

CARDI B...

"GET UP 10"

They gave a **bitch** two options: stripping or lose
Used to dance in a club right across from my school
I said "dance" not "**fuck**", don't get it confused
Had to set the record straight 'cause **bitches** love to assume
Mama couldn't give it to me, had to get in Sue's Lord only
knows how I got in them shoes
I was covered in dollars, now I'm dripping in jewels
A **bitch** play with my money? Might as well spit in my food
Bitches hated my guts, now they swear we was cool Went
from making tuna sandwiches to making the news I started
speaking my mind and tripled my views Real **bitch**, only thing
fake is the boobs
Get money, go hard, you're **motherfucking** right
Never been no fraud in my **motherfucking** life
Get money, go hard, damn **fucking** right
Stunt on these **bitches** out of **motherfucking** spite
Ain't no running up on me, went from nothing to glory
I ain't telling ya to do it, I'm just telling my story
I don't hang with these **bitches** 'cause these **bitches** be corny
And I got enough bras, ya ain't gotta support me I went from
rag to riches, went from way too lit, **nigger** Only person in my
fam to see six figures
The pressure on your shoulders feel like boulders
When you gotta make sure that everybody straight
Bitches stab you in your back while they smiling in your face
Talking crazy on your name, trying not to catch a case I waited
my whole life just to **shit** on **niggers** Climb to the top floor so I
can spit on **niggers**
Said "I was just trying to chill and make bangers"
Tell all these old **bitches** they in danger
The thing on my hip whip **bitches** in to shape
That's what I call a **fucking** waist trainer
You gon' run up on who and do what?
I think ya got your story screwed up
I came here to ball, is you nuts?
I don't want your punk-**ass** man, I'm too tough
I'm the one who's killing **shit**, hands down
If you got a problem with me, say it now
'Cause I don't wanna hear no sneak dissing
'Specially not from one you weak **bitches**
I'm on the go like I don't see no stop lights
I'm stepping out every day, prom night
So if it's all love, show me love then
'Cause you hating on a **bitch**, that's what it sounds like Beast
mode, that's how I give it up, **nigger**

Hoodie low, that's how I'm pulling up
Just 'cause I been on the road, don't mean I been on the run
And you gon' have to learn to hold your tongue or hold the gun
And we all know you ain't that tight I smack you and the **bitch**
that you act like
I started getting money, **bitches** upset
They remind me of my **pussy**, **bitches** mad tight
Nails done, hair lit, keep them both laced
Come through shinning with them Rollies bust face
Headshot, headshot, tell 'em closed case
Ain't no **bitches** feeling like this since 08'
I don't trust no **nigger**, I don't feel no **bitch**
Whole life been through some **fucked up shit**
They say I'm too that, oh, I'm too this
When you seen what I've seen, you end up like this
I walked into the label, "where the check at?"
Cardi B on the charts, you can expect that
Where that **bitch** that was claiming she a threat?
I'ma put a Louboutin where her neck at
They say I'm too ratchet, they say I act wild
I'm Chyna wit' the porn like a bad **ass** child
They caught me slippin' once, tell 'em try that now
Cardi B, know it's me, hear that "blap" sound (Blap!)
Man, I said we gon' win
Knock me down nine times, but I get up ten
Look myself in the mirror, I say we gon' win
Knock me down nine times, but I get up ten
Look myself in the mirror, I say we gon' win
Knock me down nine times, but I get up ten
Yeah, but I get up ten
Knock me down nine times, but I get up ten
Bitch I'ma make a **fuck nigger** feel me
Said I'ma do a broke **bitch** filthy
I'ma make a **fuck nigger** feel me
Said I'ma do a broke **bitch** filthy
We gon' win
Knock me down nine times, but I get up ten
Yeah I said we gon' win
Knock me down nine times, but I get up ten
Bitch

CARDI B...

"BICKENHEAD"

Goes for all my nasty hoes, yeah (alright-alright, alright, alright, alright, alright)

From across the globe, woo (hol' up)

This goes for all my nasty hoes, yeah (alright-alright, alright, alright, alright, alright)

From across the globe, look, uh

Now, I said luxury apartments (wow), I'm young and I'm heartless (yeah)

There's a bitch that's in my vision, that bitch is a target (brrr) Lawyer is a Jew, he gon' chew up all the charges Don't matter if you fuck with me, I get money regardless (cash) That guap, guap, get some chicken, guap, guap, get some bread

Guap, guap, get some chicken, guap, guap, get some bread Bitch you pressed, you can flex

Get some money, ho, tell me why you stressed

Now I said hoes down, G's up (G's up)

You know how I'm rockin', but my watch is freezed up (ice) I can't wait until they drop that Lamborghini' truck (skrrt) I'm careful where I park it, hoes will have it keyed up Them bitches getting beat up

Slim waist, ass fat (fat), my shit is caked up

My bad bitch at the bake (yeah), without no makeup

This that collard greens, cornbread, neck bone, back, back

Get it from my mama and you don't know where your daddy at

Knick-knack paddy whack, give a dog a bone (bone)

Put it on him, then your nigger never comin' home (home)

I'ma flex like a boy, I'm a ten, she a joy

Stupid ho, unimportant, unattractive, unemployed

Get some guap, guap, get some chicken, guap, guap, get some bread

Guap, guap, get some chicken, guap, guap, get some bread Bitch you pressed, you can flex

Get some money, ho, tell me why you stressed, uh

Guap, guap, get some chicken

I need that cheese, shorty, show me where it's at (boy, please, whatever)

