

# 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 wrist, white horse  
Hi, bitch, hi, bitch  
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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 Grown as hell and you still hating

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

Hi, bitch

Hi, bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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

