

Got Friends (feat. Miguel)

GoldLink

She said...
All of my bitches got friends, yeah
All of my bitches got friends
And they bad, they bad, so we good
It's enough for the clique, word
All of my bitches got friends
You don't need to pick, nah
All of my bitches got friends Look, I ain't really gotta rap about it
I just talk about it 'cause I live it now
So let me tell you 'bout this PYT
That I seen this week, I had to take a bow
5'2" with a brown fur and her hair tied with them light eyes
And she would make me throw it all away
For a fun time and the right prize
Bad as fuck, ass fatter than an hammer truck ask her
Prolly keep my hammer tucked
The type to slide 'em down and then the panties stuck
I'll run 'em up, wanna kick it with you
Get a house and a picket with you
Pop up on you at your work place, not your birthday
Just to let them niggas know I'm buildin' with you
Your best friend, always coming through
With that Macaulay Culkin when you're home alone
And I ain't even tryna dog you out
But can you feed a nigga just a little bone?
One of you, one of me, you and me
We make three or maybe four, and just two more just to even score
Step to her, had to play chess, had to hit her with the full press
Then I told her I'd do anything just to chat with her for a quick sec'
Let it sit, let it process, then she went and said, Sure, yes
Whispered in her ear and told her,
Baby I want less drama and more sex, but
She said...
All of my bitches got friends, yeah
All of my bitches got friends
And they bad, they bad, so we good
It's enough for the clique, word
All of my bitches got friends
You don't need to pick, nah
All of my bitches got friends Look, all of my women got friends
Most of 'em like with a blend
And most of 'em off in the ends

And they don't care who they offend
Look, I had a girl who was tatted up from the neck down,
she was super crazy
Met a shorty with an ill grammar, who would fight alot
And she a '90s baby
Complain about me, always on the road
And talk to other women and she wanted babies
Had to shake it like a common cold
Then I had a show and then I saw you, baby
Then I book you, now we textin' back-to-back-to-back-to-back with no indication
Now I'm flyin' to you,
Takin' you across the world to see a couple different faces
Hood nigga dreams, fuck like movie scenes
Hit it from the back, boost your self-esteem
Heard you left to visit cuz and 'em,
Reconnectin' with your mom and 'em
Now you want me to fly to Sweden after, fly you to the Motherland
You was mine and I am yours and you still mine when I go on tour
I ain't really tryna play no games,
I can win the battle, you can win the war
I'm just tryna fuck and love you either on the bed
And we can take it to the floor
Crazy how this all started out
'Cause I saw somethin' that I can't ignore
She said...
All of my bitches got friends, yeah
All of my bitches got friends
And they bad, they bad, so we good
It's enough for the clique, word
All of my bitches got friends
You don't need to pick, nah
All of my bitches got friends If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up
Yup, put your hands up, what? Put your hands up
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up
Yup, put your hands up, what? Put your hands up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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