

B.B.W.W x Fake Show

Tory Lanez

Yeah, bought a new white Wraith, last night, nearly crashed it
Spinning out on a highway, 720 in a Aspin
Bad bitch in the passenger, seen her whole life flashing
Ray whipping a McLaren right behind me, nigga, spun right past him
Thank God I'm alive
Thank God but I probably spent a bank job on a ride
Black bubble, white Wraith, cost 19k, uh
But that ain't none of my safe, uh
All you rappers ain't safe, uh
Let me say it with the bass, uh
All you rappers ain't safe, uh
All you singers ain't safe, uh
First single had me in the crib puttin' platinum plaques into place
Dropped Luv, went top hop club, everything just grace
Grammy-nominated on the first album, now motherfuckers see the face
Look at me
I know these niggas is trippin', these niggas are shoogin' me
Bust down, bust down, bust down
Raphael, what'd you do to me?
I need the money at last
I need the money advance
Tell me the money is near, I ain't coming out the van
Key close, gotta keep hoes by the G code
Got three hoes in a G4
Got A, B, C, D, E, F, G, X, Y and Z hoes
I'm still balling like D. Rose
I'm still popping off Vevos
I'm still looking like, wait
Still sipping on tea soles
My dick giant like Fifo, if you need know
Money singing in a C-Note like Do Re Mi Fa So La Ti Do
Did it for my niggas back home
In a fiend house, selling crack on a trap phone in a crack home
Winter time getting cold, had to go to grandma Lees
Steal a jacket up out of Jack Jones
Rodger tellin' me get mad at the phone
bills, switchin' to the black phone, yeah
I had to switch to a tellers
Ain't really shit you could tell us
All of y'all niggas is jealous, ah
Running through the check, money upset
All of these niggas is mad at me

Ten chains, buy ten rings on a nigga look-alike swagged at me
I can't keep a girlfriend, too busy tryna make the bag happy
Cali girly throw it back at me in a back ally and a cat daddy, yeah
I say bust down, bust down
I feel dick, it's your bitch
She gon' touchdown, touchdown
Bitch, I'm up now, what now?
Fuck 'bout what you talkin' bout
That shit sound like us now
My shit sound like what now?
I'm prayin' that my exes don't ever get famous
Or flex on me with a rapper or an entertainer
Life in this business come with these different dangers
You rather lie, tell me you still an angel
How you still an angel?
You be lyin',
you just fuck some niggas on me and
claim you see it from different angles
I see the danger
I find her crazy, shit, I know you as a good girl
Triple flowin', trip returns, flipper
Last night, call, I had sex off liquor
Trash bag full of every dollar at the bar
That you ain't down to pick up for these niggas, throwin' it up
You hate it when niggas gettin' dirty with they ones
Ain't the reason why you 'bout to get them Louboutins though
Ain't the reason why you 'bout to get your rent paid
Tell them hoes throwin' shade, they should wear their best shades
She gon' make a thousand on a bad day
10 I was shippin', she don't ever take a half day
Just hold me down, was a pap boy
I did it to the fullest 'cause she hate to leave it half way
Hol' up, bust it, I can't, trust it
Fuckin' with you got me goin' way up out the budget
Pour a shot up, this is for the last night
Last night, before I lost you to the fast life
Good girl gone bad, you gon' do your thing
Anything to get the bag, gon' do your thing
If she ever do it, she gon' do it for the bag
If she ever do it, she gon' do it for the bag
Good girl gone bad, you go do your thing
Skinny girl in my donk
Anything to get the bag, go on do your thing
She don't dance but she dance
If she ever do it, she gon' do it for the bag
She gon' do it for the money
If she ever do it, she gon' do it for the bag
She don't dance but she dance

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>