

# Bullshit

## Honey Cocaine

[Intro: Honey Cocaine]

You bitches fucking stink  
Go take a fucking shower  
Schwag. Asian bitches

[Verse 1: Honey Cocaine]

Faggot, I ain't got time for a stupid broad  
Cause bro I'm 'bout to beat a bitch and probably lose my job  
Fuck, I'm a bubble  
Listen, bitch. I tell you cool it off  
Cause acting smart'll get you deaded  
Bitch, I rule the spot  
Now, homie, I ain't fucking down to catch a charge, bro  
Now her body found the same place she had parked, bro. (Whoops! [x3])  
I forgot my bitches ride for me  
Cause these bitches that drive for me  
Are these bitches flying for free  
I gain mine. There's a difference. You remember that  
Cause I'm always hungry for the shit that I ain't never had  
This here is baby food and be all like, "Bitch, fuck a snack! "  
See niggas who said I'm crap is asking me to hit 'em back  
Nigga, fuck that!

[Hook x2: Honey Cocaine]

Now, I ain't got time for bullshit  
If I ain't getting mine, then that's bullshit  
Why you all up in my face with this bullshit?  
Ew. Bitch, you smell like bullshit

[Verse 2: Honey Cocaine]

Oh, here I go. There they go in this here game again  
Now these bitches praying they gon' never hear my name again  
But look, I'm a stay around even although they acting like I can't  
I don't sleep at all cause it'll always be my time again  
That means I work hard, homie. I don't play around, dawg  
Better cut this bullshit or your face'll meet the ground, dawg  
But after all, it's for the haters and the groupies, though  
Find me at the studio  
The smart bitch with a stupid flow  
Fuck delivery. Got fans who in the dance  
Now my enemies got plans  
They just searching for a chance  
Fuck friends cause I'm married to the music  
Bitch, cause I gained the world and die before I lose it  
So cool it

[Hook x2: Honey Cocaine]

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[Verse 3: Tyga]

Bitch back, back. Why your ass so flat?  
Tell your best friend I want that  
I don't pretend, bitch, and I don't act  
Why you all up in my chat?

Telling people that you know him  
If I lend you all on my back  
Criss-cross, you wiggedy-wack! (Aghh!)  
Duplicating my racks  
Introduce you to my life  
Yeah, my gold heavy metal  
You can't rock out on my level  
Yeah, yeah. That's a red Ferarri  
And I'm dancing with the devil  
Bitch testing me, you get answers  
Kill a nigga quick fast, like cancer. (Aghh!)  
(Well, well) Make a bitch rubbin money on my dick till it swell, swell  
And ya money, money shorter than a elf, elf  
And I keep cool J's like LL  
(Hell yeah) I don; t wanna start nuttin' bitch, lemme finish  
All in a nigga net nigga mouth like a dentist  
(Dennis) Rodman. Come on, come on  
Bitch, is you with it, with it?  
Cause I ain't

[Hook x2: Honey Cocaine]

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