

Lady XO, Ignorant

You gotta sharp ass tongue for a bitch that's suckin' dick
My homie hit her bout some beef and she still tryna send a pic
I Swear to God can't trust these bitches
Actin friendly miss me with it
Cut em off they get to snitchin'
Sorry no I cannot risk it

I tried to put em on but they never wanna listen
Talk about it on the low
But I'm not really trippin'
And Now when they hear my shit it's right away they go to skip it
But I don't take it personal it's just part of the business

Had to go and make it happen
Fuck I look like lettin' you snatch it
Bitch I'm self made
If you hatin' I ain't tryna' have it

Hit me up for what you need but only if you tryna grab that
Cause I don't got the time to waste on no one who be cappin'

And I'm posted at the spot
And bitch I'm movin' quite a lot
Gimme 20 minutes tops
I'll be right back doin a drop
It's 2k19 what the fuck you doin not chasin' the guap
I'm busy at the studio tryna make this hot shit pop

Okay you say you bout that action up until it's time to go
I gotta Glock on me under the seat I keep it on the low
You not my family I don't know you then I'll never trust a soul
Speakin' of them we tryna make it bet we stayin' ten toes
Eatin' little Cesars Pizza cause that shits only a fin
When I was broke I can't recall someone who wanted me to win
When you down and out they sendin' shots but shit ain't even skim
Gottem creepin' on me now sayin' they proud like bitch since when

Man it's woven in the Fabric
Why you talkin' all that madness
You should lemme rub off on you
Cause I'm causin' all this static
Lil pretty body tatted
Lipstick poppin' cause its matted
But don't ever get me fucked up
Take you off the map it's magic

Got so many blue bills on me
I feel like I'm swimming
Made a couple stacks this week
And all ya homeboys actin jealous
But don't take it too personal
I make this shit look easy
Hoe Stop fakin' smiles in my face
Straight up you lookin' cheesy

Backpack fulla packs
Act funny get smacked
Run up on me
Pop ya top like a tic tac
We ain't playin' none of that
Homie better step back
Unless he want some hittas on his ass and they don't chit chat

Stupid ass bitch thinkin' we can't find where he stay

My girl finessed him out a bag & then go on about her way
Don't hit me up with all the drama what you expect me to say
Cause that's just how the cookie crumbles when you think you runnin' game