

Take Yo Bitch

Mr. Shadow

Yeah it's mothaf**kin Lil One
Back in here
With my dawg Shadow
Representin Beyond Entertainment
In the house
Makin all these phat ass tracks
For the bitches
For the hoes
And the nickel bags
Peep it out
Hey dawg tell em what time it is
Homie

To all my people in them Lo-Lo Chevolets
Hittin corners rollin on them chrome daytonas
Flags on the back representin to the fullest
High lids poppin girls are jockin
After cruisin we can do this
Mobbin to the grill and parly all night
To the next day drinkin Allezay or Presidente
Swiggin Thinkin Slowly Blinkin
Starin at the bottle that we've been drinkin
Sinkin like a ship but still I ain't gon quit
And if you wanna bring the drama
You better be packin an extra clip
Don't slip cause if you fall
You won't get up at all
I rode with those fools
That'll make your lives forever stall
The darkest of them all
Packin clothes like county jail
Droppin bars like up in prison
When you're posted up in that cell
Shadow's bringin hits
Makin hoochies move their hips
Triple 6 - 1 - Triple 9
Buildin clout and stackin chips
Pow

We can make you dance
If you want us to We can take yo bitch
If you want that to (2x)

I got a back full of latex
Gotta have the safe sex
Never mind a nickel bag
Fiendin for my pay check
Let's begin
Words up in the wind
It's Lil One and Shad
Comin through I fin to brag
Brag about the sickness
Bitches wanna hit this
We the Mistahs
Dressin like a drifter
Roamin earlier in the mornin
Bonin, vision gettin foggy

Fuck her like a doggy
Treat like a mut
She's a nickel bag slut
And back to the crib
Knownin what she did
The bitch already swallowed
And gobbled up my kids
Never did I trust her
Didn't even lust her
Just wanted to bust one
Give myself a quicky
The bitch was actin bitches
I knowin that she's flithy
Then back to the club
Gotta get my groove on
Bitches on my nuts
So time for me to move on

Ain't no tellin what we might do next
We on a misson
We headin to towards the border
Smokin a blunt in a expedition
Lynchin any body tryin to act rowdy
In the land of the sick
Ain't no with's or but's about it
Down a revolution, full of prostitution
I thought I'd get a women
But that shit was an illusion
Cruisin with my dawgs
Brakin laws like it was legal
Now we're gettin pulled over
So I reach into my pocket
To get a C-Note
Like Gelo I got my nigga Irej hallusinatin
We got to hurry to club
I got them bitches waitin
I got the club
Gettin love from everybody
Cause everybody knows
About the Shadow after parties
Barcardi Allezay Henniasee and Don P
All these fools want to kick
Just to say they know me
Agony or ecstasy
It's either him or me
It's a daily routine
For me and the Little O-N-E