

My Bitch Bad

Travis Porter

My bitch bad, fat ass got dumb swag
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My bitch bad
Got 3 phones, got 2 home
For red bones, dressed out for 'em
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Ok dude I love the jeans and I love the shirt
Caught 14 that's some piece
I'm too street, I'm too G
I don't ride down I'm 20 E
With a bad bitch right beside me
I'm driving fast as she's sucking me
It's windy as hell turn your heat up
Matter of fact gon' rose the weed up
My shoes tight my cup full
That straight seal, that real deal
That uncut, that straight raw
Try to rob a kid that's when I cross the job
My hair nappy, my pockets full
I'm hella rich I'm puppy love
I'm from the hood, from the hood
All grown up, now I'm bossed up
I'm turnked up and I'm faded
My bitch bad, that's my lady
I'm a 90's baby, she's a 80's
The bed big got in Vegas
Got a business phone, got a work phone
Got a main phone
That 3 phone, my iphone
My blackberry, my trap phone
But ye you know

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Got an ounce of weed gotta roll it up
Like I'm prerub before I hit the club
She a freaky girl, she a pretty girl
She a street girl, she hit the leaf of a month
You would stick in her mouth, my bitch bad nigga
She don't walk with niggas, she walk past niggas
Don't like short niggas, don't like fat niggas
She like that nigga and I'm that nigga

Fly boes to the cool got 3 phones
Got 6 chains got 3 O's
If that pussy tight then that pussy right
And how the fuck could it be wrong
That bitch so good, wish I could press rewind
Bitch call me blable but say that 3 times
My mama bad, she bad and she know it
She got a crazy body I'm afraid to let her show it
And she got a girlfriend, oh ye did I mention?
2 bitches and a bad nigga, that's pimpin

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Got 3 phones, 2 yellow bones
Then new Chanel caught 2 bill
Fly zone, that's my zone
Y'all nigga, but my money long
Condo to a trust spot
Country boy caught Kesha
My bitch bad, got a fat ass
Got a pretty face with a stupid swag
Fuck plaza, we poppin' tail
On molly get a coupe a bail
VIP hold alot of G
Promethazine, OG
Y'all nigga want stupid ice
Fuck around we'll take your life
In the hood my nigga shooting dice
Trap phone ringing all night
I buzz a dot, my rollie
Cost a chip, genode
No scripts in my gucci script
Buy a hundred for these gucci spit
Count 20 benz in all dough
Starring phone got pink mud
RIP come to see
Everyday I'm pouring up