

# Bodak Yellow

## 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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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  
Said little bitch, you can't fuck with me  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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