

Trina

"My Bitches"

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My bitches, my bitches
I love my bitches
My bitches, my bitches
I love my bitches

I like to get it on the pole
Get, get it on the pole
Get, get it on the pole
She workin' that shit

I like to get it on the pole
Get, get it on the pole
Get, get it on the pole
Now she get money bitch

I love my bitches, I love my bitches
All my bitches, we all damn bitches
From my 95 mami, sippin' bottles and the strippers
We go get it, allergic to broke niggers

If you got it, you better flaunt it
You gotta make a nigga bad, make him really want it
And once you got him believing that he gonna get it
I guarantee you he'll spend a little money on it

See, I'll shake a lil' back for a nigga with your hundred
stacks of dollars
Have him hittin' the mall, comin' back with the Prada
Having him leave the stores with the bag full of gifts fo'
me
This for my bitches, I can show you how to get money

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I love my bitches, I love my bitches
All my bitches who 'bout they riches
Diamonds on the wrists, pose up for the pictures
Hair and nails did and the heels so vicious

Gotta get the dough, gotta, gotta get the dough
It don't matter how you get it, girl, you get it and you go
When you close to hit it, you better let a nigga know
Throw up your middle fingers if you killin' them other
hoes

See, I don't know why them hoes tell lies
All that big talk they barely gettin' by
I'm rollin' with 20 bitches so we lookin' hella fly
My get money bitches, we all certified

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Now she get money bitch

Quick to ask a nigga what you got for me
'Cause being broke as a joke ain't funny
We drink nuvo and pop bubbly
The life of a boss bitch, so lovely

I got the car keys now, he think he gon' fuck me
Nigga please, you ain't neva gon' touch me
My bitches, get money, fuck niggas, get money

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