Uh no love
Now check this out
Bitches be gettin offended when uh they hear the word bitch
Well maybe that's cause they bitches
Know what I'm talkin bout

Stankin bitches say I hiside Cause I pass by Don't smoke my fuckin weed wit em Don't let em sit on my plush crush Three times gold, I'm a pimp ass nigga So like a ball is how I roll And I don't be paradin with them bitches in the street Ho is you payin me? Well if not ain't no need in you thinkin that you gon stay wit me Bitch I'm a pimp cause that's the way you bitches force me to be You say you broke well bitch you need to stop fucking for free So when I ride by, I don't give the ho the time Lil' girl you fine, but you must done lost yo mind Thinkin you got game Well bitch game is my middle name Suckin on thangs, fuckin for fame But bitch you plain Jane Straight up and down I hate silly hoes that talk a lot and try to clown When she know that I know that she done fucked the whole town And that I know that she a freak Bitches say we hiside cause we pass and don't speak

Don't speak, don't speak

Bitches say we hiside cause we pass by and don't speak I know they wanna freak (3x)

Bitches say we hiside cause we pass by

Sometimes there be a lot of shit I wanna do But won't do, if I gotta do shit in front of you Oh bitch don't act like you ain't nosy I know exactly how you hoes be Blowzy mad cause I declined when you chose me But what I need a broke bitch for? And how the fuck I look walkin around scratchin yo witch ho? No keep them crabs keep that cock in that case Cause bitch a pussy ain't nothin but my hand wit a face And any bitch can take another bitch place Now ain't that a foul taste And it wasn't a fuck it was a waste of my mutherfuckin time I coulda been somewhere flippin or smokin a dime These bitches now a days out of they rabbit ass mind Ho you gets no sunshine from me just because you fine I told em I heard it through the grapevine You ain't nothin but a freak So now bitches say we hiside cause we pass by and don't speak

See bitches in P.A.
Get mad when they see a young nigga

full of that chronic havin it his way But them hoes got us fucked up The preacher got the clothes and the hoes wit his dick on swoll Trickin all my people bank roll I peep that shit, I read my Bible at home Cause I ain't payin for that nigga's wrong It's time to ride 600, picture me and Bun B wit 4 million two drop top gold royces Now we smokin somethin Them bitches tried to set us up, but we Butt-fuck the D.A, fuck the judge, and fuck the P.A.P.D. I already gotta deal with the rednecks And ho ass niggas in this rap game comin with that complex But bitch this ain't no fuckin contest And if it was we won I'm a trill nigga live my life by the gun I love smokin swisher sweets Uh, now fuck them bitches that say we hiside cause we pass by and don't speak