

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]