You play with me, I might pop up where you at (boy,

please, whatever)

You make-believe, now with me it's only facts (boy, please, whatever)

Expensive weave, and my checks is worth some racks, uh Yeah, pop that pussy like you and pop that pussy in the wild

Pop that pussy like poppin' pussy is goin' out of style

Pop that pussy while you work, pop that pussy up at church Pop that pussy on the pole, pop that pussy on the stove Make that pussy slip and slide like you from the 305

Put your tongue out in the mirror, pop that pussy while you drive Spread them asscheeks open, make that pussy crack a smile Let your legs run that nigger, make him give your ass a child (woo)

Gimme some neck, gimme a check, pussy so good, make a nigger invest

Get a little spit, I'm gettin' it wet, I'll get it back up, just give me a sec'

Give him some vag', I'm gettin' a bag, give him some ass, I'm gettin' some Raf

When I'm done I make him cum, but then he comin' off that cash

Get you some guap, guap, get some chicken, guap, guap, get some bread

Guap, guap, get some chicken, guap, guap, get some bread

Bitch you pressed, you can flex

Get some money, ho, tell me why you stressed, uh

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I need that cheese, shorty, show me where it's at (boy, please, whatever)

You play with me, I might pop up where you at (boy, please, whatever)

You make-believe, now with me it's only facts (boy, please, whatever)

Expensive weave, and my checks is worth some racks, uh

Alright-alright, alright, alright, alright, alright

Alright-alright, alright, alright, alright, alright

Alright-alright, alright, alright, alright, alright

Alright-alright, alright, alright, alright, alright

CARDI B...

"BODAK YELLOW"

KSR (ooh)

Hah, it's Cardi, ayy

Said, "I'm the shit, they can't fuck with me if they wanted to" "I don't gotta dance"

Said, "Lil bitch, you can't fuck with me if you wanted to" (ooh) These expensive, these is red bottoms, these is bloody shoes (ooh)

Hit the store, I can get 'em both, I don't wanna choose (bah) And I'm quick, cut a nigger off, so don't get comfortable, look (ooh) I don't dance now, I make money moves (wave, ayy)

Say I don't gotta dance, I make money move (ooh, ooh) If I see you and I don't speak, that means I don't fuck with you (ah) I'm a boss, you a worker, bitch, I make bloody moves (bags)

Now she say she gon' do what to who? Let's find out and see Cardi B, you know where I'm at, you know where I be (ooh, ooh) You in the club just to party, I'm there, I get paid a fee (bah) I be in and out them banks so much, I know they're tired of me

Honestly, don't give a fuck 'bout who ain't fond of me (who) Dropped two mixtapes in six months, what bitch working as hard as me? (yeah)

I don't bother with these hoes, don't let these hoes bother me They see pictures, they say, "Goals," bitch, I'm who they tryna be

Look, I might just chill in some BAPE (ooh), I might just chill with your boo

I might just feel on your babe, my pussy feel like a lake He wanna swim with his face, I'm like, "Okay" (okay) I'll let him get what he want, he buy me Yves Saint Laurent (yeah)

And the new whip, when I go fast as a horse, I got the trunk in the front (vroom)

I'm the hottest in the street (pew, street), know you prolly heard of me (yeah) Got a bag and fixed my teeth (teeth), hope you hoes know it ain't cheap (cheap)

And I pay my mama bills (bills), I ain't got no time to chill (blah) Think these hoes be mad at me (ooh), their baby father run a bill (ooh) Said, "Lil bitch, you can't fuck with me if you wanted to" (ooh)

These expensive, these is red bottoms, these is bloody shoes (ooh)

Hit the store, I can get 'em both, I don't wanna choose (bah) And I'm quick, cut a nigger off, so don't get comfortable, look (ooh) I don't dance now, I make money moves (wave, ayy)

Say I don't gotta dance, I make money move (ooh, ooh)

If I see you and I don't speak, that means I don't fuck with you (ah) I'm a boss, you a worker, bitch, I make bloody moves (bags, bags) If you a pussy, you get popped (popped), you a goofy, you a opp (opp, blah) Don't you come around my way (way), you can't hang around my block (block, nope)

And I just checked my accounts, turns out, I'm rich, I'm rich, I'm rich (I'm rich)

I put my hand above my hip, I bet you dip, he dip, she dip (grrrah) I say I get the money and go, this shit is hot like a stove (ooh) My pussy glitter as gold, tell that lil bitch play her role (ah, ah)

I just a-rove in a Rolls (oh), I just came up in a Wraith (yeah) I need to fill up the tank, no, I need to fill up the safe (ooh)

I need to let all these hoes know that none of their niggers is safe I go to dinner and steak (blah, yeah), only the real can relate (yeah)

I used to live in the P's (ooh, ooh), now it's a crib with a gate (ah) Rollie got charms, look like Frosted Flakes (bling) Had to let these bitches know (yeah), just in case these hoes forgot (oh) I just run and check the mail, another check from Mona Scott (oh)

Said, "Lil bitch, you can't fuck with me if you wanted to" (ooh) These expensive, these is red bottoms, these is bloody shoes (ooh)

Hit the store, I can get 'em both, I don't wanna choose (bah) And I'm quick, cut a nigger off, so don't get comfortable, look (ooh)

I don't dance now, I make money moves (wave, ayy)

Say I don't gotta dance, I make money move (ooh, ooh)

If I see you and I don't speak, that means I don't fuck with you (ah) I'm a boss, you a worker, bitch, I make bloody moves (bags)

CARDI B...

