Cardi B, Enough (Miami)

[Intro]
Yeah
Yeah
Okay
Okay
Okay
Okay (Mano)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, look (OG Parker)

[Verse 1]
Me verse you and you know who they pickin'
Cheap and expensive, you knowin' the difference
You know that it's hittin', you know what it's givin'
Hair, nails, polar bear
I can survive in the coldest conditions
Hoes better lower they tone when they spittin'
Bitches is washed, soap on the dishes
I apply pressure like boa constrictors
One bitch, two bitch, old bitch, new bitch
None of y'all bitches not gon' do shit
I'm in Miami, I pull up on cruise ship
You in Miami, four hoes to a room shit (Ah)

[Pre-Chorus]
When I step, it's stampede
Foot on neck, can't breathe
Lucky Charm, Van Cleef
Diamonds on the dance team

[Chorus]
I see my opps linkin' up, I'm like, "What in the fuck?"
If you scared, then just say that, ho, enough is enough
They was just in my DMs, ain't no trustin' these sluts
I'm about to call up Diamond, bitch, knuck if you—
Opps linkin' up, I'm like, "What in the fuck?"
If you scared then just say that, ho, enough is enough
They was just in my DMs, ain't no trustin' these sluts
I'm about to call up Diamond, bitch, knuck if you buck

[Verse 2]
I'm like, "Ooh, child, cool down"
Too hot, too wild
Mugler, new style
Mmm, how you fuckin' with me? Girl
Give me one shot and I'm raising the glass
Give me two shots and I'm shaking this ass
Give me three shots and I'm ready to fuck
Five, four shots, I be ready to splash
God gave it to me, so I gotta pop it
I'm standing on business, I'm really about it
Bitches be talkin', mouth be bigger than they pockets
Girl, tell me about it
I'm litty, I'm pretty, I'm runnin' the city
I'm shittin' on bitches in every department
This ass heavy and thick like peanut butter and bitches jelly about it
Did a lot of winnin', lot of scorin' (Yeah)
Cardi Bryant, Cardi Jordan (Yeah)
These bitches sore losers (What?)
And they can't do it, it's not important
Look, ayy, I'm gettin' better and better-er
I do not see no competitors (You know it)
You know the gang hit that pussy, said it was regular-degular
Can't see me in fightin', can't see me in fashion, can't see me with money, these bitches is buggin'
Either these bitches is blind or I'm invisible, bitches can't see me in nothing (Mmm)

[Pre-Chorus]
When I hop out, it's stampede
Foot on neck, can't breathe
Lucky Charm, Van Cleef
Diamonds on the dance team

[Chorus]
I see my opps linkin' up, I'm like, "What in the fuck?"
If you scared, then just say that, ho, enough is enough
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