

Bitches n Marijuana (feat. ScHoolboy Q)

Chris Brown & Tyga

You can tell by the way I walk that I got 'em
Peel any girl that I wanna, got bitches and marijuana
I can tell by the way you move that you a problem
Peel any girl that I wanna, got bitches and marijuana
I got 'em, I got 'em
Ooh, she dance, she don't do it for free
I got 'em, I got 'em
Got bitches and marijuanaT-ballin', globetrotter
Got a bunch of pre-rolls and a gold lighter
Think you on fire? You gon' need more fire
I tell her that's all you get like Street Fighter
Nah, walk with me, yeah, talk to me
That body cold, chess game like a pawn to me
She wanna ride with me, kick it and vibe with me
I got that long clip, fall asleep to the movie
Motherfuckin' goonies, Cartier rubies
Coupe, no top, yeah I took off the Kufi
I'm high, I'm woozie, D'usse, I'm doosing
I might just be right with my bitch in Jacuzzi
Right, nigga, gettin' right, nigga
I'mma knock that pussy out, fight night nigga
I'mma light it up, pass it to the right nigga
All bitches at the crib, don't invite niggas, yeah
You can tell by the way I walk that I got 'em (yeah)
Peel any girl that I wanna, got bitches and marijuana
I can tell by the way you move that you a problem (you a problem)
Peel any girl that I wanna, got bitches and marijuana
I got 'em, I got 'em (yeah)
Ooh, she dance, she don't do it for free (ohhhh hoo)
I got 'em, I got 'em
Got bitches (look) and marijuanaPull up, got the fat sackWith some clean motherfuckers, no
hood rats
Yeah we suited and booted, you know your bitch 'bout to toot it
She want love from a nigga, that's a heart attack, yeah
Loud pack, give me all of that
Don't be sending naked pics cause my phone tapped
Black mask, duffel bag and a hundred racks
I don't snitch but I could show you where the money at, me nigga
It's right here
Got girls and they all on my lap, they with me nigga
Hell yeah
You see the Lambo parked in the trap, that's me nigga

I own it while you living on a lease nigga
I'm known to keep my bitches on a leash nigga
I smoke it by the pound, what you talking 'bout?
I dick your bitch down then I walk it out(ohhh) You can tell by the way I walk that I got 'em
Peel any girl that I wanna, got bitches and marijuana (yeah)
I can tell by the way you move that you a problem
Peel any girl that I wanna, got bitches and marijuana (I got 'em)
I got 'em, I got 'em
Ooh, she dance, she don't do it for free
I got 'em, I got 'em (I got...)
Got bitches and marijuana (ehh)Grimy nigga way too groovy for the GrammysOverseas
collecting panties, poppin' Xanies
Young nigga, hundred grand for the gram, hot damn
Hit the curb with the Benz, swerve
Rollie do no ticky, do the blingy (uhh), I spending hundreds, all the fifties
Word around the city I'm that niggy, but this month I made a milli
Another month, another milli, man that shit be gettin' silly
Man, bitch you looking silly
Uh, why you broke? Go get a check
Uh, and when you fly, who need a jet?
She wanna move out to the west, she want them diamonds on her neck (yeah)
And palm trees in the yard, wanna be's with a star, huh?
And get the keys to the car huh
And wanna lick on every scar huh
My money good, shit we buying off the bar right now, right now
Who got the weed right now, right now?You can tell by the way I walk that I got 'em
Peel any girl that I wanna, got bitches and marijuana
I can tell by the way you move that you a problem
Peel any girl that I wanna, got bitches and marijuana
I got 'em, I got 'em
Ooh, she dance, she don't do it for free
I got 'em, I got 'em
Got bitches and marijuana

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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