

# Olivia (US), Bizounce

Fuck conversation  
I'm throwing up my lever  
leaving the crib with a dear John letter  
I'm taking what I need  
nigga fuck all your cheddah  
fuck all your jewelry and fuck all your cars  
ballin'  
while I'm wishing on stars won't have me  
wiling while you're puffing on jaws  
had me in the crib in panties and bras  
while you're in the benzo messin with broads  
have your face in another bitch twat  
go 'head playa boy that's how you get shot  
and i ain't even like that silly nigga  
but I'm hurt and I'm filled up with liquor  
pondering on if you really feel her  
only a man could make a girl a killa  
and with a 9 like this my nigga don't sleep,  
I'ma creep up behind ya my nigga.

I'm about to bizounce  
I can't take ya shit no more  
Picture frame broken daddy  
Cuz I can't trust you  
I'm ridin high now  
So nigga fuck you(x2)

Drivin in yo Benzo  
Shined up Lorenzo  
Ashtray filled wit indo  
Toss it out the window  
Ain't as fast as your ash blow  
Leavin a nigga, fuck ya cash flow  
I got my own account  
And it holds a nice amount  
I'ma come back for my clothes  
And come back for my Rolls  
You can keep them other hoes  
Nigga that's how the game goes  
And if ya didn't know  
Better ask somebody baby  
Shoulda treated me like a lady  
Nigga I gotta bizounce

I'm about to bizounce  
I can't take ya shit no more  
Picture frame broken daddy  
Cuz I can't trust you  
I'm ridin high now  
So nigga fuck you(x2)

Fuck the conversation  
I'm throwin you a letter  
Keep them platinum credit cards  
Keep all of your cheddah  
That shit don't mean nuttin to me (No nuttin to me no nuttin to me)  
Cuz I'm tired of you stressin me (Tired of you stressin me)  
The scent of perfume on ya clothes (In ya clothes)  
Messin wit them silly hoes (Silly hoes)  
Got me feelin miserable (I'm miserable)  
fillin up wit Hen and Coke (It's on...)  
Sleepin wit the enemy (...bitch)  
Boy you don't wanna fuck wit me (Don't wanna fuck wit me)

I'm about to bizounce  
I can't take ya shit no more  
Picture frame broken daddy  
Cuz I can't trust you  
I'm ridin high now  
So nigga fuck you(x2)

I ain't never comin back no more  
know you heard that shit before  
I don't never wanna see your face  
Faded pictures on make-up case  
Shoulda known what ya missed at home  
Now you roll alone wit no one to bone  
You ain't never gonna eat to-to  
Not from me its no no

I'm about to bizounce  
I can't take ya shit no more  
Picture frame broken daddy  
Cuz I can't trust you  
I'm ridin high now  
So nigga fuck you(x3)