

Loyal (feat. Lil Wayne & Tyga)

Chris Brown

Young Mula baby! You thought it was over?
(let me see u)
I wasn't born last night
I know these hoes ain't right
But you was blowing up her phone last night
But she ain't have her ringer nor her ring on last night, oh
Nigga, that's that nerve
Why give a bitch your heart when she'd rather have a purse?
Why give a bitch an inch when she'd rather have nine?
You know how the game goes
She be mine by half time, I'm the shit, oh
Nigga, that's that nerve
You all about her, and she all about hers
Birdman Junior in this bitch, no flamingos
And I done did everything, but trust these hoes
(CB fuck with me!)
When A rich nigga want ya
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal Yeah, yeah, let me see u
Just got rich
Took a broke nigga bitch I can make a broke bitch rich
But I don't fuck with broke bitches
Got a white girl with some fake titties
I took her to the Bay with me Eyes closed, smoking marijuana
Rolling up that Bob Marley I'm a rasta
She say she wanna do drugs
Smoke weed, get drunk
She wanna see a nigga trapped
She wanna fuck all the rappers
When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (nothing no)
These hoes ain't loyal (no they ain't)
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see u Black girl with a big booty If she a bad bitch, let's get to it right away
We up in this club
Bring me the bottles
I know girl, that you came in this bitch with your man That's a no no girl
All this money in the air
I wanna see you dance Just got rich Took a broke nigga bitch
I can make a broke bitch rich
But I don't fuck with broke bitches When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (no, nothing)

These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see uRAWWW
Rich young nigga
Name got bigger and my change got bigger
So my chains got bigger
Ferrari, Jaguar, switching four lanes
With the top down screaming out Money ain't a thing!
Ha, me and CB in the bay with her
I send her back home so you can lay with her
Okay, let's talk about this ice that I'm carrying
All these karats like I'm a fucking vegetarian
Shout-out Weezy F., keep a red bone wet
Rose Rolex, hoes on deck
She know I got a cheque
Do it too good when she ride that dick
Man I wouldn't trust that bitch
No!
Come on, come on, girl
Why you frontin'?
Baby show me something
When I call her, she gon' leave
And I bet that bottom dollar she gon' cheat
Come on, come on, girl
Why you frontin'?
Baby show me something
You just spent your ring on her
And it's all for nothing
When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (can't do nothing for ya)
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see u
When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see u
Yeah, yeah, let me see u
Yeah, yeah, let me see u
Let me see u
These hoes ain't loyal
Let me see u

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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