

Black Feet (feat. BlocBoy JB)

Moneybagg Yo

I ain't got no love for no black feet ratchet (ratchet)
I'm just tryna hit it then curve, no attachment (skrirt)
You ain't got a bag, you can't get none of my action (nope)
Greet me when you see me,
but don't touch me bitch I'm status (ugh ugh)
Work my wrist like (ugh ugh)
Curve that bitch like (ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh)
Diamonds hit like (ugh ugh)
Hit my ho like (ugh ugh)
Pour a four like (ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh)
(Javar said pick up that bag right)
Burnt her head down, it was fire just like some matches
Lil bitch from the city and she call herself a savage
She ain't got her money right but swear that she ain't average
She picky and she think she Nicki when she get her taxes (Minaj)
I hit that lil bitch like my blunt (smoke)
From the back, the side, the front
After, asked her what she want
Kicked her ass out like a punt
Ugh ugh, I had to curve the ho (swerve)
Uh-uh, she want the world or no
Called her bluff like Curtis Snow
But the head A-1, had to curl my toes (ooh, good)
AP (what's that?), plain janes cost me forty (forty thou)
Chanel (drip), shell stains, haters salty (salty)
Bitch I'm lit like I'm a torch, fucked that thot bitch on the porch
Then got ghost like Rolls Royce, ugh out here on her
I ain't got no love for no black feet ratchet (ratchet)
I'm just tryna hit it then curve, no attachment (skrirt)
You ain't got a bag, you can't get none of my action (nope)
Greet me when you see me,
but don't touch me bitch I'm status (ugh ugh)
Work my wrist like (ugh ugh)
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Diamonds hit like (ugh ugh)
Hit my ho like (ugh ugh)
Pour a four like (ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh)
(Javar said pick up that bag right) Soon as I look up see bitches flockin' 'cause I'm havin'
(flocking)
Hit 'em with the stiffarm,
they wasn't around me when I was ashy (get back bitch)
Fuckin' with this freak ho when I had a show in Dallas (Texas)

Just moved in the spot so I had to fuck her on the pallet (ugh)
Tore her ass up, she almost squirted on my Patek (Philippe)
Got my name stamped, now she certified, valid
Oh no (oh no), slow roll (slow up, slow up)
Tryna touch me out in public, hoes bo
And they wonder why I ain't got no love for no black feet ratchet (ratchet)
I'm just tryna hit it then curve, no attachment (that's on my mama)
You ain't got a bag, you can't get none of my action (nah)
Greet me when you see me (huh?),
but don't touch me bitch I'm status (I'm status, ugh ugh)
Work my wrist like (ugh ugh)
Curve that bitch like (ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh)
Diamonds hit like (ugh ugh)
Hit my ho like (ugh ugh)
Pour a four like (ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh)
(Javar said pick up that bag right)(BlocBoy)
Ugh, you disgusting (you disgusting)
If a nigga play me wrong then I'm busting (then I'm busting)
Heat a nigga up like the oven (the oven)
Hit you and your cousin (your cousin)
A lot of niggas say that they was
there but they wasn't (that's on my mama)
I'm on some cold killer shit (huh?)
) I might kill a bitch (kill a bitch)
All these Jacksons in my Thriller fit (the Thriller)
With some Jordan kicks, I might take your bitch (woo)
I'm tryna put on for the team (the team)
You gon' change on your niggas and do wrong to your team (fuck 'em)
Every thirty got a beam (rrah)
Dressed in designer, I'm fresh as fuck like Mr. Clean (doon-doon-doon)
Nigga playin', get creamed
Head shot him, leave him darked out like the wing (that's on my mama)
I had to dress like I'm king
At the bitch, her name is lean (yeah yeah yeah)
I pass the bitch to the team, so you know what that shit mean (yeah)
Huh? I ain't got no love for no black feet ratchet (ratchet, huh?)
I'm just tryna hit it then curve, no attachment (that's on my mama)
You ain't got a bag, you can't get none of my action (nah)
Greet me when you see me (huh?),
but don't touch me bitch I'm status (I'm status, ugh ugh)
Work my wrist like (ugh ugh)
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