"BE CAREFUL"

Yeah
Be careful, be careful, be careful with me
Yeah, look
I wanna get married, like the Currys, Steph and Ayesha
shit
But we more like Belly, Tommy and Keisha **shit**
Gave you TLC, you wanna creep and **shit**
Poured out my whole heart to a piece of **shit**
Man, I thought you would've learned your lesson
'Bout liking pictures, not returnin' texts
I guess it's fine, man, I get the message
You still stutter after certain questions
You keep in contact with certain exes
Do you, though
Trust me, **nigger**, it's cool, though
Said that you was workin', but you're out here chasin' culo
And putas, chillin' poolside, livin' two lives
I could've did what you did to me to you a few times
But if I did decide to slide, find a **nigger**
Fuck him, suck his **dick**, you would've been pissed
But that's not my M.O., I'm not that type of **bitch**
And karma for you is gon' be who you end up with
Don't make me sick, **nigger**
The only man, baby, I adore
I gave you everything, what's mine is yours
I want you to live your life of course
But I hope you get what you dyin' for
Be careful with me
Do you know what you doin'?
Whose feelings that you're hurtin' and bruisin'?
You gon' gain the whole world
But is it worth the girl that you're losin'?
Be careful with me
Yeah, it's not a threat, it's a warnin'
Be careful with me
Yeah, my heart is like a package with a fragile label on it
Be careful with me
Care for me, care for me
Always said that you'd be there for me, there for me
Boy, you better treat me carefully, carefully, look
I was here before all of this

Guess you actin' out now, you got an audience
Tell me where your mind is, drop a pin, what's the
coordinates?
You might have a fortune, but you lose me, you still gon'
be misfortunate, **nigger**
Tell me, this love's got you this **fucked** up in the head
You want some random **bitch** up in your bed?
She don't even know your middle name
Watch her, 'cause she might steal your chain
You don't want someone who loves you instead? I guess
not though
It's blatant disrespect, you nothin' like the **nigger** I met
Talk to me crazy and you quick to forget
You even got me trippin', you got me lookin' in the mirror
different
Thinkin' I'm flawed because you inconsistent
Between a rock and a hard place, the mud and the dirt
It's gon' hurt me to hate you, but lovin' you's worse
It all stops so abrupt, we start switchin' it up
Teach me to be like you so I cannot give a **fuck**
Free to mess with someone else, I wish these feelings
could melt
'Cause you don't care about a thing except your
mothafuckin' self
You make me sick, **nigger**
The only man, baby, I adore
I gave you everything, what's mine is yours
I want you to live your life of course
But I hope you get what you dyin' for
Be careful with me
Do you know what you doin'?
Whose feelings that you're hurtin' and bruisin'?
You gon' gain the whole world
But is it worth the girl that you're losin'?
Be careful with me
Yeah, it's not a threat, it's a warnin'
Be careful with me
Yeah, my heart is like a package with a fragile label on it
Be careful with me

CARDI B...

"BEST LIFE" [FEAT. CHANCE]

[Chance The Rapper:]

I'm living my best life, yeah, yeah I'm living my best life
Made a couple M's, you know (ah, huh) Said I'm living my best
life, said I'm living my best life Made a couple M's with my best
friends Turned all my L's into lessons You see the whip pulling
up, it's like skrrt Dreams filling up, I'm like skrrt I'm living my
best life It's my birthday, at least that's what I'm dressed like

[Cardi B:]

I'm like big pop mixed with 2Pac, I'm like Machiavelli (yeah)
You need some Little Caesar's pizza, I be hot & Ready (woo)
Nigger, you a **pussy** and a rat, you like Tom & Jerry **Nigger**,
you ain't balling, you just talking, that's that commentary (huh)
I was in the field, man, I slaved for this (yeah)
Had to talk to God, dropped down, and prayed for this
To my surprise, He replied, said, "You made for this"
I seen the car I wanted, then I went and paid for it, cash cash
Hit the tank, yeah, I hit the race, hit the dash dash
That's when they came for me on Twitter with the backlash
"Cardi B is so problematic" is the hashtag
I can't believe they wanna see me lose that bad
They talking junk and just think these **hoes** mad trash
I'm giggling won't let the devil have the last laugh
Ain't no more beefing, I'm just keeping to myself
I'm my own competition, I'm competing with myself (brrrp)

[Chance The Rapper:]

I told y'all, I said I'm living my best life (woo)
I told y'all, I said I'm living my best life (ayy)
I made a couple M's with my best friends
Turned all my L's into lessons (skrrt, skrrt)
You see the whip pulling up, it's like skrrt (like skrrt)
Dreams filling up, I'm like skrrt (like skrrt)
I'm living my best life It's my birthday, at least that's what I'm
dressed like (Chance, The Rapper) You don't like money, I can
see it your eye You don't like winning, I can see it in your tie
Better be careful with these women When you tricking, send it
fly She count money in her sleep and she don't ever spend the
night But she trapping and she had to make it happen for her
life Don't be mad because she having **shit** you had to try whole
life We had baggage on our flight, we had badges on our
asses You got passes in your life, you had gadgets on your
bike God work magic, God work magic, God work magic in my
life In that guava like Iyanla 'cause that bag just is my life
Hey, y'all know good and damn well I don't want no
champagne But can we please get some more champagne?

