

# Greedy Bitches

Ghostface Killah

Theodore Roosevelt  
It's the Ed Sullivan Show, ladies & gentlemen  
Here we go come on, Theodore, Toney...

This one's for the boys and the girls on the streets  
Make sure you listen careful to the words I speak  
Before you get the drawers, and the bitch wanna eat  
Make sure you let 'em know to sign the pussy receipt, and

Greedy bitches, greedy, greedy, bitches (come on)  
Greedy bitches, greedy, greedy, bitches (and you)  
Greedy bitches, greedy, greedy, bitches (say what)  
Greedy bitches, yo, the hoes ate the Oreo's

Word to my momma, yo, I hate ya'll greedy bitches  
Ya'll greasy, after the club, want the piece of chicken  
Hotel rooms, you better not touch the phone  
Uh-uh, leave that roof service book alone  
Don't ask me, for food, I ain't ask you  
Cut through the bullshit, you can just pass the pool  
And ya fat friend you brought, she can crash too  
But if ya stomach growling hard, I'mma laugh, boo  
No Domino's, Papa John's and Waffle House  
Frontin' on the pussy, you can throw the dick in your mouth  
Straight cock, we in the halls, yo there's other twat  
In Trife room, where them other hoe bitches flock  
Wigs got it popping, Du-Lilz went bird shopping  
He got bird seeds, he's probably getting head whopping  
Fucking with you, yo I hope you ain't cock blocking  
I want some pussy now, if not, you can get to hopping  
Bounce, muthafuckas talking about you ain't giving up no pussy

Yo, this is for them greedy bitches, who wanna eat off my buck  
Who get 99 bananas, cuz you fresh out of luck  
I wanna fuck, and you try'nna get a sirloin steak  
Little money, backstage passes, and some Oreo cake  
You better split if the legs don't spread like wings  
This is Theodore, we more than just suicide kings  
Super groupie, that G on your chest stand for greedy  
Caught a contact high, cuz we always bake ziti  
Blow the gerder's, we just wanna puff and sleep  
Not in my bed, I'm try'nna put nut in your cheek  
Little squirrel, my twat team stay on alert  
I pump iron to them pink panties under your skirt  
Why try to scheme, my double stuff cream got 'em all  
On a scavenger hunt, greedy bitch of the month  
They want a table, when it's time to give pussy, they front  
You can't play your boy Wigs, like I'm some kind of chump  
That's right, get 'em out here, yo, Tone

Yo, I get butter, nigga, like Land O' Lake  
When bitches see me, they be quick to pump they brakes  
But wait, before we fuck, let's make it clear  
If you ask me for a dime... get the fuck out of here  
Aiyo, you broke nigga, no bitch, you got it wrong  
I'm still spending, from Red & Meth sitcom  
What you doing? Stripping, grabbing on groin

I bet your momma proud of what you become  
I'm on the block getting it, hip hop, getting it  
Blunts got piff in it, new five, whipping it  
Shorty like "Redman, buy me a cigarette"  
Try'nna get me robbed at the store where her niggas at  
Greedy bitch, hoods up, hoes down  
Get money like Barry, looking for MoTown  
And if I'm in your hood, bitch, high as a fuck  
Clock the flavor, audio one, your time is up, bitch...