

D-WHY

"Bad Bitch Concierge"

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What you like she said shopping
I said what else she said mobbing
The past couple years have been kinda rough
So clothes is what I get lost in
I love it, do it often, money power respect...
24/7 2365, my prada's up in that hot...
Got a lot of product, she rap... she said fuck around
And just cope the bands
I ain't got no man but she got a...
Capricorn as one in December
And Philip Lemont Timbalands, credit card no limits
Soldier slim
Purse European, got the golden tram
Can't organize shit, she just throws it in
Still on the a train wearing a win
Got the same thing tryina maintain this the same thang
Different day different bang goes bling bling
Couple chains, couple rangs do the damn thang
Man they say that it ain't tricking if you got it
Well let me tell you it ain't tricking cause she bought it

[Hook]

I used to give a fuck, but not anymore
Got a bad thang, she walking in the store
She got a lot a friends but I got plenty more
She bought a couple... she counting 20 more
Bad bitches, bad bitches, bitches everywhere
Feeling like I got a bad bitch concierge
Bad, bad, bad bitches everywhere
Feeling like I got a bad bitch concierge

Now, Molly gone off that Mary
Mary gone off that Molly
Me I'm somewhere in the middle
Yeah morning love in this party
Got a young bitch that don't cook or clean
Trust her ass off, she love my queen
Never worked a day in her life nigga
Her sugar daddy bought that's a lean
That's a bad bitch, bad bitch
Always talking that cash shit
30k in the zip lock, straight to the mall, scope bag 6

What's that jacket, Marcela, what them shoes bout,
Alyah
What that bag there, don't worry
What it cost you? A Honda
And all the hoes get pissed off,
Can't but that with no gift card
Her ass real, her titties real
With that pussy buy give you 6 stars
Swirl in her hand, a real nigga in her corner
Head to the sky, that's a bad bitch for ya

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Ok, ok, ok

My, my, my chick dressing like fashion week
Your, your, your chick well the fashion's weak
See mine don't talk she just let her wrist speak
Hipster lipstick like the dip tea
Fresh to death she's resting in peace
South in murder... these cold streets
Fresh... this house,... smell like b 99
Vintage, ride around the world, living, old style, she
different
Money talks and red bottoms walks, everybody
listening
Looking like a model, feeling like a million
5 foot 11 when she up in the hills then
Grew up in Carson, move to the hills then
Oh so good, but she bad as a villain
Man they say that it ain't tricking if you got it
Well let me tell you it ain't tricking cause she bought it

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