Cardi B, I Do ft. SZA

[Intro]
M-M-M-Murda

[Chorus: SZA]
Left a nigga on read 'cause I felt like it
Dress me down in that Raf, Saint Laurent jacket
Dapper, dapper, I look fine and my checks divine
No wonder, wonder why I do whatever I like
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do
I do what I like, I do, I do

[Verse 1: Cardi B]
I think us, bad bitches, is a gift from God (Gift from God)
I think you broke hoes need to get a job (Get a job)
Now I'm a boss, I write my own name on the checks (Cardi)
Pussy so good, I say my own name during sex
I might smack a bitch 'cause I felt like it
Gucci shoes and a belt like it
Said that Cardi is his favorite fragrance
I'm a rich bitch and I smell like it
I'm in a boss bitch mood, ayy, these heels are Givenchy, ho
These are some boss bitch shoes
If you ain't no boss bitch, move, ayy
For the record, I set record record sales
I like niggas that been in and outta jail
They said by now that I'll be finished, hard to tell (I can tell)
My little fifteen minutes lasting long as hell, huh?

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[Verse 2: Cardi B]
Look, broke hoes do what they can (Can)
Good girls do what they told (Told)
Bad bitches do what they want (They want)
That's why a bitch is so cold
I'm a gangsta in a dress, I'm a bully in the bed
Only time that I'm a lady's when I lay these hoes to rest
The coupe is roofless, but I get top in it
I'm provocative, it's my prerogative
80K just to know what time is it
Cardi rockin' it, go buy stock in it
Spend what I want, ain't no limit
I say what I want, I ain't never been timid
Only real shit comes out my mouth and only real niggas go in it
Leave his texts on read, leave his balls on blue
Put it on airplane mode so none of those calls come through
Here's a word to my ladies, don't you give these niggas none (Give 'em none)
If they can't make you richer, they can't make you cum (Egh!)

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