

Cardi B, She Bad ft. YG

[Intro: YG]

4Hunnid!

Mustard on the beat ho

[Chorus: YG]

Dat ass, dat ass, dat ass, dat ass

Dat ass, dat ass, dat ass, dat ass

She bad, she bad, she bad, she bad

She bad, she bad, she bad, she bad

Gucci bag, Gucci bag, Gucci bag, Fendi bag

Prada bag, Louis bag, Gucci bag, Gucci bag

Birkin bag, she in the bag, she drip, she swag

Never mad, she glad, Louis bag, she in the bag

[Verse 1: Cardi B]

Look, look

Momma needs some mill money (Cash)

Prada bag and heel money

See my ex, he still love me (Ha)

New nigga 'gon kill for me (Yeah)

All my chains got diamonds in it (Bling)

My account got commas in it (Cash)

Damn daddy, you fine as hell

I hope your wallet got condoms in it

I'm up, she mad, I'm first, she's last (Yeah)

Rob who? Take what? Click-clack, ski-mask

I'm a boss in a skirt, I'm a dog, I'm a flirt

Write a verse while I twerk, I wear Off-White at church

Prolly make the preacher sweat, read the Bible, Jesus wept

Bitch say that she gon' try me, how come I ain't seen it yet?

Give it to him so good that his eyes roll back (Huh?)

Shorty said it's all hers, why her thighs don't match?

[Chorus: YG]

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[Verse 2: Cardi B]

Weave long, pussy bald, suck his dick through his drawers

Lick the balls just because, lil bitch, I evolved

I'm a monsta, mouth open wide like opera

Face down, ass up, I got perfect posture (Woo)

It's lit like a lamp, lick you like a stamp (Yuh)

Beat this pussy up (Yuh), I take it like a champ (Woo)

Balenciaga momma, I know you heard about her

Spoil me in Prada, I'm worth every dollar (Cash)

The one you made, could keep 'em (Yeah)

I need Chrissy Teigen

Know a bad bitch when I see one (Yeah, woo)

Tell Rih-Rih I need a threesome

I'm his favorite type of chick, boujee, bad, and thick (Uh)

I could buy designer, but this Fashion Nova fit

All that ass (Woo, woo, woo, woo)

[Chorus: YG]

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[Verse 3: YG]

She bad, in the bag, move slow, hit it fast
She ride me 'til I crash, 400 minutes, I last
She compliment my swag, all you niggas harass
All them bitches wanna be her friend now, she laugh (Hey now)
Uh, uh, she buy her man a Bentley coupe
Uh, uh, she got niggas and bitches, too
Uh, uh, she wear off-white to church, ooh
Uh, only Birkin, not Dooney & Burke, woo
Birkin bag, fuck a tag, fuck me, and she fuck me bad
Whispered in her ear, "You got these bitches beat, they runnin' laps"
You know you something special, you figured it out, you from the traps
Step out wearin' that dress, showin' that ass and it's a fuckin' wrap

[Chorus: YG]

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