## Lakeyah, Real Bitch (Ft. Gloss Up)

Real bitches back in I came here to win You hoes came here to pretend I'mma show you rap hoes how to get y'all shit up Yea

First thing first

(Huh)

I ain't gotta fuck a rap nigga

For a verse

(Not at all)

And I'll never let a nigga trick me for a purse

To all you unemployed hoes

Come and get this work

(Work)

You bitches sleazy

This shit way too easy

City love me

I'm putting on like Jeezy

(I'm putting on)

l ain't asthmatic

But this fit game wheezy

Put these rap hoes on a plate

Just to feed me

I'm getting greedy

I'm big Key

(Yea)

I'm not sweet

I check hoes

(Check 'em)

Steady shitting on these bitches

Where the Pepto

(Where the Pepto)

Yo nigga wanna taste

(Huh)

I give 'em wet nose

(Huh)

Taking bitch's niggas

Hoe, you lucky if he make it home

Real bitch

(Real bitch)

Don't fold

Fuck a nigga

Get paid

That's code

(That's code)

I don't choose

Bad bitches get chose

These hoes way too weak

I'm cold

I'mma real bitch

(Real bitch)

Don't fold

Fuck a nigga

Get paid

That's code

(That's code)

I don't choose

Bad bitches get chose

These hoes way too weak

I'm cold

I'mma
Real bitch
With a real bag
Ayy
Word to Miami
Bitch, I'm real bad
New nigga
New money
That's a real brag
I ain't stuntin no nigga that I been had

(GLO) I'mma Real bitch You a fake bitch Red flag What you doin'? Nothin', shit Makin' hoes mad Bitch I just signed with QC And got a big bag And finna show you why these ratchet bitches real gassed I can take yo niqqa Like I take his dick He want a dog ass bitch Until I show him some tricks I'mma big dog bitch Don't compare me to simps (Don't compare me hoe) My two kids was born rich Why you work at a temp

I'mma real bitch
(Real bitch)
Don't fold
Fuck a nigga
Get paid
That's code
(That's code)
I don't choose
Bad bitches get chose
These hoes way too weak
I'm cold

I'mma real bitch
(Real bitch)
Don't fold
Fuck a nigga
Get paid
That's code
(That's code)
I don't choose
Bad bitches get chose
These hoes way too weak
I'm cold

My neck
And my wrist
He ain't gotta check
He ain't talkin' bout shit
Doggin' these niggas
Every time that I spit
Say he want Lakeyah
I done came up on a lick

Ice out my neck
And my wrist
He ain't gotta check
He ain't talkin' bout shit
Doggin' these niggas
Every time that I spit
Say he want Lakeyah
I done came up on a lick
Nigga run me that shit