

I Bet (feat. 50 Cent)

Chris Brown & Tyga

Shawty wanna leave with a nigga, I bet
Cause she wanna be on TV with a nigga, I bet
Bet you never thought that she would cheat on you, nigga, I bet
Don't be mad at me
I pull that chopper out and squeeze on you niggas
No sympathy for you niggasHo, shut the fuck up, miss me with the bullshit
Balling like a bitch, all my niggas hood rich
Bring some bitches to the crib, show 'em what the wood is
Your bitch look like shanayay, nah-uh, oh my goodness
It's 500, that be the block
Then you see that ghetto bird when you hear the shots
Where the plug at? Tell him meet me at the docks
Sent the little homie through, it might be the cops
Hold up, I'm getting money, boy
Your girl want me cause I got them toys
Rari's and the Bentleys and the bender doors
Double decker buses and them private jets I spend it on
Painted on the Maserati, look like it been shitted on
Make her lift her skirt up, if she nervous I'm a pervert
I be in the pussy deep, a nigga fuckin' up her cervex
Leave the condoms on the bed, man, I do that shit on purpose
Cause I hope a nigga see it when he comin' home from work
I got a hundred on it
She ain't faithful to you, nigga
Word around town, you know thots get around
Nah, she testify, wouldn't trust her, homie
I gave her fuck what you know, makes no sense you, ho
Rolls gas pedals, Pockets on roseo
Rosetta, my stones ain't meant for the home, bitch
So comfortable, now get your ass off my couch, bitch
Bounce shit, mouse shit, put in your mouth shit
I've been playin' with the pussy, time to put that thing in
Bang it, I'm bangin', my binger off safety
I'm slayin', she chased it, she swallowed, she wasted
Fuckin' amazin', pump out that bass like freebasin'
It's a rough demonstration, the mileage, replace it
Come again, I replay it, speed it up, I'm speed racer
Bet if you catch her lyin' she gonna reverse it cause
I bet your bitch'll be ready when I say I'm finna leave
We only fuck with the foreigners, Ferrari horse on them keys
You be that nigga she call on when she need someone to love
I be that nigga, we just turn up, we just ball out n fuck

After the thuggin' I be nuttin' in her mouth like this
And you come home like, honey, I'm home, come and give me kiss
It's not a thing for me, really not a thing for me
We from different sets, why your bitch wanna bang with me?
All the time, all the time, I be on the grind
Hoes look at me, the dollar signs run across they mind
It's the paper, they know a nigga get it, get it
Shawty gone be with it, let a nigga get it, hold up in it Ya'll bitchass niggas got me fucked up.
I'm not fuckin' yall niggas. I don't give a fuck who ya'll is. And I don't give a fuck if you Chris
Brown or Tyga. And ya'll not giving me my coin. I wanna be on TV, I wanna be on Love and
Hip Hop, on Hollywood and shit. Don't get it fucked up

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>