

Fuck a Bitch

DJ Clue

West, West y'all
William Holla with the S, y'all, y'all know what time it is
Woof, can't spell the West without the 'E S'
DJ Clue, beyotch, Kurupt, oh, what? I fall off into a party with a drink in my hand
Rocawear pants but I ain't come here to dance
By any chance, has anybody seen DJ Clue?
Tell him I'm lookin' for him, what's yo' name? Big Snoop I'm in the big Coupe, I got that
whoop, whoop
I'm tryin' to get a chicken, I got that big loot
Let me slide to the hoop, regroup and come through
I'll bag it up and serve you and you too I throw strikes like Andy Pettitte and Roger Clemens
Pitch a shut-out, the whole 9 innings
The bulletproof 'Lac with the windows tinted
You mean the one with the pretty bitches sittin' in it?
Please believe it, we gon' represent it
And we gon' bend it and dent it
Fuck what it cost, we gon' spend it
Buy it, never rent it
Now, when you suckin' my dick, baby girl, put yo' face in it Get it, get it girl, get it girl, make
yo' head swirl
Get it, get it, make my toes curl
And get, it get it, go on, girl
It's a crazy mixed up doggy, dogg world And I know that you really can't believe what ya hear
and ya see
Just put ya hands up and repeat after me
Get yo' money, fuck a bitch and blow a gang of weed And I know that you probably never
thought that you could see a true G
A nigga like the D O double Gizzy
But like I said, get yo' money, fuck a bitch and blow a gang of weed
Yeah, y'all the type of suckers we see straight through
When we skate through, with DJ Clue
Hoes gobble on something, swallow on something
Throwin' hollows like football passes and football practice Off that dodo, look at the shine
comin' off that fo' fo'
I want the ki's, the trees, the ice, and the G's
What's yours is mines but you already know though I'm young Gotti Desodo
Let's see how long a body can flow fo'
I got my Rocawear leather on, on swoop, nigga
You know Damien and Jigga laced me and Snoop, nigga Them my motherfuckin' homeboys
See Beanie's from my hometown Memphis with the full pound
Tucked in Amil purse, all you bitches hatin' get a deal first
It's hard work, raise off the homegirl bitches And I know that you really can't believe what ya

hear and ya see
Just put ya hands up and repeat after me
Get yo' money, fuck a bitch and blow a gang of weed And I know that you probably never
thought that you could see a true G
A nigga like the D O double Gizzy
But like I said, get yo' money, fuck a bitch and blow a gang of weed Yeah, you know how we do
Ya, Big Snoop Dogg, Kurupt Young Gotti
Rockin' these niggas, Rocafella, what? Fuckers
Iceberg slimmin' on these hoes, doin' it big, yeah Aight, aight, I'ma take me a trip to Marcy, go
fuck with my OG's
And fuck you bitches and you bitch ass niggas
We ain't fuckin' with none of you suckas in 2001
On to the rest, you bitches
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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