

Hi Bich

Bhad Bhabie

Oh my god, RonnyWhite J's, white Porsche
White wrist, white horse
Hi, bitch, hi, bitch
Hi, bitch, hi, bitch
I do not sniff, hit the rollie
It do not drip when I pour it
I do not run, I reload it
I do not save it, I throw it
White J's, white Porsche
White wrist, white horse
Hi, bitch, hi, bitch
Hi, bitch, hi, bitch

Please stop, please stop, please stop, please stop (stop that shit)
That fit look like you bought it at the kiosk (Was it on sale though?)

And they got the nerve to ask "Why she hot?" (she hot)

Why you counting all that money that we got?

I ain't worried 'bout no basic bitches

All y'all look like you still fly Spirit

All y'all must not've looked in the mirror

All y'all lookin' but the windows tinted, like (hi, bitch)

I don't know what made all y'all haters

Play if you want but you know I ain't playin' like

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White J's, white Porsche

White wrist, white horse

Hi, bitch, hi, bitch

Hi, bitch, hi, bitch Grown as hell and you still hating

I look at you and thank god I made it, like

Hi, bitch

Hi, bitch

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>