

Megan Thee Stallion, Tina Snow Interlude

[Intro: Lil Keke]

And if the beat live, you know Lil Ju made it
How ya like me now? 'Cause I'm real
Come—, come—, comin' down
How ya like me now? 'Cause I'm real
Piece and—, piece and—, piece and chain four shiny grills
How ya—, how—

[Chorus: Megan Thee Stallion]

Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes
Tint my windows and lock my doors
Everybody talking 'bout a bitch went ghost
Shit, that's how I roll
All this cake, with all of these snakes
Gotta keep hoes outta my face
When I put that red key in my car
These hoes ain't winnin' that race
Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes
Tint my windows and lock my doors
Everybody talking 'bout a bitch went ghost
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[Interlude: Megan Thee Stallion]

(Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes, tint my windows and lock my doors)
I had to learn that some people only fuck with you when it's beneficial
(Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes, tint my windows and lock my doors)
And when you ain't lettin' them use no more, it become a motherfuckin' issue (Fucked up)
(Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes, tint my windows and lock my doors)
You can keep tellin' people you don't fuck with me no more
'Cause I promise I don't miss you (I promise I don't, ah)
(Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes, tint my windows and lock my doors)
And I'm still doin' Hot Girl shit (Ayy)
Young Tina Snow, still hard on a ho (I'm still hard on a ho, ah)

[Bridge]

Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes
Tint my windows and lock my doors (Lock my doors)
Fake, fake, fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes
Tint my windows and lock my doors (Lock my doors)
Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes
Tint my windows and lock my doors (Lock my doors)
Fake, fake, fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes
Tint my windows and lock my doors (Lock my doors)

[Outro: Lil' Keke the Don]

H-Town legend Lil' Keke the Don checkin' in
See, first off top, I'ma say this, man
It take a special motherfucker to even represent this way of life, you understand?
See, this a culture where the trapstar and the rapstar got the same bag, man
See, the hustlers and the grinders, they just as famous as the athletes and the movie stars, see, th
The way you walk, the way you talk, the way you carry yourself
Gon' tell me exactly where you from, that's legend talk, man
It ain't about the car, it's about how the car make me feel
The way I tote it, the statement that it's gon' make in the culture
'Cause it ain't no vinyl in the car, it's leather all the way through
Perforated from the guts to the door pannels to the booth
We don't ride raincoat
If I got the top up on it, that motherfucker cover with the rain
Double-stitched Daytona carpet, ten coats of clear on that paint
Bitch thicker than Megan, get it?

See, that's how you talk slayer
Have you ever seen a bitch so bad a nigga spend his last on that shit?
Big titties, flat stomachs, fat asses, welcome to the culture, nigga
Slabs, bikes, muscle cars, Bentleys, Benzes
If I'm in it, I own it
Come from nothin', paper plates to paper plates
Mixtapes, fried chicken, double cups, squares, everywhere
"Ke, what you sayin'?"
I say it all to say, how you like me now, nigga?