

Bodak Yellow (feat. Kodak Black)

Cardi B

Said little bitch, you can't fuck with me
If you wanted to
These expensive, these is red bottoms
These is bloody shoes
Hit the store, I can get them both
I don't wanna choose
And I'm quick, cut a nigga off
So don't get comfortable
Look, I don't dance now
I make money moves
Say I don't gotta dance
I make money move
If I see you and I don't speak
That means I don't fuck with you
I'm a boss, you a worker bitch
I make bloody moves
Now she say she gon' do what to who?
Let's find out and see, Cardi B
You know where I'm at
You know where I be
You in the club just to party
I'm there, I get paid a fee
I be in and out them banks so much
I know they're tired of me
Honestly, don't give a fuck 'bout who in front of me
Dropped two mixtapes in six months
What bitch working as hard as me?
I don't bother with these hoes
Don't let these hoes bother me
They see pictures, they say "Goals"
Bitch, I'm who they tryna be
Look, I might just chill in some BAPE
I might just chill with your boo
I might just feel on your babe
My pussy feel like a lake
He wanna swim with his face
I'm like "Okay"
I'll let him did what he want
He buy me Yves Saint Laurent
And the new whip
When I go fast as a horse
I got the trunk in the front

I'm the hottest in the street
Know you prolly heard of me
Got a bag and fixed my teeth
Hope you hoes know it ain't cheap
And I pay my mama bills
I ain't got no time to chill
Think these hoes be mad at me
Their baby father want a feel
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That means I don't fuck with you
I'm a boss, you a worker bitch
I make bloody moves If you a pussy you get popped
You a groupie, you a opp
Bet you come around my way
You can't hang around my block
And I just checked my accounts
Turns out, I'm rich, I'm rich, I'm rich
I put my hand above my hip
I bet you dip, he dip, she dip
I say I get the money and go
This shit is hot like a stove
My pussy glitter as gold
Tell that lil bitch play her role
I just a-rove in a Rolls
I just came up in a Wraith
I need to fill up the tank
No, I need to fill up the safe
I need to let all these hoes know
That none of their niggas is safe
I go to dinner and steak
Only the real can relate
I used to live in the P's
Now it's a crib with a gate
Roly got charms, look like frosted flakes
I had to let these bitches know
Just in case these hoes forgot
I just run and check the mail

Another check from Mona Scott
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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