

# Megan Thee Stallion, Tina Snow Interlude

[Intro: Lil Keke]

And if the beat live, you know Lil Ju made it  
How ya like me now? 'Cause I'm real  
Come— , come— , comin' down  
How ya like me now? 'Cause I'm real  
Piece and— , piece and— , piece and chain four shiny grills  
How ya— , how—

[Chorus: Megan Thee Stallion]

Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes  
Tint my windows and lock my doors  
Everybody talking 'bout a bitch went ghost  
Shit, that's how I roll  
All this cake, with all of these snakes  
Gotta keep hoes outta my face  
When I put that red key in my car  
These hoes ain't winnin' that race  
Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes  
Tint my windows and lock my doors  
Everybody talking 'bout a bitch went ghost  
Shit, that's how I roll  
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Gotta keep hoes out of my face  
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[Interlude: Megan Thee Stallion]

(Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes, tint my windows and lock my doors)  
I had to learn that some people only fuck with you when it's beneficial  
(Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes, tint my windows and lock my doors)  
And when you ain't lettin' them use no more, it become a motherfuckin' issue (Fucked up)  
(Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes, tint my windows and lock my doors)  
You can keep tellin' people you don't fuck with me no more  
'Cause I promise I don't miss you (I promise I don't, ah)  
(Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes, tint my windows and lock my doors)  
And I'm still doin' Hot Girl shit (Ayy)  
Young Tina Snow, still hard on a ho (I'm still hard on a ho, ah)

[Bridge]

Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes  
Tint my windows and lock my doors (Lock my doors)  
Fake, fake, fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes  
Tint my windows and lock my doors (Lock my doors)  
Fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes  
Tint my windows and lock my doors (Lock my doors)  
Fake, fake, fake-ass bitches, fake-ass hoes  
Tint my windows and lock my doors (Lock my doors)

[Outro: Lil' Keke the Don]

H-Town legend Lil' Keke the Don checkin' in  
See, first off top, I'ma say this, man  
It take a special motherfucker to even represent this way of life, you understand?  
See, this a culture where the trapstar and the rapstar got the same bag, man  
See, the hustlers and the grinders, they just as famous as the athletes and the movie stars, see, th  
The way you walk, the way you talk, the way you carry yourself  
Gon' tell me exactly where you from, that's legend talk, man  
It ain't about the car, it's about how the car make me feel  
The way I tote it, the statement that it's gon' make in the culture  
'Cause it ain't no vinyl in the car, it's leather all the way through  
Perforated from the guts to the door pannels to the booth  
We don't ride raincoat  
If I got the top up on it, that motherfucker cover with the rain  
Double-stitched Daytona carpet, ten coats of clear on that paint  
Bitch thicker than Megan, get it?

See, that's how you talk slayer  
Have you ever seen a bitch so bad a nigga spend his last on that shit?  
Big titties, flat stomachs, fat asses, welcome to the culture, nigga  
Slabs, bikes, muscle cars, Bentleys, Benzes  
If I'm in it, I own it  
Come from nothin', paper plates to paper plates  
Mixtapes, fried chicken, double cups, squares, everywhere  
"Ke, what you sayin'?"  
I say it all to say, how you like me now, nigga?