

## **The Dares**

### **"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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