I don't really give a fuck what you think I only really give a fuck what you drink I'm a bartender, car spender, a dick lender A cash spender, ass bender, I'm ass in Let's get it crackin like a brothel in here; a whore house Got these bitches walkin nekkid throughout the whole house What the fuck you think my life is about? Bitches hatin What you think that butter knife is about? Bitches hatin To see what this nigga's dick is about Do he be just talking shit? No I doubt He got years of clout Like a rebound on a credit line on a Master Card Swiped it right between her pussy, then I bashed the bone Then I juke it for a minute as I punched in my code Then I waited for the pearls to come out, low and behold Bankrupt cus ya stank stunk, frontin like a pooh bear I opened up ya cock and hollered then, "Who there?" "Nobody just us lice" That's nice Little buggers, done grew up to be the size the rice So I jumped back shocked and grabbed for my colla Her pussy depreciated to pennies on a dolla Now what the fuck? If you want the dick get the fuck up And stop actin like a old tampon; stuck up Give me something to put my stamp on the tramp gone, "What up?" I make ya bust nuts till ya nut up

The Birdz and Da Beez are the four things that we consume Drink up become room Then fuck up in the room with the door locked Wake up Divorced looking for some more cock

Shabity wee-rock sweet cock, juicy boo Like Crips and Piru, shit, we gone do I fell into the club and hit the dance flo Ya boy got mad cus what I dipped with his ho Baby girl had my tinsel returnin slow She was sick, got me looking for Pepto-Bismol Shit stackin, jaw smackin, dolla dropa Dice shakin money makin holla hoppa Home wreckin, ho checkin dick is slow Bring me back Cognac, from the liquor sto' Bet you didn't know that ya ho is a freak Every week she got something up in her jaw meat And it aint policies, spit it out You gone tear my zipper on me before we, get it out They wanna be touched by the untouchable click Don't hate participate, yo sing that shit

The Birdz and Da Beez are the four things that we consume Drink up become room Then fuck up in the room with the door locked Wake up Divorced looking for some more cock

When I bubble its trouble What I'm sippin on make it a double When I'm wit a ho, take her to hustle More money ya muscle

DJ Quik

Shake a hooker like a trick up Leather and Wood 304 to the good When I'm pimpin I'm jaggy When I'm pimpin I'm saggy When I'm high I'm a fly guy into the cat ?? the day Federan the man When I put it on floss mode looking for ants You a straight gone bad, ho wishin ya had Now get up in the pad, dick suckin I'm glad Never knew what a ho was, checkin ya buzz When I'm sittin in first class Take it in the ass Nigga you done lost ya playa pass Trick nigga, 304 niggas been ran up in that ass Smashed up on the gas of the S-5 double Like I said when I bouble its trouble Can I hooo...

The Birdz and Da Beez are the four things that we consume Drink up become room Then fuck up in the room with the door locked Wake up Divorced looking for some more cock