

Me & My Bitch

E-40

It's just me (it's just me mayne)
And my bitch (and my biatch)
She hates my guts (she hate my guts)
And makes me sick (I can't stand her)
I curse her out (HOE!)
She cuss me out (sorry ass nigga!)
Then we make up (we make up mayne)
Fuck on the couch (on the couch) BIATCH! BIATCH!

UHHH!
My main batch in the front yard finna fight my other
batch
Try'na grab each other by each other hair and pull out
a patch
Both of them got Vaseline on they face so they both
don't get scratched
My neighbors ain't trippin (why?) cause they use to
that
The police don't response cause they know they won't be
right back
Togetha, foreva, like that? Yup like that
Never Chris Makin under? even though pressure bust
sprints
My bitch got my back whether I'm wrong or I'm right
I'm a gangsta and not no little management psychosanian
bad
A lightway part time convenience she like when I make
her laugh
The other day we was jsut kickin it at powwowing and
shit
Have a breakfast at the waffle house, cheese eggs and
grits
Then all of a sudden come rushing some on mysterious
bitch
Talking and hooping and hollering bout she pregnant and
shit
I reached back as far as I can go I can get
Then I slapped the shit out that hoe with the back of
my fist

Seems like everytime a nigga get home (get home)
A nigga done did sumthin wrong (sumthin wrong)
Caught me sex texting on the smart phone (smart phone)
I'm like "what the fuck is this bitch on? " (bitch on)
Her parents don't really like her cause we know we be
on that thug love
And they don't get off in our business cause comments
thicker than blood
But her brothers be try'na to test me size me up and
mean mug
But they know that I pack that iron and I'm glued with
the gloves
For the most part we cool and I respects they gangsta
I gotta baby by they sister we family I ain't no
stranger
Me and my bitch got one of them love/hate relationships
we some fools

Break up to make up then fuck cussing arguing infused
She don't wanna see me with her and I don't wanna she
her with you
But the problem with me and her is all we do is accuse
But at the end of the fuckin day, I'm her man not her
mouse
She got mo money than me, but I wear the pants in this
house (BIATCH!)

Can't live with em, can't live without em
We put our trust in, but we still doubt em
Me and my, me and my, me and, me and my bitch
Me and my, me and my, me and, me and my bitch
I love her panties my nigga she love my dirty draws
I love her panties my nigga she love my dirty draws
(UHH!)

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We put our trust in but we still doubt em

[Hook]