Megan Thee Stallion, Make a Bag (Ft. Moneybag

[Intro]
(RamyOnTheBeat)
(LilJuMadeDaBeat)

[Chorus: Megan thee Stallion]
Ayy, yeah
Bitch, I'm exquisite, no cheap shit (Money)
Ahead of these bitches, I lead shit (Ahh)
Makin' it pop on some freak shit
You bring it to me
You know I'ma make a bag
And make it twerk, twerk, twerk
Make that bitch jump
You know I'ma make a bag
And make it twerk, twerk, twerk
Make that bitch jump, ahh

[Verse 1: Moneybagg Yo]
I'm at Pappadeuax eating seafood (Seafood)
Racks in my pocket and a big tool (Big tool)
The shit that I'm rockin' got red on the bottom
Ho, these ain't no cheap shoes (Shoes)
I really be hustlin', I really be thuggin' (I really be thuggin')
I ain't one of these rap dudes (I ain't one of these rap dudes)
Diamonds jumpin' out the face of the Audemars
Doin' the Michael Jackson kick move (Damn)
I'ma big dog, you a shih tzu
She gon' kick the nigga out 'fore I come through (Ah)
You ain't been through what I've been through
Now I'm up, I'ma gon' ball like Caillou (Like Caillou)
Achoo, bless me, please don't test me
I won't hesitate to bust the Smith and Wesson
Dope boys and some killers in my section (Right on, right on)
You a lame, we ain't fuckin' with you peasants (No)
I got big pointers sittin' inside the necklace
Reach for my chain, send your ass to heaven
Shoot first, we don't do the second guessin' (Hit it now)
Hit his nigga and I bet he get the message
I'm in a Maserati truck (Skrrt, skrrt), fishbowl, nigga
I know they ass seein' me but I don't see a soul, nigga

[Verse 2: Megan thee Stallion]

I'm at Grand Lux eatin' a Caesar salad with my sugar daddy (Yeah)
Pulled up on me in a big Benz, told me to drive
I told him, "Let me have it"
No time to play with these niggas, huh
After I break 'em, I kick 'em, huh
Told him to put me some ice on my neck and my ears if he want me to listen, hey, huh
He wanna swim in my lap, huh
He tryna get in my snaps, huh
I'm tellin' bitches I've been in my bag
But now I got the wallet to match, huh
He love how I fit in my clothes, huh
He love how I talk, I'ma poet, hey
He told me he think that he fallin' in love
And I told him I'm already knowin', huh
I might balance a bitch on these 'enciagas
I can't see the haters through these fuckin' Prada's
They gon' book me 'cause I bring the pussy poppers
And the niggas with money that's poppin' bottles
I'ma make a bag and make it twerk
I'm finna run up a bag in a skirt
They checkin' him but the gun in my purse

I'm killin' these hoes and I know that it hurt, ahh

[Chorus: Megan thee Stallion]
Yeah, bitch, I'm exquisite, no cheap shit (Money)
Ahead of these bitches, I lead shit (Ahh)
Makin' it pop on some freak shit
You bring it to me
You know I'ma make a bag
And make it twerk, twerk, twerk
Make that bitch jump
You know I'ma make a bag
And make it twerk, twerk, twerk
Make that bitch jump, ahh