

# Janey "Hold My Purse"

Visit "[Hold My Purse](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

## Verse I

Honey, hold my purse  
I will nurse/ this game back to its worth  
I will curse/ these rappers, they the worse  
I'm the toughest nigga in the game wearing a skirt  
Straight low blows/ I-ma hit you where it hurts  
Your flow/ dead, back of the hearse  
I'm the new queen, new bitch, new wife  
The new general left. Right?  
And in the last ten years of my life  
No one can do it better unless they all die  
Underground hype/ we can't get along  
I'm here for a catalog/ not for a song  
You're here for a bridge/ Your bridge is over  
I deliver heat! Your synthetic wig is over  
I know your hoping/ I don't take notice  
Cause if I do, the game will change as you know it

## Verse II

Bitches/ know your/ position/ and don't act  
different/ when I visit  
Cause when ya gone missing/ you'll be wishing/  
you was listening  
When I mentioned/my intention/ to christen/ the game  
to a good condition  
You're so weak, severely malnutrition-ed  
I'm pissing/ all over bitches/ like R. Kelly  
Whatcha going do? You soft as jelly  
And you can't tell me/ your nigga don't feel me  
Well/ I feel his deli/ up in my belly  
Bedroom bully/ I push down that skully  
And watch ya nigga give me more head than  
Dudley's  
I steal a bitch's man like Angelina  
I then seen more men than a sports arena  
They was real press, so I took 'em to the cleaners  
So y'all betta stay on ya toes like a ballerina  
Cause I'm a little meaner/ than Ike was to Tina  
Fuck with me, your career will be fucked more than  
Adina's  
I'm a bad bitch, ask about Janey  
I'm a beast! (RAOW!!!) You can't tame me

I ain't m so official, I ain't playing  
Let me flip it/ so you don't twist/ what I'm  
saying?  
Buck shots! Dem no fuck around stranga!  
Wi nu play, so dem livin in uh danga!  
Ready fi bun dem, oonu tek di uh blazing  
Blaow! Blaow! Tek di uh blazing!

#### Verse III

I'm a CEO/ Mid-East bitch  
Every artist that was let go/ won't sell shit  
I'm the best thing that entered your life  
You couldn't fill my shoes, if you was wearing my Nikes  
I gave you a style/ so you can run with it  
Who the fuck need to get high/ before they start  
spitting  
I'd say you some shit/ but you'd take it as a compliment  
That's how muthafucking dumb you is  
Two thumbs down, that's how slum you is  
Stop writing, you're better at forearm your dick  
I am Mike Tyson's fist/ and Steve Nash's arm, shit  
That's how muthafucking strong I is  
My money on that long arm ish  
My words is on that far gone shit  
Why don't you just pay homage kid?  
Cause you'll never get on top like an Amish bitch

Visit [Janey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.