

Bitch Please

Dej Loaf

Bitch please
Rolled on, ten speed bike like
You done rolled 100 dicks, bite life
Good night night, you all hype hype
No wife type, I'm on these bitches' heads like highlights
Fuck your bundles
Let's talk numbers, let's talk stats
Why you mumblin', what's that?
I ain't with the tit for tat
I ain't angry at nobody
I'll run 100 laps around you pussy motherfuckers
Turn your nigga to a chef
He be like, "What you want for supper?"
I be like a side of this, a side of that, a side of money
Chamomile tea, some lemons, some honey
Slice of that pie
I don't even eat pie but bake that motherfucker
DeJ a beast, boy
Y'all thought it was over, she gon' keep going
I'm from the east side, not east point
What's good?
Pull up in your hood, keep blowing
I heard they was sleep, well keep snoring
Cause I ain't snored in a week
I ain't seen sheets or covers

Bitch please
Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Bitch please

If I want it I'ma get it
Girl what's your budget?
You was a blood last year
Are you sure cousin?
I think I'm expose all these frauds when my tour's over
You ain't got no juice
You a whore-loving, dick-riding
Sidekick, no styling
Why you fooling everybody?
Had to take a break for water
I be talking shit when I ain't recording
It's a one way game, one controller
No they cannot control us
Girl if you tired of that nigga
You should boss it up on him
Go to piling on that nigga, yeah
Don't want the owl with that nigga girl
Naw no
Look closely, I'm creeping with the creepers
We ain't do shit about it yet
But when we see you
Believe it

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