Megan Thee Stallion, Last Week in H Tx

[Intro]
(MCV bitch)
Ayy, yeah, Stalli, summer '17
Ayy, yeah, yeah, ayy, look

[Verse 1]
Okay, last week we was eatin' peanut butter jelly (Damn)
Then I hit a lick, now we countin' Benjamellys (Okay)
Met him in the telly, doin' whatever he let me
I got love for my nigga like I'm Tionne off of Belly (Mwah)
Everybody thinkin' bad bitches got it easy
Well not the young ones on the grind gettin' greazy
Last week, I had to make a hunnid dollars stretch
Every motherfuckin' night, I was eatin' cheese eggs (Okay)
Bitches tell stories 'cause these whores don't know me (Don't know me)
See me by myself and got to trippin wit' your homie
I bet if you touch me, you go missin' like you Dory (Like you Dory)
Bitch, that's why your nigga wanna kick it wit' the horsey
Uh-oh, I ain't never ran from a ho (Ran from a ho)
But I never let a bitch get a stain on my clothes (No-oh)
Ridin' with my hands in the air
Got your nigga on the side with his fingers in my ooh, yeah, yeah
Just bought a fifth of the Henn' (Fifth of the Henn')
Pocket full of white man named Benjamin (Named Benjamin)
Lookin' for a hot boy with some fine friends (With some fine friends)
And your baby daddy wanna be my boyfriend
[Chorus]
Bitch, I'm from Texas, rock all the best shit
And I walk slow for them eyes tryna catch this (For them eyes)
Bad red head, make your whole clique lose it
Boy, I know you wanna come kick it out in Houston
Bitch, I'm from Texas (Ayy, ayy)
(H-Town, H-Town, H-Town, yeah)
Bitch, I'm from Texas
(Ayy, ayy, 7-1-3, 2-8-1, 8-3-2)

[Verse 2]
Okay, last week shit was kinda bad (Bad)
I be goin' missin' when I'm tryna get a bag (Yeah)
I ain't got no time for no nigga tryna nag
'Cause I'm in love with my money like my name Mr. Krabs (Like my name Mr. Krabs)
And I got the winnin' ticket, middle finger to them niggas and them bitches
You was wishin' that I'd stay slippin', throwin' all them peelings
You was dissin', you ain't see the vision, like your eyes was Christian
Tryna curse me, I just pray to God they keep the devil off me
Stalli don't bend or fold for no ho
Don't give convo to those I don't know
Niggas try to play me close to get my info
Only time I disclose is when I disrobe
Never gave a fuck (Fuck), never gave a damn (Damn)
And I'ma keep on grindin' till these hoes know who I am
And I will come and take you for a hold of my hand
And bitch, I best not catch you lookin' at my fuckin' man (What?)
And when I'm with my crew (Crew), just be cool (Cool)
Unless you wanna see some real bitches act a fool (Real bitches act a fool)
And when I walk by (By), niggas just sty
They only make 'em like this on the Southside

[Chorus]
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And I walk slow for them eyes tryna catch this (For them eyes)
Bad red head, make your whole clique lose it
Boy, I know you wanna come kick it out in Houston
Bitch, I'm from Texas (Ayy, ayy)

(H-Town, H-Town, H-Town, yeah)
Bitch, I'm from Texas
(Ayy, ayy, 7-1-3, 2-8-1, 8-3-2)

[Verse 3]
Sippin' on mimosa while he lick on my panocha (Ahh)
Collar round his neck that say, "Thee Stallion" 'cause I own him
Haters never see me, I ain't hangin' where it's local (Hangin' where it's local)
Drink my Henny outta china, black and boujee like I'm Oprah
Stallion for president, snatchin' all the brethren (All the brethren)
Foot up in a rap bitch ass without no lubricant
She boring, I ain't hearing it (Nope), who the fuck is hyping this? (Who?)
There's something off about her like she missin' some ingredients (Ugh)
I'm sexual, no deviant, I like my man obedient (I like my man obedient)
Don't want it missionary 'cause that's boring, I need freaky shit
Walk up in the house and bust a pipe, get it leakin' shit
All up on my booty while you do me on some pinky shit
Yes, I got big breasts, so I like to say shit wit' my chest
And I'm not sayin' I'm not humble, I just feel like I'm the best
Who's my competition? It's like all y'all the same bitch
And y'all be beefin', I'm a vegan, stupid bitches make me itch
And I keep me a full set, I keep something nice around my neck
I keep a box around your nigga 'cause I keep his ass in check
Now I'm done with being broke so don't get mad if I ain't spoke
Bitch, I'm chillin' out in Houston, come and see me if you want (Ah)