Police, no Andre, G like 'Venchy
Reach like 'Bron James, pep talk from Yoncé
'Member my hands had ash like Pompeii
Now they hold cash, won't peak like Dante
I told y'all, I said I'm living my best life
I told y'all, I said I'm living my best life (ayy)
I made a couple M's with my best friends
Turned all my L's into lessons
You see the whip pulling up, it's like skrrt (skrrt, skrrt, like skrrt)
Dreams filling up, I'm like skrrt (like skrrt)
I'm living my best life
It's my birthday, at least that's what I'm dressed like
[Cardi B:]
I said I never had a problem showing y'all the real me
Hair when it's **fucked** up, crib when it's filthy
Way-before-the-deal me, strip-to-pay-the-bills me
'Fore I fixed my teeth, man, those comments used to kill me
But never did I change, never been ashamed
Never did I switch stories, stayed the same
I did this on my own, I made this a lane
Y'all got a bed with me, I been through some things
Went from small-**ass** apartments to walking red carpets
Pissy elevators, now every dress is tailored
This some real-life fairy tale Binderella **shit**
I got further than them **hoes** that I will ever get
And that only goes to show that only God knows
I took pictures with Beyoncé, I met Mama Knowles
I'm the rose that came from the concrete in the Rolls
I'm like gold, I'm like goals, man, I chose and I'm floating, ayy
[Chance The Rapper:]
I told y'all, I said I'm living my best life
I told y'all, I said I'm living my best life (ayy)
I made a couple M's with my best friends
Turned all my L's into lessons (hey, hey, hey, hey)
You see the whip pulling up, it's like skrrt (like skrrt)
Dreams filling up, I'm like skrrt (like skrrt)
I'm living my best life It's my birthday, at least that's what I'm
dressed like Skrrt skrrt, going down right now Skrrt skrrt, Jamie
Foxx in your town, like Skrrt skrrt, money piling up, man All the
blessings coming down You don't know 'bout nothing, you
don't know 'bout nothing You don't know 'bout nothing, you
don't know 'bout nothing I told y'all, I told y'all (You don't know
'bout nothing) I t-, I told y'all, I told y'all (You don't know 'bout
nothing) Told y'all, I t-, I told y'all (You don't know 'bout
nothing) You don't know (You don't know 'bout nothing)

CARDI B...

"I LIKE IT" [FEAT. J. BALVIN, BAD BUNNY]

[Intro:]

Yeah baby, I like it like that You gotta believe me when I tell you
I said I like it like that You gotta believe me when I tell you
I said I like it like

[Cardi B:]

Now I like dollars, I like diamonds, I like stunting, I like shining
I like million dollar deals, where's my pen? **Bitch** I'm signin'
I like those Balenciagas, the ones that look like socks
I like going to the jeweler, I put rocks all in my watch
I like texts from my exes when they want a second chance
I like proving **niggers** wrong, I do what they say I can't
They call me Cardi Bardi, banging body

Spicy mami, hot tamale

Hotter than a Somali, fur coat, Ferrari

Hop out the stu', jump in the coupe (the coupe)

They trippin' on top of the roof

Flexing on **bitches** as hard as I can

Eating halal, driving the Lam'

Told that **bitch** I'm sorry though

'Bout my coins like Mario (Mario)

Yeah they call me Cardi B, I run this **shit** like cardio

Oh, damn Diamond district in the jag (I said I like it like that)

Certified, know I'm gang, gang, gang, gang (I said I like it like—)

Drop the top and blow the brains (I said I like it like that)

Oh he's so handsome, what's his name? (I said I like it)

Oh I need the dollars (I said I like it like that)

Beat it up like piñatas (I said I like it like—)

Tell the driver, close the curtains (I said I like it like that)

Bad **bitch** make him nervous (I said I like it) Cardi B

[Bad Bunny:]

Chambean, chambean, pero no jalan (¡jalan!)

Tú compras to'a las Jordan, bobo, a mí me las regalan (jejeje)

I spend in the club (wuh), what you have in the bank (yeh)

This is the new religion, bang, en Latino gang, gang, yeh

Trato de hacer dieta (yeh), pero es que en el closet tengo

mucha grasa (wuh)

Ya mude la Gucci pa' dentro de casa, yeh (¡wuh!)

Cabrón, a ti no te conocen ni en Plaza (no)

El Diablo me llama pero Jesucristo me abraza (amén)

Guerrero como Eddie, que viva la raza, yeh

Me gustan boricuas, me gustan cubanas

Me gusta el acento de las colombianas (¿qué hubo pues?)

Como mueve el culo la dominicana (¿qué lo que?)

Lo rico que me chingan las venezolanas (¡wuh!)

Andamos activos, Perico Pin Pin (woo)

Billetes de cien en el maletín (ching)

Que retumbe el bajo, Bobby Valentin, yeh (boo)

Aquí es prohibido amar, díles Charytín

Que pa'l picor les tengo Claritin

Yo llego a la disco y se forma el motín (rrr)

[Cardi B:]

Diamond district in the jag (I said I like it like that)

[Bad Bunny:]

Bad Bunny, baby, be, be, be, be

[Cardi B:]

Certified, know I'm gang, gang, gang, gang (I said I like it like—)

Drop the top and blow the brains (I said I like it like that)

Oh he's so handsome, what's his name? (I said I like it)

Oh I need the dollars (I said I like it like that)

Beat it up like piñatas (I said I like it like—)

Tell the driver, close the curtains (I said I like it like that)

Bad **bitch** make you nervous (I said I like it)

[J Balvin:]

Como Celia Cruz tengo el azúcar (azúca')

