

Wyclef Jean F/ Earth, Wind & Fire, The Product G % B "Come-N-Go"

Visit "[Come-N-Go](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Caddillac Tah]

Yeah, yeah

Where are all my niggaz at

Where are all my bitches at

Huh, it's anotha one

Another Murder Inc joint

Anotha Irv Gotti and Seven joint

[Chorus: Ja Rule & Ashanti]

Bitches come, bitches go

But little do they know we don't love them ho's

Niggaz come, niggaz go

We ain't dealin wit niggaz that ain't got no dough

(Repeat once)

[Caddillac Tah]

Yeah

Just incase y'all didn't remember

Pimp up! Ho's down

And them rollies that didn't know me

Know now

Know how, I lay the ism to the women

Pop a collar don't drop a dollar

Still gettin it grinin

Slicker than linin

Wit the gator, hard bottle

See the dog got him

Droppin it like it's hot

Rubber band wrapped in knots

Keep the space to a minimum

I don't rap alot

A prince like J

And I'm serious about my pay

So play if you wanna mama

Daddy Caddy got an ass whippin for ya in the cut

So go on and act up

Watch my chips stack up

Cuz in this world it's M-O-B

Pimpin is in my blood

But I got thug tendinsies

Lead spit, my guns got a mind of their own

And a 'Lac truck sittin on top of the chrome
I'm tryna own, land
So I plan to blow
And chase the dough
Cuz bitches come and go, motherfuckers

[Chorus: Ja Rule & Ashanti]
Bitches come, bitches go
But little do they know we don't love them ho's
Niggaz come, niggaz go
We ain't dealin wit niggaz that ain't got no dough
(Repeat once)

[Vita]
Yeah, pimpalicious
Uh-huh
Female pimp, Baller
Gangsta bitch
It Don't matter what you call me, just call me miss
Y'all all can get, a peice of my love
As long as you lickin and trickin and peice me wit dubs
It's all love
Cuz playboy, I'm not a hater
But Vita, will bring joy like a needa baka
Yea, and you lames get your weight up
If you had and you shoot your plants wit data
I advise you, not to try to, hard
Cuz you can get a E for F'in a scratch dark
Now listen, cuz niggaz ain't shit but tricks wit dicks
And I quote this, watch this
I play em like a game of spades
Kick back, martini's, while I lie in the shade
Ladies, if you really wanna know
It's all about the dough cuz niggaz come and niggaz
go, ma

[Chorus: Ja Rule & Ashanti]
Bitches come, bitches go
But little do they know we don't love them ho's
Niggaz come, niggaz go
We ain't dealin wit niggaz that ain't got no dough
(Repeat once)

[Vita]
Where all my ladies wit the cash that rock (we right
here)

[Caddillac Tah]
Where my pimps wit the knots in their socks (we right
here)

[Vita]
See my game's intact
Y'all lames is whack
Braggin bout stacks, playa fall back
All my gangsta mommas
Let em know ain't no need to holla
Playa drop them dollaz

[Caddillac Tah]
Picture that
Hustlin grindin and gettin stacks
Just to pin ya back, To a brodie
Man y'all know me
More or less know me
Ain't got love
Just log and bubble yum
And I'm fresh outta guns
So niggaz you play dumb
But I know how it go
And one things for sure
These bitches come and go(Uh-huh)

[Chorus: Ja Rule & Ashanti]
Bitches come, bitches go
But little do they know we don't love them ho's
Niggaz come, niggaz go
We ain't dealin wit niggaz that ain't got no dough
(Repeat once)

Visit [Wyclef Jean F/ Earth, Wind % Fire, The Product G%B](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.