

# Chris Brown, Loyal (ft. Lil Wayne & French Montana)

[Lil Wayne:]

I went to born last night  
I know this hoes ain't right  
But you was blown up a phone last night  
But she ain't have a ring on, her ring on last night, oh!  
Nigga, that's that nerve  
Why give a bitch your heart?  
When she rather have a purse  
Why give a bitch your inch?  
When she rather have nine  
You know how the game goes  
She be mine, but I have time, I'm the shit, oh  
Nigga, that's that nerve  
You all about her, and she all about her  
Birdman, do you in this bitch, no flamingos  
And not a day, everyday, but trust these hoes

When I rich nigga want you  
And your nigga can do nothing for ya  
These hoes ain't loyal  
These hoes ain't loyal  
Yeah, yeah, let me see  
Just got rich  
Took a broke nigga's bitch  
I can make a broke bitch rich  
But I don't fvck with broke bitches  
Got a white girl with some freight ties  
I took her to the bay with me  
Eyes closed, smoking marijuana  
Rolling up the bar, molly I'm a rockstar  
She wanna do drugs, smoke weed, get drunk  
She wanna see a nigga trapped  
She wanna fvck all the rappers

When I rich nigga want you  
And your nigga can do nothing for ya  
These hoes ain't loyal  
These hoes ain't loyal  
Yeah, yeah, let me see

Black girl with a big booty  
If she a bad bitch, let's get to it, right away  
We up in this club  
Bring me the bottles  
I know girl, that you came in this bitch with your man  
That's a no no girl  
All is funny in the air  
I wanna see you dance

Just got rich  
Took a broke nigga's bitch  
I can make a broke bitch rich  
But I don't fvck with broke bitches

When I rich nigga want you  
And your nigga can do nothing for ya  
These hoes ain't loyal  
These hoes ain't loyal  
Yeah, yeah, let me see

[French Montana:]

What's a rock in the system?  
Ain't no tell her what I fvck, well I dissed them  
That's what they be yelling, I'm a pimp by blood

No relation, I don't chase some, I re-play some  
LVs, Hermes, Dolces  
Them hoes, ain't loyal, they rotting  
School me to the game, now I'm on a goody  
Put it in the loader  
She was riding in the hoot  
Fvck that bitch  
I got my own hoe  
Fvck your wig  
I got my own smoke  
Had to put my ming back on  
Tell that bitch  
Put a ring back on  
Montana

Come on, come on, girl  
Why you frontin??  
Baby show me something  
When I call her, she gon' leave  
And I bet a hundred dollars she gon' cheat  
Come on, come on, girl  
Why you frontin??  
Baby show me something  
You just spent your ring on it  
And it's all for nothing

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And your nigga can do nothing for ya  
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