

**Shaquille O'Neal F/ K-Raw, Sonja Blade****"I Ain't No Bitch, I Ain't No Hoe"**

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If you don't back off, I'm killing myself. (x4)

[M-Child]

I think you pushed the wrong button, bitch.  
I self destruct, fuck the world, nigga talkin' shit.  
They call me the shit starter of the fucking clique.  
I represent O.M., Orange Mound, bitch.  
A bunch of hard-core motherfucking lyricists.  
Provided bags, bandana rags, and shoot quick.  
And ride steamer, gettin' blown for the fuck of it.  
I'm lovin' it, tell a hater straight, "Suck my dick."  
And giggle in your fucking face, 'cause you lame,  
mane.  
And ride through your fucking hood and do the same  
thing.  
I test nuts when I'm high off that green and gin,  
And got some gold brass knuckles that'll bruise a chin.  
They call me the M-Child, psycho fucking kid.  
I'm splittin' weaves tryin' to get a motherfucking gig.  
The shit I did or will do to a nigga,  
Really gon' leave 'em scared,  
Standin' in a puddle of piss runnin' down his leg.

[M-Child] [Chorus x2]

(If you don't back off, I'm killing myself. [x4])  
I ain't no bitch, I ain't no hoe,  
I ain't no bitch, I ain't no hoe,  
Player hater you gotta go,  
Player hater you gotta go,  
I'm all about makin' scrilla' and cookin' that green  
dough.

[M-Child]

I'm about stackin' grip,  
I go to church 'cause I'm holy.  
People ask me what the M. stands for, because they  
nosey.  
I keep a lot of shit to myself, keep niggas thinking,

What will he do next, when he high and when he  
drinking?  
Don't fuck around nigga, don't fuck around with me,  
I snap, crackle, and pop, like fucking Rice Crispies.  
You think it's a game, a motherfucking talk show?  
Niggas laughin' like they ate a fucking Tickle-Me-Elmo.  
Get that grin up off you face,  
Get up out your paper chase,  
Make a bitch bounce that ass,  
Make her buy you birthday cake.  
It's a new millenium, 2000, I'm on the rise,  
Better catch up, but not the kind you put on french  
fries.  
I can make a nigga hot, make 'em catch a bloody nose.  
When I hit the studio, rip tracks like panty hose.  
Bring pain, cause my game is like the finger fold,  
Lock down, twist 'em up, and refuse to let 'em go.

[Chorus x2]

[M-Child]

You better hang on my nig', I'm gone, I'm in a zone.  
Microphone be on, better leave me alone.  
Straight hard-core shit, I'm bringin' it to your home,  
And to your tape cassette, CDs, or headphones.  
Eliminations for sure, we be comin' in a pack,  
Ready to attack, open up your back with a Gat.  
Lock down, close shop, fill up every crack.  
I ain't givin' a nigga shit, not even a Scooby Snack.  
Yo' hater you comin' back, why you tryin' to take mine,  
I'ma turn into McGruff and take a bite out of crime.  
Fuck 'em all, 'bout one phone call, it can be done.  
Take 'em out, 'cause of low self-esteem, you on the  
run.  
Never fucking with your kind, 'cause your kind pullin'  
stunts,  
I'ma beat your ass like you ate my Captain Crunch.  
Drag 'em through the mud,  
Shoot your ass like a punk,  
You only came too deep,  
We bigger then Brady Bunch, nigga.

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