

# Loyal

Chris Brown

Young Mula, baby  
You thought it was over?

I wasn't born last night  
I know these hoes ain't right  
But you was blowing up her phone last night  
But she ain't have her ringer nor her ring on last night, oh  
Nigga, that's that nerve  
Why give a bitch your heart when she'd rather have a purse?  
Why give a bitch an inch when she'd rather have nine?  
You know how the game goes  
She be mine by half time, I'm the shit, oh  
Nigga, that's that nerve  
You all about her, and she all about hers  
Birdman Junior in this bitch, no flamingos  
And I done did everything, but trust these hoes  
(CB fuck with me!)

When A rich nigga want ya  
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya  
These hoes ain't loyal  
These hoes ain't loyal  
Yeah, yeah, let me see

Just got rich  
Took a broke nigga bitch  
I can make a broke bitch rich  
But I don't fuck with broke bitches

Got a white girl with some fake titties  
I took her to the Bay with me  
Eyes closed, smoking marijuana  
Rolling up that Bob Marley  
I'm a rasta  
She say she wanna do drugs,  
Smoke weed, get drunk  
She wanna see a nigga trapped  
She wanna fuck all the rappers

When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)  
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (nothing no)  
These hoes ain't loyal (no they ain't)  
These hoes ain't loyal  
Yeah, yeah, let me see

Black girl with a big booty  
If she a bad bitch, let's get to it right away  
We up in this club  
Bring me the bottles  
I know girl, that you came in this bitch with your man  
That's a no no girl  
All this money in the air  
I wanna see you dance

Just got rich  
Took a broke nigga bitch  
I can make a broke bitch rich

But I don't fuck with broke bitches

When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)  
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (no, nothing)  
These hoes ain't loyal  
These hoes ain't loyal  
Yeah, yeah, let me see

With ciroc in the system?  
Ain't no telling will I fuck them, will I diss them  
That's what they be yelling, I'm a pimp by blood  
No relation, I don't chase 'em, I replace 'em  
LVs, Hermes, Dolces  
Them hoes ain't loyal. Man, they rotate  
School me to the game, now i know my duty  
Put it in the loader  
She was riding in the hoot  
Fuck that bitch  
I got my own hoe  
Fuck your weed  
I got my own smoke  
Had to put my mink back on  
Tell that bitch  
Put a ring back on  
Montana

Come on, come on, girl  
Why you frontin'?  
Baby show me something  
When I call her, she gon' leave  
And I bet that bottom dollar she gon' cheat  
Come on, come on, girl  
Why you frontin'?  
Baby show me something  
You just spent your ring on her  
And it's all for nothing

When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)  
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (can't do nothing for ya)  
These hoes ain't loyal  
These hoes ain't loyal  
Yeah, yeah, let me see

When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)  
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya  
These hoes ain't loyal  
These hoes ain't loyal  
Yeah, yeah, let me see

Yeah, yeah, let me see  
Yeah, yeah, let me see  
Let me see

These hoes ain't loyal  
Let me see