

## **Santana F/ Everlast**

### **"Niggas and Bitches"**

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[ VERSE 1: Jayo Felony ]

I knew I was gone before they even put the handcuffs  
on  
A whole chicken in the back of the Brougham  
Rocked up, so I knew that I was locked up  
Got a good lawyer but can't do nothin for ya  
But they got chronic, I chills and get my puff on  
Eat Ramen, hit my fifi, lift weights and get my buff on  
These hoochies are trippin but I expect that, see  
All on another fool's jock but they can't get a dime from  
me  
But you my gee, see, and we supposed to be tight  
So why the fuck you didn't send me no kite?  
I been down for two and ain't heard a thing from you  
See, that ain't the thang to do, let's keep this bangin  
true, blue  
If it was you, you would want me to do the same thing  
How you gon' slip and leave your homie on the hang?  
I gots no time for you busters and you snitches  
This is for the real - niggas and the bitches

[ VERSE 2: Jayo Felony ]

I had a down one, she kept my books on fat  
We used to do it like this, then we would do it like that  
This is for the real, to hell with the faker  
I was on my bunk bed bumpin Anita Baker  
Wishin I was in a hot thub gettin my back rubbed  
Instead of bein in here with 4'000 thugs  
I remember all the letters you wrote and the cards you  
sent  
And them ends when you had to pay rent  
But you would always get yours and couldn't nothin  
stop ya  
Tight Guess and K-Swiss lookin proper  
And you were proud to be Ms. Bullet Loco  
Fool, don't phantasize off my foto  
Even though you knew I was mackin you still stuck with  
me  
Remindin me to stay sucker free  
And when I touched down you kickin in straight riches  
This is for the real - niggas and the bitches

[ VERSE 3: Jayo Felony ]

And now I'm fresh out, I was a C but they doubt me  
Much love to the bitches that didn't forget about me  
Because I surely won't forget about you  
And everybody knows what the fuck I'm gon' do  
Blow up from the flo' up, grow up and don't be to' up  
The hoes that tried to clown, I diss them hookers like  
throw-up  
I'm tryin to learn to keep my black ass on the streets  
No more shackles on my feet  
Makin funky hits like this I can't miss  
Jam-Master Jay and T-Funk and my nigga Cool Chris  
So when I'm at a picnic gettin my mob on  
Don't walk up on me, we might have to get our squab  
on  
And my female got a mouthpiece  
Protection for the wicked streets of Southeast  
My day is too short for you marks and you snitches  
This is for the real - niggas and the bitches

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