

Bankrupt (Remix)

Cuban Doll

Hundred bands, talks a hundred bands Can you get it,
ain't no running man Keep a hundred rounds,
we gon' get him I ain't never gave a fuck
about no bitch Cause I'm bigger and I'm better
Keep a Smith & Wesson we can do whatever, aye
You say you a boss,
I know you a lame And that nigga ugly what the fuck you saying
You ain't getting money girl you need a plan
You a broke bitch, always holding out your hand
I'm a real bitch,
I just be getting bad Spend and get
it back then I spend it with my mans
That money in my hand put it right on your head
Ain't no loss, I'm a boss I can do that shit again, aye
Fuck a roll we speak face
If a lame bitch talking I won't even speak that
Keep that .45 all black, we strapped we back
Pop up on them make a b*tch see that, aye
F*ck all them niggas we gon' f*ck up this cash
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag
Hopped in a foreign, b*tch you hopped in them cabs
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye aye
I'm a real bitch I can't fake shit
You a fucking pussy you don't shake shit
You just figured it out bruh you late bitch
You a broke bitch you ain't got no vest to play with
Somewhere out in Cali do the dash in a spaceship
You somewhere in the crib looking mad cause you ain't shit
You ain't tough, big bank take little bank Bitch you bankrupt
All them hoes losing but they ain't us
Fuck all them niggas we gon' fuck up this cash
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag
Hopped in a foreign, bitch you hopped in them cabs
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass
Aye, fuck all them niggas we gon' fuck up this cash
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag
Hopped in a foreign, bitch you hopped in them cabs
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye
Bitch bands, bands,
don't fuck up this dashboard bitches want
problems we gon' give 'em what they ask for
That's what this cash for, I need that like a landlord

You bitches half step, somebody please drop a bag on 'em
Bitch why you lying you ain't never got no cash,
ho you nigga why you trying to act tough ain't no straps on you
Bitches turned their back, yeah it's cool I just stacked on 'em
I was getting money way before I seen rap money
Them hoes hate together when that check end
But b*tch you more broke than your best friend
That chop right beside me like my best man
Fuck a wedding when it ring watch your head split
You ain't tough, big bank take little bank Bitch you bankrupt
All them hoes losing but they ain't us You ain't
tough, big bank take little bank Bitch you bankrupt
All them hoes losing but they ain't us
Fuck all them niggas we gon' fuck up this cash
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag
Hopped in a foreign, bitch you hopped in them cabs
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye
Fuck all them niggas we gon' fuck up this cash
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag
Hopped in a foreign, bitch you hopped in them cabs
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass

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