

# Lizzo, Ain't I

Uh, uh, uh, I'm in the, I'm in the, I'm in the  
I'm in the business of making music, that music business  
The fitness, no one can witness cause I  
I make that crack music (nigga!), uh  
That real Black music (nigga!)  
The only singles that I'm dropping are the ones  
Flapping at the band of your white briefs  
White boys please! Can barely believe  
I walk by as they hold they skeets by the seams of they jeans  
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, and run it to the hills y'all  
Straight into my pocket, tired of the deals dog  
Start my own label, keep the leaking sealed off  
If you got a big mouth, then you might get peeled off  
I'm the only fat-lipped bass, my flipper-vroom! -peel off  
Eating flounder, Sebastian's like some bath salts  
Munching on his bones, looking at him like "It's yo' fault!"  
"Look at what you made me do! Yo, pass the hot sauce"

Looking at the back of Sophia Eris's head  
Eating a sammich (but we don't got bread!)  
Got a spider ass bite on my head, hangry  
Feeling soupy, I brought my fuck in, yo I'm duckin'  
Donald, Daffy, Howards, them cowards  
Could never throw shots at a super with power  
What was Russia without the czars?  
What was Henry Ford without the cars?  
My grandparents worked at Ford factory  
So Henry is nothing without my family tree  
And his slave-owning family needed Black blood still  
So I think we need a spot up on Henry's will  
That would never be the case, in case you ain't keeping up  
I'm dishing out cases of that heavy bass  
And them bassheads straight from the oppressor's loins  
Are giving us our "Free us!" in hella coin

So bob your head crazy, bob your head crazy  
Hip-hop, hip-hop turned crack from the era of crack babies  
Bob your head crazy, bob your head crazy  
Hip-hop, about to give oratories in stadiums and laboratories  
Bob your head crazy, bob your head crazy  
Hip-hop, hip-hop turned crack from the era of crack babies  
Bob your head crazy, bob your head crazy  
Hip-hop, about to give oratories-  
(Big GRRRL, Small World!)

It don't matter how deep yo' pockets go  
They still get they fill, fingers scrape the bottom  
It don't matter how deep yo' soul is  
They sho' is blinded by the light  
It don't matter how deep yo' pockets go  
They still get they fill, fingers scrape the bottom  
It don't matter how deep yo' soul is  
They sho' is blinded by the light!  
(Crazy!)

Bob your head crazy, bob your head crazy  
Hip-hop, hip-hop turned crack from the era of crack babies  
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Bob your head crazy, bob your head crazy  
Hip-hop, about to give oratories in stadiums and laboratories

And ain't I a woman? Ain't I a woman? Ain't I a woman?!