

The Roots F/ Mos Def "Me & My Bitch"

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Intro:

(Is Philly in this motherfucker?)
Yo wassup? You ready son?
(Pop kick one time) Let's do it
Uhh (Wooh)
Uhh (Say what?)

Verse 1:

When I met you I admit my first thoughts was to trick
(Hands in the air)
You look so good huh (wooh!), I suck on your daddy's
dick
I never felt that way in my wife (That's right)
It didn't take long before I made you my wife (yeah)
Got no rings and shit, just my main squeeze
Come into the crib, even had a set a keys (That's right)
During the days you helped me bag up my nickels
(Come on)
In the process, I admit, I tricked a little
But you was my bitch, the one who'd never snitch
(That's right)
Love me when I'm broke or when I'm filthy fuckin rich
and I admit, when the time is right, the wine is right
I treat you right, you talk slick, I beat you right

Chorus:

Just me and my bitch (What)
Just me and my bitch (What)
Just me and my bitch, yeah
Just me and my bitch (My)
Just me and my bitch (My)
Just me and my bitch (My)

Bridge:

(All the girls with the real hair, yeah) Uhh
(Just the girls with the real hair, yeah) Uhh
(Let me hear ya say "Yeah!") *Yeah!*

(Say "Hell Yeah!") * oh hell yeah*

Verse 2:

Moonlight strolls with my hoes, oh no, that's not my
steelo
I wanna bitch that like to play celo and craps
Packin gats, in a Coach bag steamin dime bags (wooh!)
A real bitch is all I want, all I ever had
With a Glock just as strong as me
Totin guns just as long as me, the bitch belongs with
me (That's right)
Any place with another bitch, my bitch'll spoil it (That's
right)
One day she used my toothbrush to clean the toilet
(yeah)
Throwin my clothes out the windows (windows)
so when the wind blows (wind blows)
I see my Polos and (Timbos)
Hide my car keys so I can't leave
A real slick bitch, keep a trick up her sleeve
And if I deceive (say what?), she won't take it lightly
(C'mon)
She'll invite me (yeah), politely to fight G (yeah)
(Side to side) And then we lie together (side to side),
cry together (side
to side)
I swear to God I hope we fuckin die together (yeah
c'mon)

Chorus:

Just me and my bitch (Just what?)
Just me and my bitch (side to side)
Just me and my bitch (All y'all side to side)
Just me and my bitch (My)
Just me and my bitch (My)
C'mon just me and my bitch
Just, just me and my bitch
Just me and my bitch (That's all)
Just me and my bitch
Just me and my bitch

Outro:

Yo, your bitch huh? (Yeah ain't no doubt!)
(Y'know the ladies is runnin this motherfucker son)
(The ladies is runnin this motherfucker)
Now, look at all the real motherfuckin niggas in this
motherfucker
Where the niggas at, wassup?

(Yo yo Pop, Pop, Pop. Check this out)
(Yo Biggie, this is what y'all gotta do)
(I figure somebody got to be runnin somethin
(So you take the bitches and you take the niggas
Hold, hold, hold, hold, hold (I ain't takin no bitches,
nigga)
(I'm takin the young ladies, nigga. The fuck you talkin
bout)
Yeah (Awright I'ma take the young ladies, you go see...)
Aight, I'll take, I'll take the niggas (yeah)
The real dog niggas (I'm with the niggas too but I want
the ladies)
Whatever, let's see what's up
(Drop that shit nigga) Yeah
(C'mon yeah, c'mon yeah)

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