

Bitches Aint Shit

G-Unit

Hot 97. Blazing hip hop and R&B. You now tuned into G-Unit radio. 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo

It's like everywhere I look and everywhere I go
I'm hearing motherfuckers trying to steal my flow
But it ain't no thing because my nigga Yayo
Put me up on game when I came through the door

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like this and like that and like this

I got these groupies backstage trying to rip my dick off
In Chanel panties and Gucci lipgloss
Our shows and videos be the wildest
Wake up, get dressed, fuck the clothes stylist
Now my navigation system pointing arrows to your house
Got me in the hood with mt nuts in your mouth
Big truck series, you heard Funk Flex
Since the whip spacious we can have rough sex
Now bitches give me head while my rims keep spinning
Cause the truck be the size of their project kitchens
I'm a hustler, hand to hand
I turn fourteen grams into fourteen lands
I play Italian restaurants, Pedros in the palms
Cause my number one fiend is into stocks and bonds
Yo, my hand is full of ink spots, writing with my pen
Got my ass in a mink spot, about to blow ten

Man, these bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
I tell them lick on the nuts and suck the dick
Then get the fuck out if that ain't done
Tell Banks to hurry up bringing that X1
And that X1, man, that X1

Look, it's time to make the transition from a pad to a palace
I'm the same, old G with a jaw like Morales
As long as it get movies it's on and the jacuzzi is warm
She stripping down like the Uzi was drawn
You know, snapping out of Louie Vuitton
Her man knew he perform and get me evicted and do me a porn
I hear this every day, "Banks, don't treat me like the next bitch
And by the way, how many other girls you having sex with?
Look, you like the Neptunes, this different teams
We both move around with clips and they spit sixteen
I be damned if I trick one dollar, but if the chick come holla
And got paper I'ma get some out of her
I'm high every hour like California light-green steamer
Am I hot, nigga, that Ike beat Tina? Icea cream Beamer
You're upset 'cause I say everything you don't say
Nigga, you ain't smoking hydro, you're smoking roach spray

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like this and like that and like this

You heard my nigga. Y'all smoking roach spray, man. We on a first class flight to Barcelona, man. 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo, Shady, Aftermath, G-Unit