

Blessed - GloRilla lyrics

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“ Blessed ”

Blessed Lyrics – GloRilla

GloRilla, woo, ayy

On the gang, on the, on the gang

He got 99 problems, and the biggest one is me (Yup)

He got all of these lil' bitches, and the biggest one is me (Yup)

Keep a mug up on my face, I know they tryna get the tea

I don't be fucked up 'bout nothin', 'cause I be smokin' weed

It's cool to have a man but that ain't somethin' I need

And sweetie if you want lil' buddy back you gotta tell me please (Tell me
please)

Money long, check (Check), pussy good, check (Let's go)

Momma straight, check (Ayy), right now I'm feelin' blessed

Right now I'm on they ass, and I don't plan on lettin' up (Fuck 'em)

We probably wouldn't be poppin' shit if nobody was mad at us (Ahh)

Rather give the people hope, it's pointless to be givin' fucks

Cuban round my neck, look like my opps when they be linkin' up ('Cause they pissy)

Ayy, I'm in Cali now, now I'm in NYC

On the way to MIA (Where you from?), but I'm from Tennessee

Livin' in the suburbs now, I still got ratchet tendencies (On the gang)

I'm juiced up now they throwin' shots, I still be drinkin' Hennessy (Ooh, wee)

My yellow bumpin' ass, I'm feelin' like a speed bump (Ayy)

All these labels watchin', lookin' at me like I need her

My cousin in a toxic situation, need to free her

See me at the top, a ho can't pay me shit to meet up (On the gang)

Bills paid, check (Let's go), edges slayed? Check (Yeah)

Bitches hatin'? Yup, do it faze me? Un, un

Pussy clean? Yup, you shop on Shein? Yup

They makin' memes (Hahaha), on the gang

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She got 99 problems, and I can solve everyone

She got nine to ten niggas, I may rob everyone

I'ma north nigga rep them three numbers, 901

And I'm paranoid, I ain't goin' nowhere without a gun (I am)

When I tell a ho that blicky extendo stickin' out her purse (Purse)

And she know I fucked her friend but we tryna make that shit work

And we both come from the bottom (Bottom), matchin' AP's rockin' Prada

I may let her count a couple million dollars, get the pussy wet

Man, you a gangster on the internet (Twitter)

99 opps but where yo' shooters at? (What y'all shootin' at?)

I got 99 soldiers, and I can feed everyone

All the guys that got a bond, I'll free everyone

I got five or six homes, I got ten or twelve cars

I ain't trickin' to no bitch before I take care my niggas behind bars

She say I'm thinkin' wit' my dick, I guess I'm thinkin' really hard (Hard)

'Cause I'll give a bitch a check before I give a ho my heart (Yeah, on the
gang)

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