Tu jeva me vio y se fue de pecho como Jimmy Snuka (ah)

Te vamos a tumbar la peluca

Y arranca pa'l carajo cabrón, que a ti no te vo'a pasar la
hookah (hookah, hookah)

Mis tenis Balenciaga, me reciben en la entrada (woo)

Pa-pa-pa-pa-razzi, like I'm Lady Gaga (woo)

Y no te me hagas (ey)

Que en cover de Billboard tú has visto mi cara (ey)

No salgo de tu mente

Donde quieras que viajes has escuchado "Mi Gente"

Yo no soy high (high), soy como el Testarossa ('rossa)

Yo soy el que se la vive y también el que la goza (goza, goza)

Es la cosa, mami es la cosa (cosa, cosa)

El que mira sufre y el que toca goza (goza, goza)

[J Balvin (Cardi B):]

I said I like it like that

(I said I like it like that)

I said I like it like that

(I said I like it like that)

[Cardi B:]

Diamond district in the jag (I said I like it like that)

Certified, you know I'm gang (I said I like it)

Drop the top and blow the brains (I said I like it like that)

Oh he's so handsome, what's his name? (I said I like it)

CARDI B...

"RING" [FEAT. KEHLANI]

[Kehlani:]

Ooh, ooh

Ring, ring, ring, ring

You don't hit my line no more, oh, oh

You don't make it ring, ring, ring, ring

I can't keep this on the low

I want you to make it ring, ring, ring, ring

[Cardi B:]

Should I call first? I can't decide

I want to, but a **bitch** got pride

The switchin' up **shit** is what I can't **fuck** with

I'm feelin' you but you hard to get in touch with

And you ain't hit me up in a while

Actin' like you don't know what number to dial

You quit, then that's it, I'ma throw in the towel

'Cause a **nigger** only gon' do what you allow

You don't want this gun smoke

Learn to text with your nose if your thumb broke

I don't care if we get' into it and I stall on your ass

But I still wake up from missed calls from your ass,

nigger

[Kehlani:]

You don't hit my line no more, oh, oh

You don't make it ring, ring, ring, ring

I can't keep this on the low

I want you to make it ring, ring, ring, ring

[Cardi B:]

Nah, **nigger** now you gon' have to call me (call me)

'Cause I'm lookin' at these messages, they all me (yeah)

Actin' like there ain't **niggers** that want me

Let another **nigger** in your spot, and you gon' be hot,

nigger, coffee

You gon' be sick to your stomach

Hit me when you free, 1-800

It's emergency, call me 911

'Cause right now I'm out here tryna find someone

the ring on my phone, ring on my finger (brrr)

You actin' like you ain't tryna do either (yeah)

Was a good girl? Watch me turn diva

Here goes my heart, I put it on speaker (oh)

[Kehlani:]

You don't hit my line no more, oh, oh

You don't make it ring, ring, ring, ring

I can't keep this on the low

I want you to make it ring, ring, ring, ring

You used to be on my line

On my tip all the time, yeah

Love it when you make me feel

Like you don't mind when I ain't got time for you

You know it don't go to my head

I'm only arrogant in bed

I just love to know you wanna spend time with me instead

Now you all caught up

Yeah, you all caught up

Now you done left me alone, yeah

You was all fed up

Ready for the next step

Wanna be on your own

Said I just miss you, I just miss us, baby

All I know is

You don't hit my line no more, oh, oh

You don't make it ring, ring, ring, ring (you don't make it ring, baby)

I can't keep this on the low (yeah, yeah, oh)

I want you to make it ring, ring, ring, ring

CARDI B...

"MONEY BAG"

Money bag, money bag

Money bag, **bitch**, I'm lookin' like a money bag

Money bag

Cardi

I do the Maybach on Monday, Ferrari Friday

This is sweet **pussy** Saturday, that's just what Plies say

I said "Bae, it's a snack," he said it's a entrée

With them pretty **ass** twins, you look like Beyoncé

Lookin' like

Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag, yeah

Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag

He can tell from the front I got **ass** behind me

And I park my Bentley truck on my Versace driveway

Lookin' like

Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag, yeah

Money bag, money bag, money bag, woo

Money bag, money bag, money bag

And my **bitches** with me pretty, too, they look like

bridesmaids And they all bloody gang so don't be talking

sideways He said I'm protein thick, you look like a **thottie**,

sis He make sure he put Cardi down on his grocery list

Now why this **bitch** tryna look on my Snap?

