

Vixen

"Who You Wit II"

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Uh-huh, yeah hah
Never Sprung huh?
Jigga, Roc-a-Fella y'all
Never Sprung huh?
Yeah, peep the repertoire
Peoples, feel me on this one
Peoples, feel this
Never Sprung huh? Know my style

I love bitches, thug bitches, shy bitches
Rough bitches, don't matter you my bitches
Gold diggers witcha eyes on my riches
Can't Knock Your Hustle for real, exotic bitches
I'm game tight, see it all through the platinum french
frames with the french name in the same night
Pull you and your tight friend
lift your little dress like light wind, hah, then I slide right
in
You know the whole repertoire, U.S. to the U-S-S-R
Sexin in a Lexus car
Match wits with the best of y'all the rest of y'all
is like vege-tables in my presence, check it
Reminescin to nuttin you ever heard, Iceberg
Slim baby ride rims through the suburbs
Funds come in lump sums never ends deferred
Get money like I'm down South Wednesday the 3rd, it's
on

chorus

Dough to get, more shows to rip
I suggest you all roll with the click, who you wit
Frozen wrists and it's flows that's sick
More O's than you know exist, bitch who you wit

Can't scheme on em, Roc-a-Fella got a team on em
Chicks dream on him trick cream on him
Lose it when dudes think it's just music
Lean on em flash green on em and diamond rings on
em
Sex around the way girls down to mida's
I'm somethin every girl gotta have like Levi's

Chiquita, me got more, see I brawl
You can love me or hate me, either or
I'ma stay winnin, rock the custom drop Bentleys
Never eat at Denny's and party like Lil Penny
can he live? Trick or main chick but if she leave
just as quick, indian give, ha-hah
Now what I look like? Givin a chick half my trap
like she wrote half my raps, yeah, I'm havin that
you be the same chick when you leave me
the bankbook and the credit cards and take everything
you came wit *chorus*

chorus

Here's somethin niggaz gon find, not at all funny
We takin all ya bitches, takin all ya money
Jay-Z rated A.G. baby that's All Good
I sink this ball in your hole, I'm Tiger Woods
If the money was the grass and your ass was tee
when I hit it with this club love you comin with me
Grip you right up under your ass, put your back on the
wall
Kinda tipsy, seein triple, so I'm fuckin ya all
You remind me of this dream I had the night before
I'm kinda hopin the condom break to have a reason to
go raw
I'm playin, hit the showers, hit the money spot
Where all the models play and big money is dropped
Drop the top, let her feel the moonlight it entranced her
She jumped all in my seat like some private dancer
I tell you somethin new, if you don't hop down off that
butter soft shit with your shoes, I'ma step on the gas
She laughed, put her ass back in the proper place
She said, 'I played my cards right and look I got the
ace'
I told her *beatboxes* 'Slow down baby'
You dealin with a baller, who, hold ground crazy it's on

chorus (repeat 4X)

Beyatch! Fucka
Jigga, nine-seven shit, next millenia
Recognize, realize, it's on
Roc the block y'all
Laugh
It's on

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