

Clipse F/ Faith Evans "Bitches Ain't Shit"

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Snoop:

Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks...

chorus: Snoop (2X)

Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks

Lick on deez nutz and suck the dick

Get's the fuck out after you're done

And I hops in my ride to make a quick run...

Dr. Dre

I used to know a bitch named Eric Wright

We used to roll around and fuck the hoes at night

Tight than a mutharfucka with the gangsta beats

And we was ballin' on the muthafuckin' Compton
streets

Peep, the shit got deep and it was on

Number 1 song after number 1 song

Long as my muthafuckin' pockets was fat

I didn't give a fuck where the bitch was at

But she was hangin' with a white bitch doin' the shit she
do

Suckin' on his dick just to get a buck or 2

And the few ends she got didn't mean nothin'

Now she's suing cuz the shit she be doin' ain't shit

Bitch can't hang with the streets, she found herself
short

So now she's takin' me to court

It's real conversation for your ass

So recognize and pass to Daz

Daz:

Now as i'm rollin' with my nigga Dre and Eastwood

Fuckin' hoes, clockin' dough up to no good

We flip flop and serve hoes like flap jacks

(Snoop: But we don't love them hoes) Bitch, and it's like
that

This is what you look for in a ho who got cash flow

Ya run up in them hoes and grab the cash

And get your dash on

While you're chillin', with your homies and shit

And how my niggaz kick the anthem like this

(Snoop: BEEYYAAACHHH!)

(chorus)

Kurupt:

...To the store, to get me a 4-0
Snoop Doggy Dogg paged, that must mean more hoes
So I head down the street to long beach
Just so i could meet, a freak
To lick me from my head to my feet
And I'm here, now I'm ready to be done up
Nothin' but homies around so I puts my gun up
Bitches on my nuts like clothes
But i'm from the pound and we don't love them hoes
How could you trust a hoe? (Snoop: Why?(echoed 3X)
Cuz a hoe's a trick
We don't love them tricks (Snoop: Why?(echoed 3X)
Cuz a trick's a bitch
And my dick's constantly in her mouth
And turnin' them trick ass hoes the fuck out
Now...

Snoop:

I once had a bitch named Mandy May
Used to be up in them guts like everyday
The pussy was the bomb, had a nigga on sprung
I was in love like a muthafucka lickin' the protung
The homies used to tell me that she wasn't no good
But I'm the maniac in black, Mr. Snoop Eastwood
So I figure niggaz wouldn't trip with mine
Guess what? Got gaffled by one time
I'm back to the muthafuckin' county jail
6 months on my chest, now it's time to bail
I get's released on a hot sunny day
My nigga D.O.C. and my homey Dr Dre
Scooped in a coupe, Snoop we got news
Your girl was trickin' while you was draped in your
county blues
I ain't been out a second
And already gotta do some muthafuckin chin checkin
Move up the block as we groove down the block
See my girl's house, Dre, pass the glock
Kick in the do', I look on the flo'
It's my little cousin Daz and he's fuckin' my hoe, yo
(Bitches ain't shit)
I uncocked my shit...I'm heart-broke but I'm still loc'ed
Man, fuck a bitch!

(Chorus)

Jewell:

(Dr. Dre in background "Bitches ain't shit")
I don't give a fuck about a bitch
But i and her know that they can't fade this
Cause i'm doin my own thing down with the swang
I'm hangin' with Death Row like it ain't no thing
I say you know can't deal
Cuz I'm a btich that's real
Motherfucker need to step back, hell yeah
They need to chill
Because I don't give a fuck
And I don't give a fuck (x3)

And now I gotta do some...
And now I gotta do some shit that's clean
But when I'm on a dick, hell yeah, I get real mean
Like a washing machine
I can wash the clothes
All the hoes knows
That i'm on the flo' ho
But they can't hang with my type on swang
I ain't tryin' to say I suck every ding-a-lang
But just the juicy ones
Witht he tip of the tongue
And then their sprung
With the nuts hung
(Dr. Dre: Bitches ain't shit)

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