

# Take Yo Bitch

Wiz Khalifa

Yeah, you ever just know  
that you was finna splack another nigga's bitch up  
like, you see a bitch she be with a nigga  
and you be knowing she be thinking to herself like I wish I was with that nigga

If you at home lettin' her go out alone (lone)  
then I'ma take yo bitch  
and if she keep jockin' me stalkin' me e'rtime she hear my song (hear my song)  
then I'ma take yo bitch  
she said she getting tired of fightin' and runnin' round with the same nigga  
and plus she know I ain't no lame nigga  
and I ain't pressin' her just to see if my number's in her phone (in her phone)  
then I'ma take yo bitch

yo bitch like me and I don't know her  
all up on me at the show I'm tryin' to control her  
you hatin' from afar she tryin' to get closer  
sittin' with me at the bar and tryin' to be sober  
no sir, so you come and kick it with my clique  
ya nigga somewhere heated screamin' that's my bitch  
I'm tatted up rich, them bitches understand  
when you makin' money talk, everyone know you the man  
with my Hollywood hoes, or somewhere by the sand  
fuck your shit up with your nigga tryin' to fit me in your plans  
tell em' you're a fan, now you're at my crib  
used to like my music now he's saying fuck young wiz  
and that's how I live and I won't change for the world  
make ya man feel like u 'gon need a chain for ya girl  
says she been searchin' round for some change in the world  
I'm doin' shit that you not so I'm lookin' like Barack to her.

If you at home lettin' her go out alone (lone)  
then I'ma take yo bitch  
and if she keep jockin' me stalkin' me e'rtime she hear my song (hear my song)  
then I'ma take yo bitch  
she said she getting tired (jerz) of fightin' and runnin' round (wizzle) with the same nigga (neako)  
and plus she know I ain't no lame nigga (tell you a story)  
and I ain't pressin' her just to see if my number's in her phone (in her phone)  
then I'ma take yo bitch

I see you stressin' my nigga now tell me what is going on  
Somebody took ya bitch  
I guess you want to grab the ratchet go hit his hood and do him wrong  
all over your chick  
look at lil' rick baby bro no he ain't comin' home  
because the nigga straight flipped  
a nigga hit his bitch re-tripped then he hit him in his dome  
he got a life sentence  
you might want to think about what you're doing before you do it wrong  
when you shoot don't miss  
cause if you do niggas'll catch you and baby bro they ain't wrong

if they put you in the ditch  
I'ma tell you like this, life is priceless  
Because you took a shot don't mean it gon' miss  
You never knew another nigga sent ya wife the dick  
and now you sittin' back with a chick like this

If you at home lettin' her go out alone (lone)  
then I'ma take yo bitch  
and if she keep jockin' me stalkin' me e'rtime she hear my song (hear my song) (I see ya man)  
then (yeah) I'ma take yo bitch  
she said she getting tired (neako) of fightin' and runnin' round with the same nigga (khalifa I got you bro)  
and plus she know I ain't no lame nigga (yeah)  
and I ain't pressin' her just to see if my number's in her phone (in her phone)  
then I'ma take yo bitch

I could do my thang If I wanna  
forecast change I make it rain in the summer  
let the chain hang  
scoop ya dame for the fun of  
it baby you be with a lame that's a bummer  
shit I'll be somewhere where the planes like to hover  
I be up there I can't hang with the others  
baby be my lover  
I could be your anything you can be my lady friend  
but you gon' need some henny yea to get up with a brotha  
nah, cause ain't no one cooler than me when I moved them ludies with me  
throw your dude up in a frenzy  
ah, nea neak and wizzy  
hata don't be mad man we get busy  
yes we are the princes of our city  
this shit get with me  
hah so if for any reason you forget, forfeit  
and call me mr. I'll take your chick  
haha, nah, call me mr. upgrade or mr. front page  
call me mr. fast lane, no front brakes  
cause she gone  
  
she outta here mane  
yeah, from jersey to the berg  
neako, young jerz, wiz khalifa, yeah