitch act up just know it's on sight
They mad cause my time came and I didn't miss my flight
Fuck you thought a bitch was gonna be down her whole life
Bitch no

[Chorus]

I be that hood bitch from that block
It's my hood on top
Why you asking all them questions you a cornball you get popped
I'm really with the shits I'm a real bitch I don't flop
They ask who I be I'm that east coast lit thot
Yeah I gives it up I gives it up I gives it up and that's word
These cats got no stacks man they fucking get on my nerves

I gives it up I gives it up I gives it up and that's word
And if you ain't talking about money then I'm pitching nothing but curves