On the road to riches and diamond rings Ratchet heauxs do ratchet things Fucking all boners' the songs she sings Groupie hoes do groupie things And it make you wanna kill the bitch Ratchet heauxs do ratchet things I said it make you wanna kill the bitch Groupie hoes do groupie things.

You a ratchet ass set a nigga up Boys, money ass, groupie ass, no class Low cash, broke ass, bitch

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You a ratchet ass set a nigga up Boys, money ass, groupie ass, no class Low cash, broke ass, bitch Steady shit talking, bitch get walking You know I'm pissed off I don't talk like this often You say I'm on a show over this tip When it's 40 below snowing and shit And still nothing cold as a bitch She almost as low as a snitch On a toad and pole of those who belong in the ditch I had to give his mother the news This chick set my home boy up Niggas rushed in, whacked my home boy up I'm fucking confused She was in love with my dude, Just my home boy's luck He trusted the wrong hoe 50 thousands in jury, put his beautiful kids On the funeral front row And I'm 'posed to let it go, ok I feel you But if I ever see you bitch, I'm a kill you

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You a ratchet ass reality show Wanna star an ass, Always looking pass a good hard working man Ass bitch

See a broke nigga the hoe is laughing Knowing damn well your account is over drafting Fuck a regular nigga main she looking for a dry pick Her goal is to marry him then divorce him on some half shit If she don't get that far, with that star She got some black mellon photographs to get that car Or put them on media take out He pulling the media cake out Before the bomb drop in his back yard And on facebook the bitch act hard And soon as you see that groupie shit Diss that broad Don't be like me, you know how these girls are They nuts over ours nuts kinds like squirrels are I lift my problems, put my drama on the curl ball Still my still my still my Was on world star

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Yeah I put my trust in you
Ya know what I mean
I never would've thought you would do me like that