This Bitch

Philly's Most Wanted

[Mr. Man
Boobonic]
"Ayyo, I seen the bitch car over there, man."
"Who?"
"Let's shoot over there. Ya bitch! She over there with that nigga, man.
Let's get in the squad and shoot over there real fast."
"Yo, man, don't shit surprise me at this point, dog.
These bitches ain't shit, man."
"I know that's right."
"It always be those freaks though you fall in love with, man."
"Aw, they be havin' good-ass pussy that hiiit! That shit be..."
"The only... be crazy, man. Damn!"
"I know, that shit crazy as a mothafucka"
"Yo, I can't even explain that bitch, man."

This bitch feel like wind from an angel, spreadin' his wings
I'm gettin' her things in Jacob's, gettin' her rings
She got me, y'all. False playa fell for a whore
I know it and she don't say she one. The bitch show it
how she give me head and how that slut throw it
Lick me wit' Halls in her mouth and then she blow it
I know I shouldn't like her, I know it's fucked up
thinkin' like this hood-rat bitch gets lucked up
'cause I'm trickin' her, hittin' her, watch how the dick gettin' her
Do alot a shit wit' her, never wanna split from her
I'm paranoid 'cause she had the nerve to ask that
if I die, could she get half of my ASCAP
Different girl of the world, that bitch want galaxies,
insurance policies so she can get apologies
when I'm outta here. Bitch, get outta here
Not a fear, remember the name and I'm sincere, bitch

"Hey, look. There go that bicth shit right there. Park right there."
("I told ya, man. I seen that shit when I ride. I rode up and backed up.")
"That bitch think she the fuck, see, I know what I'ma do to her. I don't,
don't even let her see us. Keep movin', keep movin'."
("No, we got the ten. Plus the squad, she don't know the squad anyway.
Ya-knaw-I'm-sayin'? Fuck that bitch, man.")
"I'ma fuck that bitch UP."
("She a FREAK, man!")
"I'm tellin', I'ma gon' fuck her up. Yo, watch how I do this."
("You got a nice freak with you, man.")
"I'm a, nah, I'm a playa. Watch how I get her."
("See, I ain't in to screamin' and shit.")

All I hear is 'Mister, I'm sorry. C'mon, let's work it out!'
Nope, you know too many niggas, we could never share a house
Fuck, you tryin' to get me robbed? Stash cleaned out?
Three O' clock in the morning with a gun in my mouth?
Bitch, your pussy ain't worth it, head ain't either
Toss me like a salad and charge up my Visa?
Don't think so
From me, you see no nail, hair, clothes, minks nor dough ("That's right.")
7-4-O and drunk off Ma-mo
and I'm goin' to Cancun and fuck no, you can't go
and you wanna catch a tan and fuck my man too
Sayin', 'I ain't no, Boo, is that cool wit' you?'

I'm hip to this bitch. It's cool, I laugh now
While your girlfriends shop, you sit that ass down
Broke, ain't ya, and niggas just wanna fuck?
Yeah, I heard you givin' up head for less than a buck, what?
Skank

"Yo! Yo, open the fuckin' door, man."
("Yo, I'm comin'!")
"Stop playin' wit', open the fuck... bitch!"
("Baby, what's wrong? Don't... ")
"Oh, you wanna be a fuckin' whore? Huh? You wanna be a whore, you dumb-ass bitch? Huh?"
("Why you cryin' by me like that? What are you talkin' about whore? Baby, what's wrong wit' you?")
"Get the fuck out. Man, get the fuck out, man! Get the fuck out now, bitch!"
("Yo, I can't take this shit! I fuckin' hate you!")
"Man, get my shit, man. Oh, you wanna get; bitch, get the fuck off the phone,
bitch!"
("Nah, I fuckin' hate you! ")

Oh, now you wanna call the cops? You scared? Well, you should
Say your name and I gotta hit high and hit good
Hustle just to buy you shit and take trips
while you pose ass-naked for niggas and takin' flicks ("What?")
And I ain't hate you, just tell me what it is
'cause I never had a problem wit' fuckin' your relatives
I fucked up happy homes but I don't need that
I can't fuck wit' you no more, bitch, I leave that

Look, bitch, pack your clothes and forget the couch
Leave the keys, call your mom 'cause I'm kickin' you out
This summer, no C-L-K and halter tops,
skirt, knee boots, hair blowin' in the drop
Uh-uh, you not
See, this shit gon' stop
Shoulda known the first night when I was hittin' the cop'
Week later, you dropped right back to Dime Rose and
I never been indeed out Cancun for posin', bitch

"Yo, 'Bonic. Yo, Mister. Listen to this crazy shit that happened to me with this bitch. Remember that bitch I was tellin' you about? Yeah, I'm chillin' at the label with another nigga that rap and he braggin' about how many bitches he got and bring up this bitch name. I'm like, 'Hold up, I know that same bitch.' I'm like, 'Nah, no, I don't.' But we got the same last PIN number. Ain't that a bitch?!"

Yo, yo, look
Our love is like Mary B. and K-Ci
and I don't wanna do anything else but make moms proud
Throw karats at your finger, trip down the isle
Forget playin' house, ma, let's make a child
Now she got me doin' herb shit, straight doin' nerd shit;
Charles Jordan, Lois Faton, those type of fur shit
Playas we splurge wit', my chain wit' ya gang
of skank hoes, no bank hoes
It's all the same
I brag about you, told niggas I'm mad about you
Now I feel like straight whoopin' that cash up out you
What you doin' in his contact? Bitch, you can't see?
What, if it don't work wit' us, quit? Is he plan B?
It's a small-ass world but smaller industry
I thought niggas do the pimpin' but shorty pimpin' me

Well, shit, I ain't let her go
I guess 'Gate dumb or 'Gate sprung but I guess what's done is done
Huh

"I can't even fuckin' take you nowhere, man, you run around fuckin' everybody, man. 'Fuck is wrong wit' you, man?"
{"I know, why you doin' this to me?"}
"You gotta stop that shit, man. Straight up, man."
{"I'm so sorry! You know I love you, fool, please!"}
"You fuckin' can't do that, man. Straigt up, man. You fuckin' it up, man. I'm
tryin', I'm tryin' to get this money and make it aiiight for me and you, man, you runnin' around makin' me look the fuck stupid, man."
("Straight up, dunn.")
{"I'll do anything for you! Oh! I want do it again, I
promise!"}
"You can't do that shit, man. Ain't no rehabilitation for whores, man."
("Fuck nah.")
"You gone, man. I can't fuck wit' you, man."
{"I swear to heaven, my life, please?!!"}
"No, I can't, man!"
("You changed the game, B.")
{"I won't do it again!"}
"I can't fuck wit' you, man. You fucked it up, man."
{"It just happened!"}
"Why?"
("Yo, c'mon, dog.")
{"Please, give me another chance!"}
"Aiiight, just hit me later on, man. Aiiight?"

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