

Bitch
(Enrgy Beats)

I can't stop shootin', boy, this a fifty rounder
I gave your bitch a Percocet and got the pussy out her
I could've got the shit for free, I tossed her fifty dollars
Went and sold Unc' a nine piece, Andre Iguodala
Later on, we took a trip in a blue Impala
She gave that pussy up again, I knocked the juices out it
Sold cause a hit six, I took a deuce up out it
A nigga tryna change his ways, but got used to violence
She think I'm actin' nonchalant, she just used to tryin'
You gotta blame my mama, she produced a monster
We fucked seven times, but never used a condom
Heard dog turned into a user 'cause they used around him
I ain't gon' lie, that's some fucked-up shit
Growin' up, I ain't play ball, I wanted to touch a brick
Somewhere, I got sidetracked on some other shit
This work fresh off the press, you need oven mitts

You, uh
You fellas been doin' a bit of boozin', have ya?
Suckin' back on grandpa's old cough medicine?
No, oh, no, sir, no, no, no, uh-uh
Yeah, well, what's that?
That's nothing, sir
Yeah, nothing
Yeah, well, uh, you aware that, uh, it's against the law to have an open alc
ohol container here in the state of Pennsylvania?
Come on, give me that booze, you little pumpkin pie haircutedd freak, come o
n
Sir, no, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait
No, sir, don't, don't

I ain't never played basketball, but it was hoops around me
Fucked my lil' brother head up from talkin' loose around him
Chillin' with a bad bitch, can't even poot around her
Hit a nigga in his ice cream cone, knock a scoop up out it
Who got some clean grams of soft? I could use a thousand
Shoot a rap nigga in his head and knock the music out him
Mix a bunch of grams up together, make a poodle out 'em
I got a fiend with big arms, he can shoot up ounces
I got some shit to say
Damn near pulled my hair out my head, I ain't make shit today
Hit his drank with the Karo syrup, he won't shit for days
Shootin' K bullets at him, he don't get hit, he graze
I only smoke exotic weed, you rollin' lemon haze
Grew a bunch of weed in April, it won't be here 'til May
They say April showers bring May flowers
I just punched the work out, it took me eight hours
Cause only got eleven years, he caught eight bodies
You could give him anything, he'd make a shank out it
Plug got enough bricks to build eight houses
'Bout to go and get this drank off Adams from my aunt Yolanda