I take your man and I won't give him back

I just walk into the booth and attack

I hit this grind, the roof gon' collapse

I been broke my whole life

I have no clue what to do with these racks

Wig be laid, waist snatched, **ass** fat, straight facts

Got lips like Angelina, Bentley truck tangerine, uh

Tramps jumping on my **dick**, that's why they call it

trampoline, uh I do the Maybach on Monday, Ferrari

Friday This is sweet **pussy** Saturday, that's just what

Plies say I said "Bae, it's a snack," he said it's a entrée

With them pretty **ass** twins, you look like Beyoncé

Lookin' like Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag, yeah

Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag

He can tell from the front I got **ass** behind me

And I park my Bentley truck on my Versace driveway

Lookin' like

Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag, yeah

Money bag, money bag, money bag, woo

Money bag, money bag, money bag

And my **bitches** with me pretty, too, they look like

bridesmaids

And they all bloody gang so don't be talking sideways

These **bitches** salty, they sodium

They jelly, petroleum

Always talkin' in the background

Don't never come to the podium

Chef Cardi B, I'm cookin' up

I see you **hoes** at the stove again

While you **hoes** were sleepin' on me, I made 40 bands

by 4 pm They be taking shots, miss miss

X and O, kiss kiss

Everythin' your **nigger** want, I'm like a walkin' wishlist

I don't understand what this hate is about

How you gon' suck yo man **dick** with my name in yo

mouth? I do the Maybach on Monday, Ferrari Friday

This is sweet **pussy** Saturday, that's just what Plies say

I said "Bae, it's a snack," he said it's a entrée

With them pretty **ass** twins, you look like Beyoncé

Lookin' like

Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag, yeah

Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag

He can tell from the front I got **ass** behind me

And I park my Bentley truck on my Versace driveway

Lookin' like

Money bag, money bag, money bag, uh

Money bag, money bag, money bag, yeah

Money bag, money bag, money bag, woo

Money bag, money bag, money bag

And my **bitches** with me pretty, too, they look like

bridesmaids

And they all bloody gang so don't be talking sideways

CARDI B...

"BARTIER CARDI" [FEAT. 21 SAVAGE]

[Cardi B:]

Bardi in a 'Rari, diamonds all over my body
Shinin' all over my body Put that **bitch** on Molly Bardi

[21 Savage:]

Bitch on Molly 21, diamonds all over my body Said, that **bitch**
on Molly Ask him if I'm 'bout it

[Cardi B (21 Savage):]

Your **bitch** wanna party with Cardi Cartier Bardi in a 'Rari (21)
Diamonds all over my body (Cardi) Shinin' all over my body
(my body) Cardi got your **bitch** on molly **Bitch**, you ain't gang,
you lame Bentley truck lane to lane Blow out the brain (21) I go
insane, insane I drop a check on the chain **fuck** up a check in
the plane Cardi took your man, you upset, uh Cardi got rich,
they upset, yeah Cardi put the **pussy** on Offset (Say what?)
Cartier, Cardi B brain on Offset (21) Cardi took your man, you
upset, uh Cardi got rich, they upset, yeah Cardi put the **pussy**
on Offset (Cardi) Cartier, Cardi B brain on Offset (Cardi)

[Cardi B:]

Who get this **mothafucker** started? (Cardi) Who took your
bitch out to party? (Cardi) I took your **bitch** in the party (Cardi)
Who that be fly as a Martian? (Cardi) Who that on fleek in the
cut? (Cardi) Who got the bricks in the truck? (Cardi) Them
diamonds gon' hit like a **bitch** on a **bitch ass bitch Bitch**, you
a wannabe Cardi Red bottom M.J. moonwalk on a **bitch**
Moonwalkin' through your clique I'm moonwalkin' in the 6
Sticky with the kick, moonrocks in this **bitch** I from the
mother**fuckin'** Bronx (Bronx) I keep the pump in the trunk
(trunk) **Bitch** if you bad then jump (jump) Might lead your **bitch**
in a slump

[Cardi B (21 Savage):]

Your **bitch** wanna party with Cardi Cartier Bardi in a 'Rari (21)
Diamonds all over my body (Cardi) Shinin' all over my body
(my body) Cardi got your **bitch** on molly **Bitch**, you ain't gang,
you lame Bentley truck lane to lane Blow out the brain (21)
I go insane, insane I drop a check on the chain

Fuck up a check in the plane Cardi took your man, you upset,
uh Cardi got rich, they upset, yeah Cardi put the **pussy** on
Offset (Say what?) Cartier, Cardi B brain on Offset (21)
Cardi took your man, you upset, uh Cardi got rich, they upset,
yeah Cardi put the **pussy** on Offset (Cardi) Cartier, Cardi B
brain on Offset (Cardi)

[21 Savage:]

Your **bitch** wanna party with a Savage (21)
Saint Laurent Savage in an Aston (yeah)
High end cars and fashion (21) I don't eat **pussy**, I'm fastin' (on

God) I'm a Blood, my brother Crippin' **Bitch**, I'm drippin', ho,
you trippin' Told the waitress I ain't tippin' I like hot sauce on
my chicken (on God) I pulled the rubber off and I put hot sauce
on her **titties** (21) I'm in a Bentley truck, she keep on suckin'
like it's tinted (21) All these VVS', **nigger**, my sperm worth
millions (on God) The **bitch** so bad I popped a Molly 'fore I hit
it (21)

[Cardi B (21 Savage):]

Your **bitch** wanna party with Cardi Cartier Bardi in a 'Rari (21)
Diamonds all over my body (Cardi) Shinin' all over my body
(my body) Cardi got your **bitch** on molly **Bitch**, you ain't gang,
you lame Bentley truck lane to lane Blow out the brain (21)
I go insane, insane I drop a check on the chain **fuck** up a
check in the plane Cardi took your man, you upset, uh
Cardi got rich, they upset, yeah Cardi put the **pussy** on Offset
(Say what?) Cartier, Cardi B brain on Offset (21) Cardi took
your man, you upset, uh Cardi got rich, they upset, yeah Cardi
put the **pussy** on Offset (Cardi) Cartier, Cardi B brain on Offset
(Cardi)

[Cardi B:]

Step in this **bitch** in Givenchy (cash) **fuck** up a check in
Givenchy (cash) Boss out the coupe and them inches
I **fuck** up a bag at the Fendi, I **fuck** up a bag in a minute
Who you know drip like this? Who you know built like this?
I'm poppin' **shit** like a dude Pull up to pop at your crew
Brrrrrrrat, poppin' at you, woo They say you basic
I flooded the Rollie with diamonds I flooded the Patek and
bracelet I got your **bitch** and she naked Ice on the cake, when
I bake it I'm switchin' lanes in the Range Swap out the **dick**
for the brain Swap out your **bitch** for your main Swap out the trap
for the fame Ice on them Carti B Cartier frames

