

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!)

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