

# Can't Judge Her

Rich Homie Quan

See I, Met her at Magic  
And I don't go there often  
Anything she can have it  
All she gotta do is call  
And she go to school by day  
But she at night she work at Onyx  
You can't judge  
She'll do anything to get that money  
Even if she sell dope start cooking,  
Dancing or selling pussy it don't matter cause...  
You Can't Judge Her  
Ever if she got four different baby daddy's  
I don't care long as she happy  
It ain't my business cause  
You Can't Judge Her

Nawl I can't judge her  
What you do is your business  
But when I see you out in public  
I can tell that you gettin it  
Them shopping sprees are dating  
She remind herself by phone  
And she passing all her classes  
Pay tuition on her own  
Tell them bitches this yo song  
Turn it up before the speakers say (okay)  
I got my own everything so we relate  
To each other, that money we cuddle  
B-bitches we fuck together  
You got my back forever and ever  
I love the fact you got yo own and I salute you girl  
You don't depend on nobody  
Dedicate this to ya girl  
I remember when I first asked for your number  
You said I couldn't have it  
Then I saw you at the parking lot at Magic  
And it went like

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These bitches come a dime a dozen  
But it's hard to find a girl like that who got her own  
And don't need a nigga for nothing

But some hard dick and a shoulder to lean on  
The bitch gotta PhD  
And she living in her dream home  
And probably got like 2 or 3 phones  
C-Call me the messiah  
How it look she giving me a loan  
Bitch I'm the supplier  
She might be flying in the outtie  
Or could whipping a porsche  
She gotta bankroll in her purse bigger then yours  
And her car note paid for, House paid up  
She ain't graduated from college yet  
So stripping at Magic made her  
And if I need it she go get that for me  
I can't judge you, girl get that money

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