

# Bankrupt (Remix)

## Cuban Doll

Hundred bands, talks a hundred bands Can you get it,  
ain't no running man Keep a hundred rounds,  
we gon' get him I ain't never gave a fuck  
about no bitch Cause I'm bigger and I'm better  
Keep a Smith & Wesson we can do whatever, aye  
You say you a boss,  
I know you a lame And that nigga ugly what the fuck you saying  
You ain't getting money girl you need a plan  
You a broke bitch, always holding out your hand  
I'm a real bitch,  
I just be getting bad Spend and get  
it back then I spend it with my mans  
That money in my hand put it right on your head  
Ain't no loss, I'm a boss I can do that shit again, aye  
Fuck a roll we speak face  
If a lame bitch talking I won't even speak that  
Keep that .45 all black, we strapped we back  
Pop up on them make a b\*tch see that, aye  
F\*ck all them niggas we gon' f\*ck up this cash  
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag  
Hopped in a foreign, b\*tch you hopped in them cabs  
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye aye  
I'm a real bitch I can't fake shit  
You a fucking pussy you don't shake shit  
You just figured it out bruh you late bitch  
You a broke bitch you ain't got no vest to play with  
Somewhere out in Cali do the dash in a spaceship  
You somewhere in the crib looking mad cause you ain't shit  
You ain't tough, big bank take little bank Bitch you bankrupt  
All them hoes losing but they ain't us  
Fuck all them niggas we gon' fuck up this cash  
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag  
Hopped in a foreign, bitch you hopped in them cabs  
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass  
Aye, fuck all them niggas we gon' fuck up this cash  
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag  
Hopped in a foreign, bitch you hopped in them cabs  
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye  
Bitch bands, bands,  
don't fuck up this dashboard bitches want  
problems we gon' give 'em what they ask for  
That's what this cash for, I need that like a landlord

You bitches half step, somebody please drop a bag on 'em  
Bitch why you lying you ain't never got no cash,  
ho you nigga why you trying to act tough ain't no straps on you  
Bitches turned their back, yeah it's cool I just stacked on 'em  
I was getting money way before I seen rap money  
Them hoes hate together when that check end  
But b\*tch you more broke than your best friend  
That chop right beside me like my best man  
Fuck a wedding when it ring watch your head split  
You ain't tough, big bank take little bank Bitch you bankrupt  
All them hoes losing but they ain't us You ain't  
tough, big bank take little bank Bitch you bankrupt  
All them hoes losing but they ain't us  
Fuck all them niggas we gon' fuck up this cash  
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag  
Hopped in a foreign, bitch you hopped in them cabs  
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye  
Fuck all them niggas we gon' fuck up this cash  
I hopped out my feelings then I hopped in my bag  
Hopped in a foreign, bitch you hopped in them cabs  
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye  
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass, aye  
Still living with your mama you ain't hopped off your ass

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