

Super Fake

Moneybagg Yo

Man, fuck you fake ass niggas and bitches
Tay Keith, BaggNiggas hatin', tell 'em quit it
But you gettin' money, I don't get it
You want smoke or you just acting?
Are you serious, I'm just asking
If you real then why pretend?
Maybe you tryna get under my skin
Maybe you don't want to see me win
But I won't fold and I won't bend
Give me your cup, fill it with ice
A deuce in the red, put it in the Sprite
Walked in the club, turned on the lights
But it was just dark, so that was my ice
Chanel on my ten toes (toes)
Pinky ring like I pimp hoes (who you with?)
That bitch with me a nympho (she a freak)
Poppin' percs like they Mentos (ugh ugh, woah)
Yeah, hop on the beat and ride it like a wave (tryna keep my balance)
Chains I'm a slave, Dolce Johnny Cage (I'm just kickin' shit)
She throwin' fits, I told that bitch behave (bitch behave ho)
I pop a bean and chop her like my fade (ugh ugh, oh)
Remember Mario from eleventh grade (remember me from Mitchell?)
Dropped out of school, now I'm stupid paid (I'm stupid paid, whoa)
I been that nigga, y'all just super lames (y'all knew that)
How you gon' bash me then try fuck me, bitch you super fakes (huh) Came in the game with
vengeance
Nigga left, I got right like Lorenzo (got right on)
Gucci my vision, my lenses
I ain't fucked up 'bout the money, I spends it
I had a talk with the most high (G-O-D)
I walk around with the four five
I'm fresh to death like a dead guy (corpse)
They call me Capo the head guy (honcho, Bagg), yeah
I get emotional when I reflect on my past (when I think 'bout it)
I could be still there so I'm thankful for this bag (amen)
Chandeliers on both my ears, my earrings look like two lamps (bling)
This might not mean nothin' to you but I used to get food stamps
Hit her from the side, caught a cramp (ugh)
The pussy made me tap, it was damp (wet)
Yellow got me up like a ramp (up)
Pull up, made her serve, then I vamp (skrrt, what you rockin'?)
Yellow diamonds on me, look like macaroni (yellow, yellow)

Told her that I loved her, I'm too macaroni
Yeah, hop on the beat and ride it like a wave (tryna keep my balance)
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Remember Mario from eleventh grade (remember me from Mitchell?)
Dropped out of school, now I'm stupid paid (I'm stupid paid, whoa)
I been that nigga, y'all just super lames (y'all knew that)
How you gon' bash me then try fuck me, bitch you super fakes (huh) I'm so fuckin' thankful for
the bag and shit
Pacific ocean bag, I got a water wrist
Haters make me made, that's why my diamonds piss
Amen

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>