

Nikki Flores**"No Bueno"**

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Step out that crib , rise up, bitch!
Just ' in my shit
You fucking consumers can lie on my clip
I'm winning, I'm bitches who dying to quit
..bitches, I'm fucking these switches

I'm hurting these hoes, so they'
..with their hands on the Bible
Yelling my angel I'm so suicidal!
I'm not here rocking with hoes
But I got them bitches on smashing
You see, they think I'm not in control
Until I put my '
And I'm running right through and I'm gunning
I'm killing, I'm serving these hoes like a fucking religion
You bitches is over, I'm fucking
But getting you niggas these bitches
I'm done, you're finished!

Yeah, niggas talking what they ain't suppose to
My bitches out here on that old school, old school
Got million bitches, what they talk to

Hook:
Oh, oh the situation is below me
I'm your fucking motivation, bitch, you own me!
I'm switch it up bitches complaining with the old me
They catch up, they catch up, cause you're the old me!
Bitches, you want me
Cause you know, you know, you know
You're always shadow chasing
That's when we know, we know
I wonder why you're waiting here,
Cause you know, you know
You're always shadow chasing
Bitches, you want me!
Bitches, you want me!

Uh, uh, never gave a fuck about a nigga
Grew up n my city just surrounded by my bitches
All about me, myself and Nino, life

Money over every fucking thing for life
Y'all bitches don't make no sense
Y'all niggas don't make no sense
I'm trying to put hoes on a mother fucking main road
But just stay on that old shit
And say, say, praise God!
Bitches keep your day job!
I hit them with a ' till I hit the bitches next
And no, I won't, I can't stop it!
I'mma keep going, y'all gonna be waiting till the rain
stopping
And bitch I spit like I'm ' in the heat
Even though y'all should just'

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Bitch, I'm here running my mind on me
Bitches is plain, all of you bitches is the same!
Fuck what you're saying,
The shit that I spit is insane!
My flow.. as I'm rain
All of you bitches get hit by them niggas
So hit on them bitches and call that a
Train, boys can't remember your name
What a fuck is you saying, bitch?
All you bitches be like instrumentals
Big hoes with no incidentals
Run this shit like the best is'
Cause I'm eating bitches up like, 'what's for dinner?'
And I'm eating bitches up like so full
Then I'm beating bitches up like old fool
When I hit 'em bitches up with a mad'
Cause they know I got them pro to
Bitch!

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