

No Bueno

Angel Haze

Step out the crib
Bi as a Bitch
Dusty ass bitches be eyeing my shit
You fucking consumers can dine on my clit
I'm winning on bitches who dying to quit
I'm winning on bitches, I'm making these switches
I'm hurting these hoes so they twisting they wrists
So they slitting they wrists put they hands on a bible
Yelling out Angel, I'm so suicidal
I'm out here fucking with hoes
But I got these bitches on smash
You see, they think I'm not in control
Until I put my foot in they ass
And I'm running right through them
I'm gunning, I'm killing
I'm serving these hoes like a fucking religion
Bitches is over, I'm fucking beginning
You niggas is bitches
I'm done and you finished

Niggas talking like some hoes too
My bitches out here on that old school
That new may be just do what they told to

This situation is below me
I'm your fucking motivation
Bitch, you owe me
I switched it up you just competing with the old me
They catch up, they catch up, cause you the old me
Bitches you owe me, cause you know, you know
You always shadow chasing
Thats No Bueno, No Bueno
I'm working while you waiting
'Cause you know, you know
You always shadow chasing
Bitches you owe me
Bitches you owe me

I never gave a fuck about a nigga
Grew up in my city just surrounded by my bitches
All about me, myself, and me no lie
Money over every fucking thing for life
Y'all bitches don't make no sense
No, y'all niggas don't make no sense
I tried to put hoes on the fucking main road
But y'all stay on that old shit
And say, say praise god
Bitches keep your day job
I hit em with the tec til I break a bitches necks
And no, I won't, I can't stop and
I'mma keep going
Y'all going keep waiting until the rain stop and
Bitch I spit like I'm trapped in a heat wave
And all yo shit just ain't hot

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Bitch, you out here running with lames
You bitches is playing
All of you bitches the same
Fuck what you saying
The shit I spit is insane
My flow has got its own brain
All of you bitches get hit by them niggas
So hit all your bitches and call it a-
Train
Plus can't remember your name
What the fuck is you saying, bitch
All you bitches beat like instrumentals
Beat hoes with no incidentals
Run this shit like the fastest sprinter
Plus I'm heating bitches up like what's for dinner
Then I eat bitches up like soul food
Then I spit bitches out like old food
Then I hit the bitches up with the Mac-10
'Cause they know I got them Pro-Tools