

Pobitch

Afroman

Po bitch po bitch
Mad cuz hes broke and im rich
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Cryin on the internet little snitch
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I meet different people in the streets
I can sing, I can rap, I can do beats
Back when I was a K-I-D
Rappers were assholes to me
I don't wanna be like the bad rapper
I wanna be the good rap the love for the hood rap
So I listen to the circumstances
And if I can I give people chances
Nobody gave shit to me but should I be like them
You sink I swim
No I shouldn't so I should help people out if I could
What about people like po bitch
Jealous of me and he wanna get rich
Don't wanna crawl before he walk
Hateful ungrateful talking that talk

I don't wanna come off like a jerk
But everybody in the world has to work
Everyday I spend money, lend money
Without bringing in money, its not funny
Gotta make a profit I can't be broke
Like po bitch is with no crack to smoke
I make money off everything
Like a flat broke crack smoke human being
Named po bitch, internet snitch
Dissing me making me rich
Drunk n high, whack fro20
Po lil bitch gets no money
But you can get the f*ck out my face
And cry to the world on myspace
A snitch is something I must destroy
Never sell drugs with po boy

We live around the corner why you on the internet
You say you gonna sue me but the letter hasn't came yet
I gave you a place to stay

You stole my equipment n bought some yay
You can loose some real-estate but gain possession
You won't teach me a painful lesson I'm teach you one
Pack up you done, stay on the run with your crack baby son
Barney, cookie monster with laringitis
Your flat ass bitch got aids and hepatitis
I love big women, yeah thats true
Thats the reason I f*cked you
Bent you over, stuck my dick in
You'll be ready when you go to the pen
Snitch in there like you do out here

You won't be around next year

You made a song calling me a bitch nigga
But I'm a pimp and your beats made me rich nigga
I made fat dough out of fresh dough
Paid you good you big fat crack hoe
Asshole, you a sad soul, sore loser, out in the cold
You say I'm washed up but you never washed in
I bet you wash everybody's drawers in the pen
Come to my house and pull the trigger
Get off the internet snitch ass nigga
f*ck all this drama
You got your ass kicked by your baby momma
So pack your pistols and your rifles
Watch them black gangster cisciples
Barking like big dog internet poodles
I'm eating steak while you fools eat noodles

Ey huss up its the hungry hustla the american dream the successful failure
The acceptable reject Afro-motherf*cking-m-a-
n from pimpdale Pimpaforia you know what I'm saying
You know bitches get outta line but they get checked you know what I'm sayin
g
You know Grass grow then it get cut you know what I'm saying
And pretty soon you gotta cut it again you know
Its just life inhale exhale eastside palmdale