

# Bitches

Chris Brown

I don't need no niggas in my section  
All bitches, all bitches, all bitches, all bitches ah  
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Higher than the moon, nigga what up  
They ain't worth it, nigga need to shut up  
While I'm in the pussy, face down in the buttock  
It ain't shit to her, me im just a fuck up  
Fuck a hand shake nigga we ain't brothers  
On that West side where they reppin for they colors  
If you talking big shit, then my dick will make you stutter  
All up in your face like it's butter, [?]  
Right now, make her scream my name and pipe her right down  
Nasty I'm a king bitch, give a nigga a wipedown  
Twenty four bitches, I'm rolling on chrome  
My niggas are smoking on that loud  
Bitch try to flunt, Imma blow your back out  
I ain't thinking bout a nigga that walk past you  
Bitch stole my blunt and said she love my tatoos  
I'm that dude, I slang wood, that bamboo  
But when she driving on that dick she a damn fool

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All these bitches I don't wanna see no niggas  
All these bitches I don't wanna see no niggas  
Really really though, all these bitches, i don't want no niggas  
Cause the real niggas that post it up already with us

It's a habit, in the club bottle magic  
Fucking with these ratchets no purses they got baskets  
Its a hand out, these bitches high feeling guess they addicts  
And I ask them are you in like Patrick  
Playing with the pussy like it's madden  
Fire like a dragon  
The one say she like me then they all bandwagon  
Been leadin as hoes, but they pretty like a pageant  
She said she'd let me cut, I had to stab it, fo real though

Audemar, big bitch, big tipper  
Super club, 20,000 for the liquor  
You see the bitch I'm with, you'll probably never get her  
No cop bottles, they're for broke niggas  
In the corner posted it up with the dome giver  
Money flowin like a wet pussy, thats a long river  
So you got your bitch on lock, I'll slim jim her  
It's that time of the month, fuck timber  
All my niggas got a bottle with a blunt lit up  
Before you pop up, throw your set up  
Hop in this bitch 'til the club's lights lit up, leave with her  
Big spender, a bitch shut up  
T-Killa illuminati all through your body  
She blow me like a twelve gang shawty you feel me

Pull up in the 'rari, the fuckin life of the party  
I'm getting hoes regardless  
Before this rap shit, I'm honest