

Can't Judge Her

Rich Homie Quan

See I, Met her at Magic
And I don't go there often
Anything she can have it
All she gotta do is call
And she go to school by day
But she at night she work at Onyx
You can't judge
She'll do anything to get that money
Even if she sell dope start cooking
Dancing or selling pussy it don't matter cause.
You Can't Judge Her
Ever if she got four different baby daddy's
I don't care long as she happy
It ain't my business cause
You Can't Judge Her
Nawl I can't judge her
What you do is your business
But when I see you out in public
I can tell that you gettin it
Them shopping sprees are dating
She remind herself by phone
And she passing all her classes
Pay tuition on her own
Tell them bitches this yo song
Turn it up before the speakers say (okay)
I got my own everything so we relate
To each other, that money we cuddle
B-bitches we fuck together
You got my back forever and ever
I love the fact you got yo own and i salute you girl
You don't depend on nobody
Dedicate this to ya girl
I remember when I first asked for your number
You said I couldn't have it
Then I saw you at the parking lot at Magic
And it went like
See I, Met her at Magic
And I don't go there often
Anything she can have it
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These bitches come a dime a dozen
But it's hard to find a girl like that who got her own
And don't need a nigga for nothing
But some hard dick and a shoulder to lean on The bitch gotta PhD
And she living in her dream home
And probably got like 2 or 3 phones
C-Call me the messiah
How it look she giving me a loan
Bitch I'm the supplier
She might be flying in the outtie
Or could whipping a porsche
She gotta bankroll in her purse bigger than yours
And her car note paid for, House paid up
She ain't graduated from college yet
So stripping at Magic made her
And if I need it she go get that for me
I can't judge you, girl get that money
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