[Cardi B (21 Savage):]

Your **bitch** wanna party with Cardi Cartier Bardi in a 'Rari (21)
Diamonds all over my body (Cardi) Shinin' all over my body
(my body) Cardi got your **bitch** on molly **Bitch**, you ain't gang,
you lame Bentley truck lane to lane Blow out the brain (21)
I go insane, insane I drop a check on the chain **fuck** up a
check in the plane Cardi took your man, you upset, uh
Cardi got rich, they upset, yeah Cardi put the **pussy** on Offset
(Say what?) Cartier, Cardi B brain on Offset (21) Cardi took
your man, you upset, uh Cardi got rich, they upset, yeah Cardi
put the **pussy** on Offset (Cardi) Cartier, Cardi B brain on Offset
(Cardi)

CARDI B...

"SHE BAD" [FEAT. YG]

[YG:]

4Hunnid! Mustard on the beat ho
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

[Cardi B:]

Look, look Momma needs some mill money (cash)
Prada bag and heel money See my ex, he still love me
(ha) New **nigger** '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 haven'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?

[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
She bad, she bad, she bad, she bad
She bad, she bad, she bad, she bad

[Cardi B:]

Weed blowin', **pussy** boss, suck his **dick** through his
drawers Lick the balls just because, lil **bitch**, I eat balls
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)

[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
She bad, she bad, she bad, she bad
She bad, she bad, she bad, she bad
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 **niggers** 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 **niggers** 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
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
She bad, she bad, she bad, she bad
She bad, she bad, she bad, she bad

CARDI B...

"THRU YOUR PHONE"

Look

I just want to break up all your shit

Call your mama phone, let her know that she raised a

bitch

Then dial tone, click

And fuck your little fake ass friends

Come around acting like they my bros

I seen y'all little group texts

Where you all like to brag about your hoes

And you can tell your little bitch

I screenshotted all her naked pics

Oh, you wanna send nudes to my man?

Wake up and see your boobs on the 'gram?

Little bitch, I cannot stand you, right hand to Jesus

I might just cut all the tongues out your sneakers

Smash your TV from Best Buy

You gon' turn me into into Left Eye

I don't wanna hear 'bout invasion of privacy

I had a feeling, it turns out you lie to me

I'm holding back everything that's inside of me

How you all fuckin' with bitches that follow me?

My heart is beating like it's bleeding out

(You sleeping, you sleeping, you sleeping)

You sleeping like a baby

Everyone was right about you now, and

(You creeping, you creeping, you creeping)

I went through your phone last night

I went through your phone last night

Saw some things I didn't like

I went through your phone last night

It's killing me, killing me, killing me, oh

All I can see is you and her in different scenarios

Beyoncé on my stereo, resentment on repeat

I'mma make a bowl of cereal with a teaspoon of bleach

Serve it to you like, "Here you go, nigger, bon appétit"

Look did you give it to her raw? You love her or nah?

You risk your whole home for a hoe from the bar?

You really want them hoes? You can have them bitches

You don't even cheat with no bad bitches

This shit is eating me, you sleeping peacefully

Getting more mad at you, thinking 'bout stabbing you

Don't even know that you this close to dying

You gon' wake up like, "Why you got an attitude?"

My heart is beating like it's bleeding out

(You sleeping, you sleeping, you sleeping)

You sleeping like a baby

Everyone was right about you now, and

(You creeping, you creeping, you creeping)

I went through your phone last night

I went through your phone last night

Saw some things I didn't like

I went through your phone last night

It's killing me, killing me, killing me, oh

It's killing me

It's killing me, killing me, killing me, oh

It's killing me

It's killing me, killing me, killing me, oh

It's killing me

It's killing me, killing me, killing me, oh

It's killing me

I went through your phone last night

I went through your phone last night

Saw some things I didn't like

I went through your phone last night

It's killing me, killing me, killing me, oh

CARDI B...

"I DO" [FEAT. SZA]

M-M-M-Murda

[SZA:]

I left a **nigger** on read 'cause I felt like it
Dress me down in that Raf, Saint Laurent jacket
Dapper, dapper, I look fine and my checks divine
No wonder, wonder why I do whatever I like
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do

[Cardi B:]

I think us bad **bitches** is a gift from God (gift from God)
I think you broke **hoes** need to get a job (get a job)
Now I'm a boss, I write my own name on the checks
(Cardi)

Pussy so good, I say my own name during sex
I might smack a **bitch** 'cause I felt like it
Gucci shoes and a belt like it
Said that Cardi is his favorite fragrance
I'm a rich **bitch** and I smell like it
I'm in a boss **bitch** mood, ay, these heels are Givenchy,
ho
These are some boss **bitch** shoes
If you ain't no boss **bitch**, move, ay
For the record, I set records, record sales
I like **niggers** that been in and outta jail
They said by now that I'll be finished, hard to tell (I can
tell)
My little 15 minutes lasting long as hell, huh?

