# Cardi B, Bronx Season

[Intro]
Oh, how you doin'?
I'm alright
Hahaha
Man, turn this shit up, man
Ay, Cardi, you got something to say?
You got something to say, talk to ‘em
Cardi!

[Verse]
Now how much times do I gotta prove these niggas wrong?
And how much times I gotta show these bitches I ain't soft?
How many shows I gotta sell out 'fore ya’ll get the cost?
Why they really tryna front like I ain't hit the charts?
All these labels, throwin' deals from left to right
But I ain't givin' in until they get them numbers right
All these people think that this shit happened overnight
All that flexin' they be doin', shit is all a hype
No tolerance for a hatin' bitch talkin' shit
Only time I hold my tongue is when I'm suckin' dick
So when I see you in the streets, yeah, it's fuckin' lit
And don't be talkin' all that sorry shit, don't flip the script
I see the lights, I hear the hype, I hit the mic
I kill the show, I get my dough, I catch a flight
I see a hater, I'm runnin' down, it's on sight
I throw my hands, I hit em' left, I hit em' right
They sleepin' on me just because I used to strip
But it's all good 'cause now they wanna get up in my VIP
Blowin' up my phone, sayin' everythin' I touch is lit
Actin' corn and wanna fuck me like they wasn't talkin' shit, whoa
I let 'em live, let the shady motherfuckers live
Give them the price then it's time to show them what it is
Don't got the bat? Well then, what you really tryna pitch?
Don't waste my time, I ain't never been no average bitch
Not to mention, I did my tour and that shit was winnin'
Independent, the headline, award of feelin'
I thank the Lord for every blessing that he has given
I love the fans, they fill me up with that ammunition
I don't really talk shit but now I gotta off this
I don't know why bitches think we work in the same office
Corny bitches tryna keep up? Look exhausted
Wave the white flag, girl, you might as well just forfeit
My ex told me I was never gon' be shit
Lookie, lookie now, lookie now, nigga, I'm that bitch
What you thought? Yeah, you really lost, now you kinda sick
But I ain't never need a nigga, I was always on my shit, yeah
I used to stare at magazines on the train
Lookin' at these models like, "I gotta be this one day"
Fuck around, got myself a name, now I'm gettin' paid
Left the corny bitches in the grave, so they throwin' shade

[Outro]
Oh my gawd, oh my gawd
I don’t know why I gotta prove myself to people that—
That I’m deadass with this shit, like—
What the fuck, do I gotta sell my soul or something?
Do I gotta sell my pussy or something?
Like, I’m deadass, I’m so tired of ya’ll, my gawd
Oh hey!