Wiz Khalifa, Y U Mad (feat. Megan Thee Stallion,

Huh?
Why y'all gotta be mad at me?
(Mustard on the beat, ho)

Top down (Down)
Shirt open 'cause I'm hot now (Now)
100K for the smile (Ooh, yeah)
Quit the hatin' when we come 'round (Yeah, yeah)
And they hope that we gon' stop
The only way is up where we go
We don't get enough, no, no (No)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Oh)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Mad)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Mad at us)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Okay)

Know you hate, I should motivate
I got more to make, sorry for the wait, know your place
Say she love the taste, y'all don't wanna race
My new whip straight from outer space
New bitch bad, yours outta shape
I know why they mad, 'cause they down bad
She call you her nigga, but she call me daddy
Wonder why I'm always postin' shit online laughin'
You be posted up on IG sad
Puff, puff, pass, shawty so bad
Had to get her number, she had so much ass
Give good brain, but she don't go to class
Drink it out the bottle, she don't want no glass
My bankroll's bigger than your man's (Yeah, yup)
My watch look sicker than your man's (Yeah, yup)
If I ain't take time just to flex, girl, I wouldn't be the nigga that I am
Haha

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Shirt open 'cause I'm hot now (Now, yeah, yup)
100K for the smile (Ooh, yeah)
Quit the hatin' when we come 'round (Yeah, yeah)
And they hope that we gon' stop
The only way is up where we go
We don't get enough, no, no (No, ooh, yeah)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Oh)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Mad, ah)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Hey, mad at us)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Ayy)

I'm poppin' tags, I ain't taggin' hoes, rich, what I'm mad for?
I don't wanna fight, but if you run up, then I'm draggin' hoes
Why you think I want your boo? Who the fuck you talkin' to?
I would never ever fuck a nigga who would fuck with you (Ew)
Bitch, I'm expensive, my hair and nails cost a ticket
You wanna fuck with me, book me, you talkin' shit, but ain't at me (Huh?)
And I ain't droppin' no Addy, you can't know where I live
I got a whole lot of cheese and I don't need rats at the crib (Ah)
I'm a bad bitch (Yeah), and you a mad bitch (Ugh)
Put the baddest bitch next to Megan, I make her average
Bitch, I'm in a drop-top coupe goin' fast in it (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
Rich nigga get behind me, I'ma put my back in it (Baow, baow, baow)
I got him real heated (Yeah)
I know he wanna fuck me, but I only let him eat it (Mwah)
And every time he send a long text, I never read it (Huh)
I see how hard she tryin', but your girl could never be me
Ah, mwah

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Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Oh)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Mad)
Why you mad at us, mad at us? (Mad at us)
Why you mad at us, mad at us?