[SZA:]

I left a **nigger** on read 'cause I felt like it
Dress me down in that Raf, Saint Laurent jacket
Dapper, dapper, I look fine and my checks divine
No wonder, wonder why I do whatever I like
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do

[Cardi B:]

Look, broke **hoes** do what they can (can)
Good girls do what they told (told)
Bad **bitches** do what they want (they want)
That's why a **bitch** is so cold
I'm a gangsta in a dress, I'm a bully in the bed
Only time that I'm a lady's when I lay these **hoes** to rest
The coupe is roofless, but I get top in it
I'm provocative, it's my prerogative
80K just to know what time is it
Cardi rockin' it, go buy stock in it
Spent what I want, ain't no limit
I say what I want, I ain't never been timid
Only real **shit** comes out my mouth and only real **niggers**
go in it
Leave his texts on read, leave his balls on blue
Put it on airplane mode so none of those calls come
through
Here's a word to my ladies, don't you give these **niggers**
none (give 'em none)
If they can make you richer, they can make you cum

[SZA:]

I left a **nigger** on read 'cause I felt like it
Dress me down in that Raf, Saint Laurent jacket
Dapper, dapper, I look fine, and my checks divine
No wonder wonder why I do whatever I like
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do

CARDI B...

“DRIP” [FEAT. MIGOS]

[Cardi B:]“

That boy Cass!

Cardi! Non-stop

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

[Offset:]

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

[Cardi B:]

Give me little something to remember (Cardi!)

Tryna make love in a Sprinter (yeah)

Quick to drop a nigger like Kemba (go)

Lookin' like a right swipe on Tinder (woo)

Shit on these hoes (shit)

Light up my wrist on these hoes (wrist)

Now I look down on these bitches (down)

I feel like I'm on stilts on these hoes (woo)

Fuck ya' baby daddy right now (right now)

Anna Mae, got cake by the pound (pound)

Go down, eat it up, don't drown

Mac n' cheese in the bowl, how it sound? (sound)

I got that gushy

Yeah that's a fact, but I never been pussy

I've been that bitch since pajamas with footies

Won MVP, and I'm still a rookie, like woo

I gotta work on my anger (ayy)

Might kill a bitch with my fingers (ayy)

I gotta stay outta Gucci (woo)

I'm finna run outta hangers (woo)

Is she a stripper, a rapper or a singer?

I'm busting bucks in a Bentley Bentayga

Ride through your hood like "Bitch, I'm the mayor!"

You not my bitch, then bitch you in danger

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

[Offset:]

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

Bitch you a thot, ain't trickin' (thot, thot)

Put her on her knee, make her lick it (lick it)

Patek on my wrist, and it's glistenin' (drip, drip)

The bitch got mad, I dissed her (hey)

Shawty, you ain't nothin' to a rich nigger (nothin')

I'll put a check on a bitch nigger (brtt)

your whole set and your clique, nigger (fuck 'em)

Got a gang full of dud and some broke niggers (dud)

Diamonds on me, what's the price? (price)

I'm not gettin' involved with the hype (hype)

I'm too rich to get into a fight (too rich)

50 racks got my jeans fittin' tight (50 racks)

Pay the price and them boys come and wipe ya' (wipe ya')

We had to dispose of the diaper (dispose)

Yeah we trap every week, every night (woah)

Word my move, we too smooth, no indictments (hey)

Yeah, freakazoid lightnin' (lightnin')

57 90 in this Breitling (Breit')

When I got a mil I got excited (million)

For the cash I'ma turn to Michael Myers

Baguettes keep dripping, droppin' (drip)

My wrist all liquid watches (watch)

Told the bitch, "Jump on my dick and pop it" (yeah)

Get a little bitch a deposit (hey, brtt)

[Cardi B:]

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

CARDI B...

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

[Offset:]

Bitch you a **thot**, ain't trickin' (**thot, thot**)

Put her on her knee, make her lick it (lick it)

Patek on my wrist, and it's glistenin' (drip, drip)

The **bitch** got mad, I dissed her (hey)

[Takeoff:]

Take-Takeoff Came through drippin' (drrippin')

I ain't never slippin', I'm a pimp (pimp)

Fuckin' with a quarter million, **nigger**, what a feelin' (feelin')

Abort the mission, **nigger**, they be tellin' off and squealin'

(squealin') Splash, took a **bitch** to Piccadilly (splash)

Water in my ear, gave a **nigger** wet willy (wet willy)

Came through drippin', spillin'

Walkin' with the bag (bag)

Tryna get my **niggers** all a milli, stack it to the ceilin' (ceilin')

Shootin' at civilians ('villians)

I'm the one dealin', I could make a killin' (killin')

Bags, can you smell it when I Vac-seal it? (uh)

Flag, **nigger**, throw it up, don't care about your feelin's (**fuck** 'em)

Ooh, what is this? What you wearin'? I be drippin' (what)

Cal Ripken's hit a **nigger**, Ken Griffey (home run)

The **bitch** got thick, so I guess she ate Jiffy

When she leave with me, I'ma fly her back to the city (for sure)

[Quavo:]

Go get the bag on the day off (racks)

Got get the rings out the playoffs (rings)

Pots in the beat, it's a bake off (packs)

Fuck on her, then she get laid off (smash)

Big boy tools, Maaco (big boy)

Make a **bitch** dance with a draco (dance)

Walkin' with the cheese, that queso (cheese)

That's Huncho, **fuck** the Rodeo (Huncho)

Private jet, we don't do layover (whew)

One call, I'm havin' your bae over (brtt)

Walk out the spot with a makeover (woo)

Got her addicted to payola (addicted, hey)

[Cardi B:]

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

[Offset:]

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Came through drippin' (drip drip)

Diamonds on my wrist, they drippin' (ice)