

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# Imaginary Playerz

Par Cardi B

*Album : Cardi B Videos*

Yeah, it's the motherfuckin' Brimcess, you heard?

The shit these bitches be braggin' about is like

Shit I was doin' in like 2016, type shit

Like (why these bitches hatin'?)

You bitches don't even know the difference between vintage and archive, like

(Why these bitches hatin'?) Yeah, look

Now I spit that other shit, pretty motherfucker shit

Cardi B, every song platinum, I'm not the other bitch

Whatever you was gon' pay her, you gotta double it

Glory hole, bitches don't know who they fuckin' with

Their money my stocks and share money

Your bookin' fee is my makeup and hair money

Bitches say I think I'm the shit, and do (and do), and did

Just know you bitches can't live

I got the hottest shit, hop out, poppin' it

They say I walk around lookin' like a compliment

Shut up, stop whinin', Cardi still shinin'

Hos kept complainin', so I copped more diamonds

And more archive, vintage couture on me

I got more Gaultier than Jean probably

Summer with cheeks out, Winter, it's minks out

I buy grown man watches and make 'em take links out, bitch

(Why these bitches hatin'?) I mean

It's really easy for me to talk this shit, 'cause I live this shit (why these bitches hatin'?)

I just gotta make it rhyme

Bitches, I leave 'em all fucked, fists be balled up

Y'all hos look cheap, that shit don't cost much

I'm a star, but I'll smack you, don't get star-struck

Patientce lookin' at me like, "Cardi, what the fuck?"

Striped like Thom Browne, these bitches should calm down

Quicker they lift up, the quicker they fall down

Poor thing, Twitter must be gassin' them heavy

Makin' them jump in the ring with the Brim before they ready

I seen whole fan pages make avatar changes

All that old love go to new fan bases

Now your 15 up, you already outta time

I'm a legend, they gon' hang my heels from the power lines, haha

(Why these bitches hatin'?) All I'm sayin' is

God forbid some shit happened to the Brim

Put my motherfuckin' heels in Nelson Ave (why these bitches hatin'?)

Bronx legend, you heard?

My flop and your flop is not the same

If you did my numbers, y'all would pop champagne

If I did your numbers, I would hop out a plane

Suicide, if I fall from the distance 'tween you and I

They gotta be kiddin'

Whatever they smokin' on, it gotta be hittin'

The bag you just posted been in the closet sittin'

The car he just got you bow-tied in a ribbon

Been in my driveway, not gettin' driven

Y'all some bench bitches (hatin'), haha, ho, y'all just started startin'

Birthday at Carbone, to me, that's Olive Garden

A nigga couldn't take me there, that's y'all department

Tasteless, huh, basic

I'm a Waldorf penthouse every state, bitch

2016, I had Fashion Nova lit, huh

Ask Rich, y'all need your ass whipped

What the fuck you mean this bitch is out-dressin' me? (Why these bitches hatin'?)

How that bitch outdressin' me with my fuckin' vibe, bitch? (Why these bitches hatin'?)

Huh, I dressed that bitch, haha

Fixin' y'all mouth to talk fashion with me

I'm the one who showed these girls what fashion could be

The first rap bitch on the cover of Vogue

But somehow y'all passed me, I suppose?

I know your type, all bold and all cap

'Fore the love of hip-hop, y'all knew me before that

These bitches is nuts, bitches is ball sacks

And behind my back, bitches be tight like bra straps, ay (hatin')

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