

## Bitches 2

Ice-T

I once knew this brother  
Who I thought was cool with me  
Chilled out together  
Even went to school with me  
Fly nigga, my ace boon coon  
Used to low ride together  
Shot dice in the bathroom  
Ya want trouble?  
Well trouble ya found  
Cause we diss ya, then issue  
The critical beat down  
He needed money  
I would always come through  
Needed a car? He could use mine too  
But bust this!  
Out on the street  
People say he was riffin'  
Callin' me a sucker  
Talkin' bout how foul I'm livin'  
Someone heard him  
Poppin' that shit last week  
Frontin' for some pussy  
From some big butt freak  
Sayin' I'm his worker  
I was on his dick!  
Talkin' that craazy old weak assed shit  
and after all of that  
She still walked away  
How ya gonna diss your boy  
To get some play?  
And when I stepped to him about it  
He said, "Who snitched?"

Yo, how did he go out?  
He went out like a bitch!  
So ladies  
We ain't just talkin' bout you  
Cause some of you niggas  
Is bitches too!

I knew this brother named Mitch  
Stone player  
He meet a girl, in five min. he lay her  
Trucked crazy jewels  
Hands smothered in ice  
Been to prison not once, but twice  
Kept a stupid thick posse  
Made of thugs and  
Crooks and hoods  
and vet hustlers  
Who were up to no good  
But they all stood behind him  
and watched his back  
That's the only way  
To roll on the track  
But yo,  
Mitch got rushed by feds last week

The snatchbared the runk  
Of his white Corniche  
Took a look inside  
And what did they see?  
Two keys, and a gallon of PCP!  
Oh shit! The thought crashed  
Mitch's subliminal  
Three strikes, that's called  
Habitual criminal  
So insted of goin' under  
He snitched on his whole posse  
Maxed at the crib  
And sipped Martini and Rossi  
Sold out his whole crew  
That rat named Mitch

Yo, how did he go out?  
He went out like a bitch!  
So ladies  
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Cause some of you niggas  
Is bitches too!

I knew this guy  
That was never that fly  
Couldn't act cool  
Even when he tried  
When we played rough  
He always cried  
When he told stories, he always lied  
A Black brother  
Who was missin' the cool part  
He had the color  
But was missin' the true heart  
When we would fight  
He would always go down quick  
So he took karate  
and he still got his ass kicked  
But now he's married  
And he kicks his wife's ass  
Says it comes from problems  
That he had in the past  
Doesn't like Blacks  
Claims he's upper class  
Joined the police, got himself a badge  
Now he rolls the streets  
and he's cut to jack  
Doggin' young brothers  
Cause they usually don't fight back  
Got a White partner  
And he asked for that  
and every night  
Another head they crack  
So now he's big man  
But he really ain't shit!

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He went out like a bitch!  
So ladies  
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Cause some of you niggas  
Is bitches too!

Out one night with my crew  
and some new kid  
I didn'T know homeboy, but Evil E did  
So I thought he was cool  
We rode in his ride  
Rag top tray on Daytons  
Lifted side to side  
We hit the party deep  
Niggas was hawkin' me  
You could feel the vibe  
Of thick artillery  
Parliament was on, some O.G. shit  
I put my back to the wall  
And felt my pistol grip  
al of a sudden  
Niggas started trippin'  
Flippin', the record started skippin'  
Wildin', fools started locn up  
Gats cracked  
The room started smokin' up  
Me and "E" hit the floor  
And then the back door  
My boys let off an automatic encore  
But when we made it out to the ride  
It was gone, we had to shoot it out  
Side by side  
Punk left us there to die in a ditch!

Yo, how did he go out?  
He went out like a bitch!  
So ladies  
We ain't just talkin' bout you  
Cause some of you niggas  
Is bitches too!