

# Lady XO, Ignorant

You gotta sharp ass tongue for a bitch that's suckin' dick  
My homie hit her bout some beef and she still tryna send a pic  
I Swear to God can't trust these bitches  
Actin friendly miss me with it  
Cut em off they get to snitchin'  
Sorry no I cannot risk it

I tried to put em on but they never wanna listen  
Talk about it on the low  
But I'm not really trippin'  
And Now when they hear my shit it's right away they go to skip it  
But I don't take it personal it's just part of the business

Had to go and make it happen  
Fuck I look like lettin' you snatch it  
Bitch I'm self made  
If you hatin' I ain't tryna' have it

Hit me up for what you need but only if you tryna grab that  
Cause I don't got the time to waste on no one who be cappin'

And I'm posted at the spot  
And bitch I'm movin' quite a lot  
Gimme 20 minutes tops  
I'll be right back doin a drop  
It's 2k19 what the fuck you doin not chasin' the guap  
I'm busy at the studio tryna make this hot shit pop

Okay you say you bout that action up until it's time to go  
I gotta Glock on me under the seat I keep it on the low  
You not my family I don't know you then I'll never trust a soul  
Speakin' of them we tryna make it bet we stayin' ten toes  
Eatin' little Cesars Pizza cause that shits only a fin  
When I was broke I can't recall someone who wanted me to win  
When you down and out they sendin' shots but shit ain't even skim  
Gottem creepin' on me now sayin' they proud like bitch since when

Man it's woven in the Fabric  
Why you talkin' all that madness  
You should lemme rub off on you  
Cause I'm causin' all this static  
Lil pretty body tatted  
Lipstick poppin' cause its matted  
But don't ever get me fucked up  
Take you off the map it's magic

Got so many blue bills on me  
I feel like I'm swimming  
Made a couple stacks this week  
And all ya homeboys actin jealous  
But don't take it too personal  
I make this shit look easy  
Hoe Stop fakin' smiles in my face  
Straight up you lookin' cheesy

Backpack fulla packs  
Act funny get smacked  
Run up on me  
Pop ya top like a tic tac  
We ain't playin' none of that  
Homie better step back  
Unless he want some hittas on his ass and they don't chit chat

Stupid ass bitch thinkin' we can't find where he stay

My girl finessed him out a bag & then go on about her way  
Don't hit me up with all the drama what you expect me to say  
Cause that's just how the cookie crumbles when you think you runnin' game