**Trina** 

We are shoppin' on Madison Diamonds bright like collagen Who the fuck you people challengin'? I'm 4 seats as you arrives in I'm paper taggin' yo cabinet I'm a boss bitch but you baggin' this I tell the truth, I'm bad as fuck and I'm hella cute You've never seen a chick like Trina bitch I swag you, you pull up a rinse whip And I fuckin' shit with no Bentley fits You gotta rub this on and go flip the grid I'm goin' harder, 50 racks At Dale Harbor, me and my feet nail polished We ballin' bitch, we the fuckin' mafia Where the money nigga? Bring yo cars out Say my name, you gonna pull yo cars out Trina, my flow is mean Shinin' like beam

I can't break you niggas I ain't with that cake you nigga How much check you makin' nigga? Is a in my any V or thunder nigga Take the hits and stop hatin' nigga It's the baddest bitch, worst shit you nigga I'm from bottom bitch, trouble girl Model shit, I love my pearls, we are the shit Now shake what you make that dollar with I'm hatin' hoes that callin' quits The bag is back and I'm hard to get Bitch! Here we go again, count that shit All we do is win First the man wanna be my friend Nigga wanna cup me a piece I'm good at those, in the cockle rose I'm here with those Trina, just focus me Shinin' like beam

Shine like beam like I live that Molly Bean life Talk all night shit, all day, green light Ain't no problems, just pilots and bottles And models, and autos and condos, she swallow Dollar, I'm too fast to follow You know I go all the way

Murcielago, mango paint
She freaky, she sneaky, she ain't no saint
You know how that goes
That's the way it goes
If you look out for one you gotta look out for all

I show up and show off Could see them hoes who act cute then broke down Suck that dick till I'm tired And look me in my eyes, gotta make that head fly I go live, MDMA A few times I was tempted to play I'm racked up and plus my hoes got the cash up I don't fuck with hoes with no benefits You gotta hit them hoes, that's why I'm trippin' bitch Many got shown, talkin' red bottles Bitch ain't my baby momma I'm goin' harder And my bitch on Molly, smokin' ganja We ride around bumpin' the oldest carter I taught 'er how to shoot and use that chopper About to teach how to mix the coke with water And if she came I'm a get a ho that's smarter Billion burgers, 8 a piece I'm BBS'in, shinin' like beam