

# Oop Bitch

J Stalin

I be running these bitches, but never cum in these bitches  
She on top of a nigga, up and down like switches  
You be using the car, I know 'bout every mission  
She know you ain't a killer, she know me, I'm the realest  
She be praying for me, she know I be fucking with hittas  
She know you ain't 'bout that life, and you just hang with them niggas  
She know we 'bout them digets, she know we counting figures  
She know anytime we slide, we ain't sparing no bitches  
I be nutting in her mouth, and you still tongue kiss her  
I don't trust that bitch, she be fucking the opposition  
She just told me where you be, so we back on a mission  
Chopper out the sunroof, my niggas back on that drifting

I'm [?] kill this nigga, and go and fuck his bitch  
'Cause I be fucking the opp bitch  
Damn my bitch, that's the opp bitch  
Damn my bitch, that's the opp bitch  
Rosky Dosky  
Opps fucking the opp bitch, rosky dosky  
I was fucking the opp bitch, rosky dosky  
Told her "Fuck your nigga, come boss me boss me"

Bitch, come and give a nigga head  
Your nigga pull up trippin, I'm a shoot him in his head  
Beem on the Glock, it ain't green, that bitch red  
Mud in my cup, it ain't green, that shit red  
Bitch, I'm that nigga, nuf said  
You can't funk with me, you ain't got enough bread  
Broke aass nigga, ho ass nigga  
Sleepin at your mama house, sharing clothes ass nigga  
Nerd ass nigga, you too old for that shit  
Bounce out with that K, yeah I'm known for that shit  
Tryna take my chain, you get domed for that shit  
And why you loving on that bitch? I put bone in that bitch

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Couple shots of Henny, now my dick on swole  
I just seen an opp nigga, pass me the pole  
And he with the bitch, that I [?] last night  
And no that ain't his girlfriend, that's his wife  
You don't know these bitches [?] they be fucking for free  
Cause if she was fucking for a fee, it wouldn't have been me  
'Cause I'm a playa ass nigga, ain't no trickin in me  
Had that bitch bent over, going dumb on the D  
I was [?] from her phone, you ain't know it was me  
Told you I had a flat tire, and meet me on 12th Street  
Gave your ass a [?] you was with your daughter  
My niggas move like an army, call me Sargent Slaughter

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