

Bad Girls Club

Wale

She's a star if I ever seen one
Perfect 10 and Lord knows that I need one
So now I'm under pressure I want it bad
She got something I never had
I see ya looking at me

Bad bitches get low
Bad bitches get low right now
Bad bitches get low
Bad bitches get low right now

Wale and we are not the same
Got bread in the diesel, got diesel in the check?
Rock Steady, me and my nigga Cole
Leave me a couple minutes, you leave me a couple hoes
Quite gifted, ambitions of life living
Despite living with more attention than light skinned, women
Ok you think a nigga shallow?
Ok, you probably think I get 'em all with the cash flow
Actually I like a broad that can bag hoes
That's how I rope em all down
See my last hoe (work)
Blast off (work)
Get involved
Gas women then return 'em like a rental car
That's one show, that's fifty large
Nigga I just glow, bright as any DeBarge
I'm just tryna get ya comfortable
And its amazing what some liquor and a blunt'll do

Please show love, make way for the bad girls club
Please show love, make way for the bad girls club

Hey, Cole World
Down for whatever
Boy got Dollars, Pounds or whatever
Being broke and its a Diddy ass world
Still found a way to get pretty ass girls
Killin' y'all niggas, any last words
Cause you didn't play the game right
Hey girl, before you throw it at me
You gotta make sure you aim right
Red dots cause I'm red hot
Seen, dead girl you smoking
I get paper like I a mail box, seen
But girl you got me open
Proceed, pocket full of G's
Kush; baby mama less; yeah no seeds
Blow tree's like a hurricane
Damn, if looks kill, than ya murderin'
Damn!

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I am what you want, cause you like what I make
I am what I am, and you is who I say
Go where you ain't been
No reservation
And most hoes be so-so when they hold no make-up
Yeah, I got the flow that they know is the truth
It's getting ugly in here, guess I coated the booth
After the club, gettin you open
And I'm talkin, passenger action
I'm pulling you over
And you walkin,
after the fact
It's knowin' it's over
Now tomorrow you sober wishing you ordered a soda
I am more than the dopest
I'm forever improving
They can't fuck with ya boy
Like a BYU Cougar
They 22's or something
I'm brutal as a bazooka
And when the smoke clears don't you dare ask hooka
Or who did, cause I did
Bitch I'm here and I'm it
And I'm is what you ain't
Who's iller, I'll wait
Hold up!

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