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415 "Groupie Ass Bitch"

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[Richie Rich]

Yo man, what we gon' talk about next?

Man, you know what?

I think we should talk about these groupie-ass bitches

You know what I'm sayin?

As a matter of fact, Jed, guess who I seen the other

day?

[Jed]

Who?

[Richie Rich]

Man, remember that bitch we seen up at that picnic the one who was campin like she was down with Bobby

Brown?

[Jed]

You mean that punk bitch that wish she were like on your album?

[Richie Rich]

Yeah man, I seen her the other day, man, down on the track

And guess what, the hoe was jockin the gold kick spins [Jed]

D-Loc, we need to put somethin out for these fool bitches

and let em know what time it is, man

[D-Loc]

Man, it's like this:

When a bitch fuck with a young vet like me I treat her shit

[D-Loc]

You know the silly bitches I don't like

The Michael Jordan-New Edition-get with a star-type

I used to have one, with ass like a whale tail

Wanted to get on my team cause a nigga had mail

For those that don't know, mail means money

But no, I don't pay for pussy, honey

I might do the pimpin if you can do the dishin

Cause stackin up dollars is my number one (?)

In this society in which we're livin

If you're gonna have a bitch, you got to be spendin

So to the ladies on the b.s. tip

Sing along, fellas: you're just a groupie-ass bitch

[Richie Rich]
Haha, that's it
Let them hoes know
D-Loc, peep this out
I got with a bitch about a month ago
She ain't called me yet
And I know when she peep the video
she gon' be tryin to get with me
But what would you tell a punk-ass bitch like that?

[D-Loc]

Don't even call, I played ya like a foul ball

In a month or two you'll be through
Schemin on my label for a story or a fable
You just caught the vapors and nothin can save you
We used to be together on the 9 to 5
But when I stopped spendin money, you stopped
spendin time
It's sort of like a game, so the story goes
I was once told you reap what you sow
If that's true, let me phrase this statement:
Suck my dick, cause I ain't takin it
The stories, the lies, the alibis
You see, I'm only 19, but I'm livin the life
So to the girlies out there I can't get with
Men, let's come again: you're just a groupie-ass bitch

(Cause a bitch is a) (biatch)
[Richie Rich]
Haha, let them hoes know
(Just another freak for the truz and vogues)

[D-Loc]

The subject of this object, if you object
Is to get my point across as clear and correct
As I can get when I'm talkin this shit
Therefore I must ensure explicit lyrics
Like: shit, bitch, fuck with this
Put your muthafuckin stankin-ass pussy on my dick
Ride it like a jockey in a horse race
You better get buck wild before I bust you in the fuckin
face
I ain't soft on a bitch, I'm quite mean
Fuckin up the doggy style with no grease
Peace to the homies if you know what I'm sayin

And if you don't understand - you're not a man

You're just a hound loungin around Waitin to sniff some dead presidents

I know the sex was just a collect

Men, I tell you, we gets no respect
Things can change if we do it our way
You see, in '89 a bitch was made to slave
So homies, for the last time, use your mind
Get a grip, boss, and like a pimp
Tell her to back off, cause she's a groupie-ass bitch

(She's the one)

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