

Fusebox

"Bitches Ain't Shit"

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[Intro: Future]

No, no, no, no, no...
These bitches ain't shit...
You know that and I know that...
These bitches ain't shit
No, no, no, no
I don't give a fuck about you though
These bitches ain't shit...
I can't wait to cut a bitch off!

[Hook: Future]

These bitches ain't shit
She'll fuck your homeboy, she'll take your money
She'll take off running, where the fuck she going
These bitches ain't shit
You too dramatic, bouncing all that static
Kill you and the madness, why the fuck you crying bitch
These bitches ain't shit
I'm international and you American, it ain't no
comparison
I fuck foreign bitches
These bitches ain't shit
No, no, no, no, no
These bitches ain't shit

[Verse 1: Future]

I know your type
Like I know that ice, and you foogazii
The very first night
Smashed out your lights, look and acting crazy
Caught in the hype
Come take this pipe, can't even take it
I'm fly as a kite
Wanna ride on this plane, bitch you lazy
Wake up every single morning with that dick on your
breath
She ain't looking for love, she looking for help
I got money, make her wet
Gone and cut the check
Soon as you fuck her to sleep she dreaming 'bout a
Rolex

You super fine, I know your kind
You'll blow a nigga mind, why the fuck you crying
I'm on my grind, committing these crimes
Ain't got no time, for that sobbing, and all that lying
You another nigga problem, I'm glad you ain't mine

[Hook: Future]

[Verse 2: Future]

She already fucked Rock
She already fucked Block
She already fucked Joc
She already fucked Zoe
She a full time ho, I know, I know
She your baby momma
I'm a hit her in that throat, that throat
And she sucking on Drama
Telling me the nigga momma this must be karma
This must be life
When you hitting these bitches don't take off your ice
She must be tricking
She ain't picked up the phone, she gone on a mission
She watching Basketball Wives
Every single damn night, before she go to sleep
Thinking 'bout them trips with Kanye
While she sucking on Wiz Khalifa

[Hook: Future]

[Verse 3: Future]

Let me roll this 'gar, I'm a fuck you in the car
I'm a take your jaw, then go to war, I'm a go to war
What's in the dark, come to the light
You can't take this far
It's 4 a.m., when I'm leaving the bar, cause I'm a star
And I can't cuddle
We fucking on top of these covers, I gotta keep it gutta
And I'm on a double, and a half
And all you keep screaming 'bout is some cash, haaa
And all I can do to myself is laugh, yeah
And all I'm a do to the bitch is pass, her fast
Cause she ain't got no stamina, say she trash
Excuse my manners, here go a bag

[Hook: Future]

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