

Oprah's Bank Account (feat. Drake)

Lil Yachty & DaBaby

I ain't mad at 'em, baby
If I seen't you out, me too would be up on you crazy
Diamond in the rough, you look as good as Oprah's bank account I just wanna take you out
Fuck you in your mama house
Overseas, I fly you out
Is it trickin' if she really love me? Let's just find it out
Baby, what's up with your mouth?
City girl straight from the South
Back home on a presi', I'm Obama, ayy, I condone the drama, ayy
I tongued down Madonna, ayy, do you need pajamas? Yeah
Stayin' the night, girl, you promised it
I hide in the cave like Osama did
I'm blowin' a bag in the Diamond District
You need me like dollars that are owed to you, yeah
Money and me are the same, but I just don't fold for you, yeah
Run me a body, I'll put a Range on the road for you
I don't know what you were told, but I ain't mad at you, baby If I seen't you out, me too would
be up on you crazy
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Baby, what's up with your mouth?
City girl straight from the South
Is they mad that you fuck with me? (Is they mad, mad, mad?)
Is they mad that you ride around in a Bentley? (Skrrt)
Is they mad that you not with them? (Is they mad?)
Same hoes hatin' be in my DM (That's too sad)
Lockin' it down, lockin' it down
Lockin' it down, I want you (I want you)
I want them to know you're my baby boo (My boo)
We still make it lit when ain't nothin' to do
Every time we step out, niggas look at you
(No, no, no, no, make him hit it and then quit it) I ain't mad at 'em, baby
If I seen't you out, me too would be up on you crazy
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I just wanna take you out

You look as good as Oprah's bank account
I ain't mad at 'em, baby My bitch pull up lookin' like Oprah bank (Let's go)
Take a pic with a bitch and she faint (Yeah)
She look like a goddess, but she ain't no saint
My bitch 'bout it 'bout it, she need her a tank (Uh)
You know ain't no limit on blue hundreds
My bitch like a big bag of money, this new money (Chill)
You gon' make the bitch think that you love her (Fuck you)
Hold her hand right in front you, we too public (Aw)
Take the lil' nigga bitch, he ain't do nothin' (Yeah)
Now his bitch goin' Baby on Baby (Let's go)
She want me to stay, I ain't stayin'
And I hope that these niggas don't play, I ain't playin' (Let's go)
Your bitch lookin' good as Oprah bank account
I'm the type to take a nigga ho from him and take her out
Keep the butt, I'll take the mouth
(No, no, no, no, make him hit it and then quit it) I ain't mad at 'em, baby (Let's go)
If I seen't you out, me too would be up on you crazy (Let's go)
Diamond in the rough, you look as good as Oprah's bank account
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I ain't mad at 'em, baby

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