

Bullshit

Honey Cocaine

[Intro: Honey Cocaine]

You bitches fucking stink
Go take a fucking shower
Schwag. Asian bitches

[Verse 1: Honey Cocaine]

Faggot, I ain't got time for a stupid broad
Cause bro I'm 'bout to beat a bitch and probably lose my job
Fuck, I'm a bubble
Listen, bitch. I tell you cool it off
Cause acting smart'll get you deaded
Bitch, I rule the spot
Now, homie, I ain't fucking down to catch a charge, bro
Now her body found the same place she had parked, bro. (Whoops! [x3])
I forgot my bitches ride for me
Cause these bitches that drive for me
Are these bitches flying for free
I gain mine. There's a difference. You remember that
Cause I'm always hungry for the shit that I ain't never had
This here is baby food and be all like, "Bitch, fuck a snack! "
See niggas who said I'm crap is asking me to hit 'em back
Nigga, fuck that!

[Hook x2: Honey Cocaine]

Now, I ain't got time for bullshit
If I ain't getting mine, then that's bullshit
Why you all up in my face with this bullshit?
Ew. Bitch, you smell like bullshit

[Verse 2: Honey Cocaine]

Oh, here I go. There they go in this here game again
Now these bitches praying they gon' never hear my name again
But look, I'm a stay around even although they acting like I can't
I don't sleep at all cause it'll always be my time again
That means I work hard, homie. I don't play around, dawg
Better cut this bullshit or your face'll meet the ground, dawg
But after all, it's for the haters and the groupies, though
Find me at the studio
The smart bitch with a stupid flow
Fuck delivery. Got fans who in the dance
Now my enemies got plans
They just searching for a chance
Fuck friends cause I'm married to the music
Bitch, cause I gained the world and die before I lose it
So cool it

[Hook x2: Honey Cocaine]

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[Verse 3: Tyga]

Bitch back, back. Why your ass so flat?
Tell your best friend I want that
I don't pretend, bitch, and I don't act
Why you all up in my chat?

Telling people that you know him
If I lend you all on my back
Criss-cross, you wiggedy-wack! (Aghh!)
Duplicating my racks
Introduce you to my life
Yeah, my gold heavy metal
You can't rock out on my level
Yeah, yeah. That's a red Ferarri
And I'm dancing with the devil
Bitch testing me, you get answers
Kill a nigga quick fast, like cancer. (Aghh!)
(Well, well) Make a bitch rubbin money on my dick till it swell, swell
And ya money, money shorter than a elf, elf
And I keep cool J's like LL
(Hell yeah) I don; t wanna start nuttin' bitch, lemme finish
All in a nigga net nigga mouth like a dentist
(Dennis) Rodman. Come on, come on
Bitch, is you with it, with it?
Cause I ain't

[Hook x2: Honey Cocaine]

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