

Cardi B, Pop Off (Ft. Casanova)

[Intro: Cardi B]

Shattering glass

And motherfuckers be like, "But what type of niggas will wife you?"

My type of niggas will wife me! The type of niggas that like bitches that pop off and suck dick all day

Thanks to all my followers that always defended me

Y'all like my god brothers and my god sisters

I would dead jump in your fight, I would dead jump in your fight

Now what's poppin?

[Hook: Cardi B]

Who wanna pop off? Who wanna start war?

They talkin' shit? I'm takin' tops off

Jeans, off, weaves, off

Rings, off, everything, off

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[Verse 1: Cardi B]

I'm startin' to lose my patience, weak bitches hatin'

Bitches throwing subs like I won't kick your face in

Baby mama's mad 'cause I'm in first place, and

When it comes to you bitch, there's no conversation

I been to give it up grimy, I'm the Bronx bitch, I'm feisty

"Cardi why you feisty?" Shut up bitch, fight me

NY raised and so you know it's very likely

That when I hear some shit that I don't like, I get hype B

Who would wanna wife me? Your nigga wanna wife me

You think 'cause I'm a stripper hoe, that nigga won't think twice B?

Put this pussy on his face, ride that shit nicely

Set his ass up, then you really ain't gon' like me

So what you tryna do? You and you and you

I feel some type a way, a bitch finna get loose

Tell me what's the deal? I'm 'bout to start the hill

The wig is comin' off, shit 'bout to get real

[Hook: Cardi B]

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[Verse 2: Casanova]

Got beef with Cardi B? I'm poppin' off

Shit get hectic? I'ma drop it off

Oh you shinin'? Your chain and your watch is off

You was never with this shit, nigga, knock it off

Youse a pussy, and your whole block is soft

You caught feelings, could she ain't even drop you off

You thought that bag was gettin' you pussy, not at all

You was gettin' lied, you ain't know she made that call

To the dog's dinner, and they starvin'

I gotta feed all 'em

I'ma get that nigga, you gon' get that bitch

What they thought switched 'cause we both got rich?

Nah, we on the same time

You got yours, I got mine

You got a problem, get in line

It's Cardi B, and 2 times

[Hook: Cardi B]

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[Verse 3: Cardi B]

Shit, that bitch six three and she bodied
Superman calves, and her shoulder somethin' retarded
I ain't backin' down, Cardi got the heart regardless
You gon' have to knock me out if you think I'ma forfeit
Gang gang, squad up, and have my niggas all on it
Pay a couple niggas and they had you out in a coffin
And I put that on my life, I really don't do this often
But the way I'm feelin' now, like whatever, I'm on it
Have you laid out on the stretcher with your socks off
Had the pastor prayin', like, "Sorry for your, loss"
Throw dirt on my name, you better pop off
My name ring bells like Mayweather, box off
I'm Cardi B, east coast newest contender
5'3" lookin' good with the nails bananas
Freddy Kruger on these bitches, I cut their lights off
Should have read the memo, Cardi B pops off