

Chris Brown ft. Lil Wayne, Tyga - Loyal

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Young Mula, baby
You thought it was over?

[Verse 1: Lil' Wayne]
I wasn't born last night
I know these hoes ain't right
But you was blowing up her phone last night
But she ain't have her ringer nor her ring on last night, oh
Nigga, that's that nerve
Why give a bitch your heart when she'd rather have a purse?
Why give a bitch an inch when she'd rather have nine?
You know how the game goes
She be mine by half time, I'm the shit, oh
Nigga, that's that nerve
You all about her, and she all about hers
Birdman Junior in this bitch, no flamingos
And I done did everything, but trust these hoes
(CB fuck with me!)

[Chris Brown:]
When A rich nigga want ya
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see

[Verse 2: Chris Brown]
Just got rich
Took a broke nigga bitch
I can make a broke bitch rich
But I don't fuck with broke bitches

Got a white girl with some fake titties
I took her to the Bay with me
Eyes closed, smoking marijuana
Rolling up that Bob Marley
I'm a rasta
She say she wanna do drugs,
Smoke weed, get drunk
She wanna see a nigga trapped
She wanna fuck all the rappers

[Chorus:]

When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (nothing no)
These hoes ain't loyal (no they ain't)
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see

[Verse 3: Chris Brown]

Black girl with a big booty
If she a bad bitch, let's get to it right away
We up in this club
Bring me the bottles
I know girl, that you came in this bitch with your man
That's a no no girl
All this money in the air
I wanna see you dance

Just got rich
Took a broke nigga bitch
I can make a broke bitch rich
But I don't fuck with broke bitches

[Chorus:]

When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (no, nothing)
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see

[Verse 4: Tyga]

With ciroc in the system?
Ain't no telling will I fuck them, will I diss them
That's what they be yelling, I'm a pimp by blood
No relation, I don't chase 'em, I replace 'em
LVs, Hermes, Dolces
Them hoes ain't loyal. Man, they rotate
School me to the game, now i know my duty
Put it in the loader
She was riding in the hoot
Fuck that bitch
I got my own hoe
Fuck your weed
I got my own smoke
Had to put my mink back on
Tell that bitch
Put a ring back on
Montana

[Chris Brown:]

Come on, come on, girl
Why you frontin'?
Baby show me something
When I call her, she gon' leave
And I bet that bottom dollar she gon' cheat
Come on, come on, girl
Why you frontin'?
Baby show me something
You just spent your ring on her
And it's all for nothing

[Chorus:]

When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya (can't do nothing for ya)
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see

When a rich nigga want you (want you baby)
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see

Yeah, yeah, let me see
Yeah, yeah, let me see
Let me see

These hoes ain't loyal
Let me see