

## Trina "That's My Attitude"

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Money over everything  
That's my attitude  
Still the baddest bitch in the game  
That's my attitude

Talk to ya man when I get ready  
That's my attitude  
Have him blowing stacks, I ain't Pedi  
That's my attitude

Yeah, that's my attitude  
Yeah, that's my attitude  
And I feel like I'm the shit  
Yeah, that's my attitude

Yeah, that's my attitude  
Yeah, that's my attitude  
I feel like I run this shit  
Yeah, that's my attitude

Money over everything, I'm all about my change  
I'm still rich, still the baddest bitch in the game  
Fuck this hoe, that hoe, all them bitches lame  
And I ain't gotta say it, you already know the name

See, I'm still running over bitches, still fuckin' over  
niggaz  
Yo husband and yo boyfriend, I don't see none them  
niggaz  
I roll with CEO and stock brocka niggaz  
While you be riding around town with the brokest  
niggaz

I'm filthy rich, my money talk loud as shit  
I don't hear ya hoe, here let me turn it down a bit  
I feel like I'm the shit, I feel I run this shit  
I'm 'bout to marry my money, I'm so in love with it, yeah

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Go and do ya thang shawty, no, I ain't mad at you  
But you can't fuck with me, I'm mo' badder than you  
My waist skinny, my ass more fatter than you  
Sorry for being conceited that's just my attitude

Get on my level hoe, you ain't on my latitude  
I got plenty cribs, no tellin' where I travel to  
You think you living good, I got a better view  
Condo on south beach, Beach Vila and Malibu

Hate to brag but I got a hundred in that, new Louie bag  
Pull up in the Benz with the paper tag  
I got major swag, them niggaz yellin' shawty bad  
Them hoes mad 'cause I got everything they wish they  
had, yeah

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M-O-E, that's the shit that I'm on  
If you ain't got no money, take yo broke ass home  
You talkin' couple hundred, betta leave me alone  
Need diamonds and black cars and ya dollaz for the  
shones  
Come on

I'm on the paper chase, my man paypa straight  
He took me to his house, welcome to the safe  
Oh my God, he made it hard to keep a straight face  
I got 'em on his knees, telling me how good it taste

You bitches hella fake, I'm getting hella cake  
Like I'm the birthday girl, it's time to celebrate  
I'm so paid, looking sharp with the Louie shades  
I put these bitches in they place that's my attitude

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