

Waist So Skinny

Trina

Fresh out of the salon and I just got my hair done
Niggas tryin' ta holla at me but I told them move along
'Cause my waist so skinny and my wrist so chilly
If you ain't putting up a milli'
Then you won't be fuckin' with me

Now put your bans up, go put a grand on it
That won't be enough at least a hundred bans on it
'Cause my waist so skinny and my wrist so chilly
And if you ain't putting up a milli'
Then you won't be fuckin' with me

I'm a boss, bitch, I stunt first class
I got insurance on this boss ass
See, I don't fuck with ho's
'Cause they side ways
I get this money by myself 99 ways

I hate broke niggas, they can't tell me shit
Fuck that charger, baby mama and that lil' dick
I like big bags, I like real money the stacks stay stack
Big bread full of hundreds

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Pink bottle popper yellow big shopper
Pull up to the club valet my fuckin' helicopter
It's not a mere hustler of the year
See the baddest bitch right here

Stacking papper like my name is Bob Dylan
Pop the cady in the living room delay
She not a stop somebody lying
This bitch is a ten yo' bitch is a 5

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I'm still a 50's bitch in this rap shit
I don't fuck with y'all most of you ho's are counterfeit
Call em' glow lickers they wanna lick my glow

I'm booked 7 nights a week
You caught the metaphor
I got a big safe a captain crunch berries
My diamonds look like you can eat them

V V S cherries see I'm a fly bitch I'm making new moves
And I dare a new bitch to run up on this old school, what

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