

# I Bet (feat. 50 Cent)

Chris Brown & Tyga

Shawty wanna leave with a nigga, I bet  
Cause she wanna be on TV with a nigga, I bet  
Bet you never thought that she would cheat on you, nigga, I bet  
Don't be mad at me  
I pull that chopper out and squeeze on you niggas  
No sympathy for you niggasHo, shut the fuck up, miss me with the bullshit  
Balling like a bitch, all my niggas hood rich  
Bring some bitches to the crib, show 'em what the wood is  
Your bitch look like shanayay, nah-uh, oh my goodness  
It's 500, that be the block  
Then you see that ghetto bird when you hear the shots  
Where the plug at? Tell him meet me at the docks  
Sent the little homie through, it might be the cops  
Hold up, I'm getting money, boy  
Your girl want me cause I got them toys  
Rari's and the Bentleys and the bender doors  
Double decker buses and them private jets I spend it on  
Painted on the Maserati, look like it been shitted on  
Make her lift her skirt up, if she nervous I'm a pervert  
I be in the pussy deep, a nigga fuckin' up her cervex  
Leave the condoms on the bed, man, I do that shit on purpose  
Cause I hope a nigga see it when he comin' home from work  
I got a hundred on it  
She ain't faithful to you, nigga  
Word around town, you know thots get around  
Nah, she testify, wouldn't trust her, homie  
I gave her fuck what you know, makes no sense you, ho  
Rolls gas pedals, Pockets on roseo  
Rosetta, my stones ain't meant for the home, bitch  
So comfortable, now get your ass off my couch, bitch  
Bounce shit, mouse shit, put in your mouth shit  
I've been playin' with the pussy, time to put that thing in  
Bang it, I'm bangin', my binger off safety  
I'm slayin', she chased it, she swallowed, she wasted  
Fuckin' amazin', pump out that bass like freebasin'  
It's a rough demonstration, the mileage, replace it  
Come again, I replay it, speed it up, I'm speed racer  
Bet if you catch her lyin' she gonna reverse it cause  
I bet your bitch'll be ready when I say I'm finna leave  
We only fuck with the foreigners, Ferrari horse on them keys  
You be that nigga she call on when she need someone to love  
I be that nigga, we just turn up, we just ball out n fuck

After the thuggin' I be nuttin' in her mouth like this  
And you come home like, honey, I'm home, come and give me kiss  
It's not a thing for me, really not a thing for me  
We from different sets, why your bitch wanna bang with me?  
All the time, all the time, I be on the grind  
Hoes look at me, the dollar signs run across they mind  
It's the paper, they know a nigga get it, get it  
Shawty gone be with it, let a nigga get it, hold up in it Ya'll bitchass niggas got me fucked up.  
I'm not fuckin' yall niggas. I don't give a fuck who ya'll is. And I don't give a fuck if you Chris  
Brown or Tyga. And ya'll not giving me my coin. I wanna be on TV, I wanna be on Love and  
Hip Hop, on Hollywood and shit. Don't get it fucked up  
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