

# Bad Bitch

French Montana

Got a good thing goin' with a bad bitch  
You know who to call when you need it  
Wish I had another you, I'm greedy  
Sometimes like that nigga get greedy  
Got damn I fell in love with a bad bitch  
You know that every time you leave me  
Even though I know how men be talkin'  
I just know that nigga wanna be me  
Came in here and fell in love with a bad bitch  
Back then she ain't have shit  
Now she grown up, she got ass, tits  
Wanna know where she got that ass at  
She hit my heart, a toot, toot on it  
She got a dump truck, I put a boot on it  
Don't mind spendin' this loot on it  
Treat her like my whip, I put some shoes on her

Can't be talking loud homie with your G-Shock  
Laces jumping out the foreign with the T top  
Coke boys, niggas got the whole streets locked  
Max B still eyes on the east side  
Pinky ring, may be running with the car cost  
It may be something when you run into a mob boss  
On trial, nigga blind in his left eye  
TOC, where the rouges, wet up on the west side  
Got to play the game of life like a chessboard  
Rip your hair off, fuck your arrest warrant  
One call, all the shooters on deck boy  
Thought she peed on me, pussy so wet boy  
Fucking all night, now we call it Ross fit  
Red Chanel bag for the bitches boss hit  
Marshawn Lynch, money on offense  
Might catch me in the D with a soft whip

Pull up with my niggas, make a move  
Red light, green light, no it ain't Gucci  
Used to walk up in the store, couldn't afford that  
Now I walk up in the store, buyin' all that  
Drink it to the head, man, nigga feelin' woozy  
Pull up in the old school, boy I'm on some new shit  
Red to the head, man we gettin' all that  
And shorty phone answers, she don't ever call back  
And I can see why these niggas hate me  
Pull up in a drop and the watch 80  
Pull up to the front but a nigga faded  
Got a new crib and the shit gated  
Came from the bottom, watch a nigga ball out  
Drink it to the head, smoke 'til you fall out  
Countin' up this money, nigga, keep the door locked  
All my niggas gettin' to this money, no lie

Nice chick got cake, call her sweet cheeks  
Fuck good, clean her house, she a neat freak  
I want the 2016, that new prezi  
I want sloppy, not a bitch that's too messy  
I done heard all the lies, baby you can save me that  
But saying it was mine had to be my favorite

All her friends like girl you getting thick  
Dope boys on her like she getting bricks  
Mami said Lo don't cross her thing  
Now she want the Cartier bracelet and a ring  
Stick up and it made me skeet skeet fast  
Wasn't even row, I had the ski-ski mask  
I'm a road runner, had to beep beep past  
See me looking square, it'll be G class nigga  
Ay, my main focus is your main focus  
You hoes ain't notice cause you ain't focused

[Hook]