

Mad Bitches

Shy Glizzy

(Island with the cash like Diego)
If you don't love that bitch, she can't come to the condo
(B-B-Bankroll Got It)

I know bad bitches, ayy, I know mad bitches
You know mad hitters, 'bout it, they gon' blast with you
I ain't had shit, I had to get some cash, nigga
Now the bag bigger, yeah, so now we brag different
If you don't love that bitch, she can't come to the condo
Bitch, our bag so big, can't send it to Toronto
That guy right there, he wipe a nose, call him my fucking uncle
Ain't no fucking little bro, bitch, I'm the head honcho

Got my money right (Uh)
Bitch, that's fucking right (Oh)
A nigga play with Glizzy, we gon' kill they ass tonight (Uh-huh)
She ride it like a bike (Uh)
She wanna take a bite (Ooh)
My song sheet so bad that my bitch turned into a dyke (Ooh)
Glizzy Gang, we mobbing (Mobbing)
All them niggas starving (Oh)
Wintertime, Christmas season, know these niggas robbing (Woo)
You say you got too much stardom (Yeah)
But, bitch, I've been a target (Yeah)
Boy, that bitch so bad that I bought her an apartment, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm just tryna meet some Ms
I ain't tryna be your friend (Cha-ching)
Lost some niggas, they ain't dead, just cannot be around me again (Woah)
Nigga run up on Jefe, yeah, end up on CNN (Today)
Hit 'em with my F&N (Baow-baow-baow)
I'm a fucking hooligan

I know bad bitches, ayy, I know mad bitches
You know mad hitters, 'bout it, they gon' blast with you
I ain't had shit, I had to get some cash, nigga
Now the bag bigger, yeah, so now we brag different
If you don't love that bitch, she can't come to the condo
Bitch, our bag so big, can't send it to Toronto
That guy right there, he wipe a nose, call him my fucking uncle
Ain't no fucking little bro, bitch, I'm the head honcho

Yeah, I come from that stove whippin' (Dope)
Dirtbikes and four-wheelin' (Rrr)
Crodie, yep, he blow, nigga (Blaow)
Then bring his folks with him (Get)
We pull up, put holes in 'em (Blaow)
Two lil' cros, they both with it (Get)
He get shot, no Cole Bennett
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
See, this Glock, it got a drum in it (Drum)
Beef with us, better come with it (Come)
And all them lies, he had to run with it (Yeah)
I'm a icy bitch (Bitch)
They ain't got nothing on these bounce, see
I just lost a pack, I think I need another rack
I'm selling drugs, nigga

My goofy OG, he ain't tell me what it was, nigga
Click-click-pow, yeah, he should've had a gun with him (Goofy)
You see this money, it'll change a lot, but not a thurl nigga
And we gon' barrel niggas
Certified, uh

I know bad bitches, ayy, I know mad bitches
You know mad hitters, 'bout it, they gon' blast with you
I ain't had shit, I had to get some cash, nigga
Now the bag bigger, yeah, so now we brag different
If you don't love that bitch, she can't come to the condo
Bitch, our bag so big, can't send it to Toronto
That guy right there, he wipe a nose, call him my fucking uncle
Ain't no fucking little bro, bitch, I'm the head honcho