

# Round of Applause

Trina

I'm running your city, racks I got plenty,  
You don't know a bad bitch like me, it ain't many  
I can pull up in the Mini with my skirt real mini,  
And let your nigga and tell me how he feel me.

Yes I talk shit, you weak toast, middle finger, speed off.  
Bad bitch, big Benz, get money, fuck friends.  
Bitch, I elevate, out in DCing,  
I met the finish line where the game ends,  
With my top off in my spaceship  
I'm looking 3D, I'm in your face bitch.

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'Cause I  
I've been doing this shit already made a killing  
I'm so sick I need something the ceiling,  
Take a seat y'all, I'm in the building,  
My time's up, bitches, I'm in the building  
Hands in the air, round of applause,  
Hands in the air I just shut it down,  
Hands in the air round of applause,  
Hands in the air I just shut it down.

I skull on my time fin the talk sleep,  
If I ain't the baddest bitch you can suck a dick,  
Deep rollie, suga coddie, you know I roll it,  
You know I through it up on whacks, so work it on it,  
The bitch independent, come or at least swag,  
Kim Kay curves, we trip kay bad,  
And I ain't got to prove myself the name bitch  
I've been making hits after hits after hits.

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Pussy on this nigga he came back to me,  
With a plate full of fame, he said it's all for me,  
I ain't' wanna be a rapper can't came to me,  
You bitches tryin too hard, it ain't a thing for me.  
I've been whipping exotic, till your flights to a rise,  
Lands course to the goddess, bitch you know I'm the hottest,

Now I'm addicted to rapping, this bitches they all rapping,  
'Cause now I'm back in the building, and it feels like I'm trapping

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