

Yung and Bhad (feat. City Girls)

Bhad Bhabie

P-P-Pull up in that wraith, and make these bitches pledge allegiance
Flood my necklace, so much ice, my heart done turned into a freezer
Count up them racks
(Count up them racks)
Run up a sack
(Run up a sack)
Follow the drip, and then we'll talk
Pull up in the Lyft, and empty the clip Young and bad
All my bitches young and bad (Young and bad)
Young and bad
All my bitches young and bad (All my bitches young and bad)
Young and bad
All my bitches young and bad (Young and bad)
Young and bad
All my bitches young and bad (All my bitches young and bad)
Young and bad, young and rich
Banana clips on the stick
Pull up and pop at your bitch (Pop at your bitch)
Been in this shit for a minute (for a minute)
I shoot the clip like a lemon (like a lemon)
I treat these bitches like bitches
Ready for war, we gon' air this bitch out in a minute
Iced out, bitch try to ride my wave, get wiped out (Wiped out, hoe!)
Pi-pipe down, come through, shut it down right now (Right now, bitch)
Whole lotta bad bitches
Fashion Nova bad bitches (Fuck 'em)
What you gon' do to them hoes? Same thing we did to them last bitches
Pu-pu-pull off the lot (Pull off the lot)
I drop the top (I drop the top)
Pop at an opp
Fuck it, I'll pop at a cop (Bitch!)
Bitch don't want these problems
Cold case, nobody solved it, no way
Keep the revolver, beggin' bitch, I'm ballin'
I'm at the top, I don't plan on fallin'
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 All my bitches young and bad (All my bitches young and bad) City girls got these hoes shook
 like a soda (Explode)
 Now I drive a Porsche, bitch, you drive a Toyota (Yeah)
 Used to have to make the money stretch like yoga (Facts)
 I told y'all hoes once I get rich, it's over
 B-B-Bad bitch, come get your nigga and your wig snatched
 He cut the cheque already, come and get your gig back
 I-I'll slap yo' ass, I swear to God, won't get your lick back
 I'm in the whip, faster than a ride at Six Flags (Period) Y-Young and bad
 We can't talk unless that cheque cut (Nah)
 Just signed a deal under a year, gotta respect us
 Pur-Purse YSL, shoes Chanel, bitch, I'm living well (Facts)
 It's a blessing that we made it, 'cause we been through hell
 D-Don't need your section because we got our own shit, bitch (Bitch)
 Don't buy me drinks 'cause we got our own lick, bitch (Bitch)
 We feel like flexing tonight, we 'bout go crazy (Crazy)
 It's Yung Miami and J.T. fuckin' with Bhad Bhabie
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>