

Bed Squeak

Brooke Candy

I'm crack on the track
Bring it back on time
Make it slap on time
Make it clap so fine
Rewind it, wind it, double time it
Grind it, find it, then refine it
Climb the walls and break your spine
It's my turn now so lose your mind
When Candy on the track, the flow so bad
I make or break a crime
Cleanse your soul, I'm Penicillin
I shed a tear, I'm hurtin' feelings
I'm stacking dough, I make a killin'
I fucked your girl, can't rape the willing
I'm Gone With The Wind Fabulous
Gucci swimsuit look so glamorous
And you know that they can't handle it
Make It Scandalous
Bitch, I'm Fabulous

I can't make it any clearer, comer nearer
I'll make your head freak
Lose your inhibitions, get strippin'
And make the bed squeak
Think I'm headstrong?
Bitch, you dead weak
Lose your inhibitions, get strippin'
And make the bed squeak

You, in the snapback
Tip your cap back
I got my sights on you, Imma tap that
Wrap that up and Imma attack that
Suitin' up for duty, hazmat
Badass Bitch
Your career took a catnap
You had that now
Fall back, Jack
Cause Fagmob's the new rat pack
And your callback ain't worth crack, uh
You can hate on a bitch
But I'm slayin' it
You can act like my track
Ain't worth playing it
I'm on the tip of your tongue
Now your sayin' it
Candy is the new religion
Get to praying it

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I'm bout to sack a bitch
I'm bout to sack a bitch
You can't handle it, I'm bad
I'm bout to sack a bitch
Bitch, I'm fabulous
I'm bout to sack a bitch
You can't handle it, I'm bad
I'm bout to sack a bitch

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