

Trin-i-tee 5:7

"That's My Attitude"

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Money over everything
That's my attitude
Still the baddest b*tch in the game
That's my attitude
Talk to your man when I get ready
That's my attitude
Have em blowing stacks, I aint petty
That's my attitude
Yeah that's my attitude(2x)
And I feel like I'm the sh*t
That's my attitude
Yeah that's my attitude(2x)
I feel like I run this sh*t
That's my attitude

Money over everything, I'm all about my change
I'm still rich
Still the baddest b*tch in the game
F*ck this hoe, that hoe
All them b*tches lame
And I aint gotta say it
You already know the name
See I'm still runnin' over b*tches
Still f*ckin; over n*ggas
Your husband and your boyfriend
I don't see nottin in them n*ggas
I roll wit CEO's
And stock butch of n*ggas
While you be riding round town wit da f*ckest n*ggas
I'm filthy rich, my money talk lotta sh*t
I don't hear you hoes
Here let me turn it down a bit
I feel like I'm the sh*t
I feel I run this sh*t
I'm bout to marry my money
I'm so in love wit it

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And I feel like I'm the sh*t
Yeah that's my attitude(3x)
I feel like I run this sh*t
Yeah that's my attitude

Come and do your thang shawty
No I aint mad at you
But you can't f*ck wit me
I'm more badder than you
My waist skinny
My ass more fatter than you
Sorry for being conceident
That's just my attitude
Get on my level hoe
You aint know my latitude
I got plenty cribs
No tellin where I travel to
You think you livin good
I got a better view
Condo on south beach
Beach livin in malibu
Hate to brag
But I gotta 100 in that new louie bag
Pull up in the benz
Wit the paper tag
I got swag
The n*ggas yellin "shawty bad"
Cuz I got everything they wish they had

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M.O.E. that's the sh*t that I'm on
If you aint got no money
Take your broke ass home

You talkin couple hundreds
You better leave me alone
Need diamonds and black cards
Save em dollars for the shome
I'm on a paper chase
My man is paper 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
Tellin me how good it taste
You b*tches hella fake
I'm gettin hella cake
Like I'm the birthday girl
It's time to celebrate
I'm so paid
Lookin sharp wit the louie shades
I put these b*tches in their place
That's my attitude

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