

Main Bitches

Rico Love

Yea, them be the main bitches
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Main bitches, main bitches, main bitches

Now I be damned if I let you broke bitches try to yap at me about me ballin
I entertained that shit for a minute or two
But I ain't feelin the shit that you told
Now you ain't paid for these bottles
And you ain't paid to get in
So bitch go ahead with them problems
If I end up fuckin yo friend
Now this my VIP and you a guest hoe
And I don't need that stress hoe
You got ass and breasts hoe
But that's a cheap ass dress though
Save that for them weak niggas
Low self, cheap niggas
Man you better get yo facts straight
I fucked you, I ain't sleep with you
And yea I took you shoppin
'Cus you was lookin all cheap
And I can't have no waggy ass bitches hanging with me
'Cus these hoes be actin up
And these niggas be lettin em
'Cus these niggas be suckas
But me, I don't be sweatin

Yea, them be the main bitches
The ones who ain't got shit
Be the main ones talkin that shit
Nobody got time for that, bitch
Them be the main bitches
The ones who flexin all hard
Bitch you ain't got no crib
Bitch you ain't got no car
Them be the main bitches
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Lame bitches, turn the lights on

Read, my, lips, hoe
You ain't got a pot to piss in
The wouldn't throw at neither you dog ass hoe
Always talkin bout the next bitch, the next bitch
Well you ain't got more than X bitch
And hoe yo weeb look a fuckin mess
Can tell you did yo own shit
And all we talkin bout is red bottoms
Bitch you fuck with them red bottoms
And keep sleepin on that blow-up mattress
And bitch you gon have back problems
And keep givin all that head away
And bitch you gon have neck problems

You done fucked a nigga that had a couple dollars
But you could never get shit from him
Ya'll, hoes, got a, lot of, nerve, talkin, slick (slick)
Especially, when the, bitch, talkin, slick, ain't got shit

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Yo baby daddy ain't shit
His baby mama ain't either
Bout of ya'll like to smoke
But can't put in on the reefer
On Instagram you be flexin bout you a bad bitch, you's a keeper
Talkin all that fly shit but you lyin to all these people
Stop takin pictures hoe
Stop takin pictures hoe
Bitch where yo kids at?
They never with you hoe
All in the club dead broke
Well that's gon get you hoe
Won't get you wifed up, won't make you richer hoe hoe hoe
And when you look up in the sky
And you see hundreds of bottles
I know you be like
I wish I was with that guy
But I was a bitch, I shoulda been way more polite
Now you outside and we inside
And you got nowhere to stay for the night
Nowhere to stay for the night
Now watch me play for that M

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