Megan Thee Stallion, Shots Fired

[Intro]
Brrt, brrt, baow (Buddah Bless this beat)

[Verse 1]
Imagine niggas lyin' 'bout shootin' a real bitch (Huh?)
Just to save face for rapper niggas you chill with
Imagine me givin' a fuck it was your fuckin' birthday (Fuck you)
You in your feelings, I just thought it was another Thursday
Now imagine me cockblockin' niggas on some dry shit (What?)
I don't want you on the bench, believe you wouldn't've been invited (You wouldn't've been invited)
And if it weren't for me, same week, you would have been indicted (Should've let them lock your as
You offered M's not to talk, I guess that made my friend excited, hmm
Now y'all in cahoots, huh (Okay), you a puss in boots
You shot a 5'10" bitch with a .22
Talkin' 'bout bones and tendons like them bullets wasn't pellets
A pussy nigga with a pussy gun in his feelings
Okay, he in the backseat and he keep callin' me a bitch (He a bitch)
We all know the shit I could've came back with (Lil'-ass nigga)
He talkin' 'bout his followers, dollars, and goofy shit
I told him, "You're not poppin', you just on the remix" (What's poppin'?)
Now here we are, 2020, eight months later
And we still ain't got no fuckin' justice for Breonna Taylor (Breonna Taylor)
Any nigga on that nigga's side is a clout chaser (Fuck y'all)
A bitch who he fuckin' or a ho that he payin', uh

[Interlude]
Imagine me, hahaha
Imagine me entertaining you fuckin' goofy-ass niggas and you fuckin' goofy-ass bitches
Brrt, brrt, blaow (Buddah Bless this beat)

[Verse 2]
Who you takin' shots at, goofy-ass nigga?
Keep your broke ass out a rich bitch business
And that go for you bitches too that's tryna get picked
Talkin' shit, I'll slide on you, thinkin' that you slick
Ooh shit, it's a lotta weak niggas in this bitch
They confused
They hate me, but watch my videos beatin' they dick
Who a snitch? I ain't never went to the police with no names
I thought a bitch that got her chain snatched, caught a loss had something to say, ayy
I be speakin' facts, uh, they can't handle that, uh
They want me to be the bad guy, let me put my mask on
I was chose, I ain't ask to be this motherfuckin' cold
Still the brightest star and not just the ones that's up in this Rolls
Keep it pimpin' always, actions do the talkin'
I know you want the clout, so I ain't sayin' y'all names
Oh, you out here ballin', huh? Who you get that money from?
Ten toes down for whoever get the Patek, huh?
I be so content 'cause I know I'm a real bitch
And anything I say, I'm never scared to repeat it
You'd think I was a killer how these niggas scared as shit
I pull up one deep, but niggas bring they whole clique, ayy
Who you takin' shots at, goofy-ass bitch?
Watchin' me succeed from your knees, suckin' dick
I know you want attention from the niggas that I get
I'm a steak, you a side plate, shrimp, stay in your place
Real bitch, yeah, yeah, I ain't sellin' fairytales
FaceTime my nigga while my other nigga layin' there
Bitch think she sabotagin' somethin', tryna run and tell
Bitch, I got a bond with my niggas and they all aware, yeah
Who you takin' shots at? Shut up with your scary ass
No profile pic, bitch, your mama shouldn't've had
Kick me while I'm down bad, I remember all that
Next nigga send a shot, I'ma sent it right back

(Ah)
[Outro]
Brrt, brrt
Brrt, haha
Ah
Should've let them lock your ass up
Pussy