

Bubbly

DeJ Loaf

Aye, London, can you bring me a lighter real quick?
That might be my tag for my producer shit
When I start makin' beats
(This shit need to be on film)
Oh I'm goin' in, let me do the whole song
(What's the problem?)It's my?birthday,?hey
It's?my birthday, heyShe gon' get to twistin' on the pole with her legs
Please don't get it twisted, mm, this bitch about her bread
Tried to give her Hennessy, she want a Perc' instead
These bitches love my energy, they want me in they bed
I'm the biggest joker, need a bitch like Harley Quinn
Ain't fishin' for no bitches, I'm like Nemo with one fin
Keep thinkin' with your dick and we gon' put it on your head
A brother in the other room, puttin' a bitch to bed
I told this nigga he gotta stop fuckin' on my friends
He looked at me, he dropped a bean, he said "I got a plan"
Add them bitches up, okay, you do the math, aye
Let me do me, you do the other half, yeah
I done got to the point where I ain't gotta ask
What the fuck is your point? All my bitches bad
Bro day on Wednesdays, put it on my tab
Fuck a Throwback Thursday, I ain't goin' out sad
And your one-night-only done turned into a bag
Your Nissan Altima, it turned into a Jag'
Hmm, yeah
It's my bitch, yeah
It's my birthday, yeah
She just started, say it's her first day, hey
Yeah, it's her first day, oh woahShe get retarded, she get freaky
She's so bossy, she ain't easy
She ain't with that he-or-she-said
She just wanna party, yeah, go DJ
Bitch, you know I'm ballin', you ain't in my league
I walk in unbothered, don't you bother me
Watch how you talkin' when approachin' me
A nigga tried it and we left him with a injury
When I was on the East, they ain't even notice me
I got my mink on, but I take it off, roll up my sleeves
Before I blew up, I passed out off some bubbly
I fell out in the White House, I felt like Hillary
Dead presidents got me shivering
I'm beyond cold because of my grandmother's remedies

Know our niggas take you out your misery
Are you gon' bust it open for my niggas who ain't make it here?
I know you wanna go some places, baby, I can take you there
I got a lotta acres, got a crib and it's spacious there
Been workin' on myself, I haven't mastered my patience yet
She been workin' on herself, tryna build up her credit score
This mob, we gon' hustle on our tippy toes
She know it's survival, she gon' dance on her tippy toes
Candlelight dinner, she leave a nigga bloody rose
Coked-out nigga, she gon' leave him with a stuffy nose
Learned this shit from my grandma, she used fuck with hoes
Learned this shit from my grandma, she used fuck with stoves
Six years old, they thinkin' I ain't know
I'm at the sidewalk like "What up? What you need? What you want"
If I wasn't wrappin' yams, I would be sellin' clothes
My nigga said if he wasn't rappin', naw, he still sellin' bowls
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Niggas can't fuck around(Bitch ass niggas look, I'm done with the song)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>