

Ain't That A Bitch (Ask Yourself)

UGK

You Stayin' with that bitch, layin' with that bitch
Fuckin' all your paper off, playin' with that bitch
At first all you wanted to do was fuck with the bitch
Years pass by, now you stuck with that bitch
You fightin' more and more, now you fed up with the bitch
But you knew that was a ho when you hooked up with the bitch
But you trusted the bitch, 'cause you lust for the bitch
You suck on her pussy and bust nuts in the bitch
Now she 'round this motherfucka pregnant and shit
But a child to the bitch is seen as nothin' but a lick
The next thing you know, the bitch got you in court
Tryin' to get your paper, callin' it child support
Takin' half of your shit, talkin' 'bout a divorce
If you don't know the game, then here's a crash course
They say "You live with the bitch, so your common law married"
And the bitch dun got accoustomed to the paper she been gettin'

Ain't that a bitch? Ain't that a bitch?
Ain't that a bitch? Now ask yourself...
Ain't that a bitch?
Ain't that a bitch?

I got a letter from the government the other day
I open and read it, it said "Fuck UGK!
We been watching your success ever since you niggas dropped.
We would've spoke a long time ago, but we thought you would've flopped.
Man, you two niggas got some nuts, to graduate to mainstream status,
From being two broke bastards from off the cuts.
Growing up in town with population 50, 000.
Only 3 high school, 8 sets of low-income housing.
Look, when you did "Too Hard To Swallow", we thought it was a fluke.
We you boys came "Super Tight" we played it Cool Hand Luke.
"Ridin' Dirty" went gold with no video, we gave a break.
But this MTV award nomination shit just took the cake.
So read this letter real good and take it as a warning.
We'll be watching when you sleep and when you wake up in the morning.
The people that you running with and everything you do.
Sincerely yours, nigga, you know motherfuckin' who." Ain't that a bitch?

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And just when you thought that pussy was specially for you
You put all your trust in the bitch, and guess what she do
'Round two in the morning that hoes gone
Then she come home with some different clothes on
I guess the bitch is so fine, that you pay it no mind
You ask her where she been, she say with one of her friends, that hoe lyin'
Her pussy is a gold mine, well that's how she feels
And she can get a few things in exchange for cheap thrills
The price of pussy is turnin' some women to whores
And just because they give you some pussy, it ain't yours
So I don't trip on it but I'll stab if I can
Then wipe off my weapon and turn into the travelin' man
See like, I fucked Ruby Tuesday, but friday I had to slap the hoe

The bitch got knocked up by Roscoe and said I'm the Pappadeaux
In this game they got a name for a chick
Who's gettin' rich for lickin' nuts 'n dick. Ain't that a bitch?

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