Cardi B, Money

look, my bitches all bad my niggas all real I ride on his dick and some big tall hills big fat checks big large bills front, I'll flip like 10 cartwheels

cold ass bitch
I give Ross chills
10 different looks and my looks all kill
I kiss him in the mouth
I feel all grills
he eat in the car, that's meals on wheels

I was born to flex diamonds on my neck I like boardin' jets I like morning sex but nothing in this world that I like more than checks (money!)

all I really wanna see is the Money I don't really need ye D I need the Money all a bad bitch need is the Money

I got bands in the coupe busing out the roof I got bands in the coupe touch me, I'll shoot

shake that little ass get a little bag and take it to the store get a little cash shake it real fast and get a little more Money

I got bands in the coupe busing out the roof I got bands in the coupe busing out the roof

I gotta fly
I need a jet shit
I need room for my legs
I got baby
I need some money
I need cheese for my egg

all y'all bitches in trouble
bring brass knuckles to the scuffle
I heard that Cardi went pop
yeah, I did go pop
that's me bustin' they bubble
I gotta fly
I need a jet shit
I need room for my legs
I got a baby
I need some money
I need chees for my egg