

Cypress Hill F/ Kokane

"All My Bitches Are Gone"

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Too \$hort:

I used to have a lot of bitches
Straight down for me
Doin' anything I said, even hoe on the street
But I'm a dog and I dog my broads
Guerrilla pimpin', drivin' four door cars
Ain't got no kids but them bitches love daddy
They had to share me or them bitches couldn't have
me
Cause I'm a Mack with a capital M
Call me \$hort Dog baby, put the P in the Pimp
I keep my foot in your ass and wouldn't give a fuck
Get out her pocket, bitch you gettin' beat up
You see me hangin' with them niggas like jock
And every single five mile, bitches gettin' popped
Well now I got a rep and they say I'm wrong
I beat my broad ass and she moved back home
Came in one night, I was buzzin'
Bitch tried to front me for fuckin' her cousin
She started yellin', man, the bitch got raw
I took one step back and went straight to her jaw
I gives a fuck that the bitch left
Cause all she ever got was some good dick
And it really ain't shit to find another bitch
Cause I'm a cool motherfucker and I'm hella rich
(Yeah) Ant Banks in the house and you know he knows
Grab the mic nigga, fuck these hoes

Ant Banks:

Yeah, I'm thinkin' back 'fore a nigga just came up
Playin' games with the bitches
Thought a nigga might change but
I was tight thinkin' everything's all right
Doin' the same shit to a different bitch every night
Just dickin'em down like a gigolo
So you gotta peep game from a nigga though
I'm too young to get sprung so don't trip, tell'em
(Ain't no love, bitch)
So let's speak about a freak named Connie

Fucked the bitch tough, backstage at the Omni
I can't forget Constance, the bitch is so dumb
Quick to lick my nuts, suck my dick, and just hum
And these are just some hoes
That a nigga like tossed up, kinda crossed up
Turned out and lost but I ain't trippin'
They all got tramped
Used and abused till they all just vamped
And left a nigga stuck with no kind of get back
Now I even get shook by the hoodrats
Cause they know what the fuck they gon' get
Took for they cash and a mouth full of dick, huh
And I hate I gotta be that way
Goin' vicious on these bitches
Just made'em all leave today
But I know it won't last long
They sayin' fuck Ant Banks
Now all my bitches is gone

Too \$hort:

All my bitches are gone, them bitches bounced
I had a gang of'em, now they can't be found
They ain't fuckin' with \$hort Dog
Cause I'm from Oakland
You fuck with us bitch, somethin' gettin' broken
Your leg, arm, jaw, nose, pick a part
Oakland motherfuckers'll break your heart
Until you recognize game in your face
You's a punk ass bitch, ain't never been no place
I can't hold back, now's the time
To leave your stank fake broke ass bitches behind
And move on like a player
I'm knockin' ghetto hoes and even squares
Secretaries, nurses, and police women
I'm flyin' first class, nigga, fuckin' flight attendants
\$hort Dog ain't nothin' but a dog, beeyatch
(Ain't nothin' new nigga, come again)
All my bitches are gone, them bitches cut
But I really don't give a fuck
I always knew I didn't need that hoe
I got the game from the motherfuckin' E-S-O
And you can tell when I hit the place
All them star-struck bitches jump in my face
And get shot to the curb like I'm the mob
Unless they givin' niggas blowjobs

Ant Banks:

Yeah, and when a bitch wanna flirt
I put in work, treat'em all like dirt

And watch them get they feelin's hurt
Cause I'm a mack, hoe, listen to this rap, hoe
And you will know not to fuck around
You'll get slapped, hoe
For tryin' to fuck up the Ant Banks program
Steady saltin' with your stanky ass toe jams
You're mad cause I wouldn't spend no time
I'm with the homies, makin' cash
pullin' bitches and writin' rhymes
I'm just doin' what I got to do
I'm not fuckin' with you
Because your funky ass cock is through
So now I gotta get some new hoes
Some old school bitches
That's still ridin' trues and vogues
I want a freak with the gangsta look
That Ant Banks can hook
And the bitch better know how to cook
Cause I'm a nigga that'll eat some shit up
Macaroni, steak, collard greens, or whatever the fuck
Yeah \$hort, you know how we do'em
Treat bitches like red lights and run right through'em
I got my mack on strong and my dick on long
So fuck it, all my bitches can stay gone

Too \$hort:
Mine too
Ant Banks:
You know what I'm sayin'?
Too \$hort:
Yeah, beeyatch
Ant Banks:
\$hort Dog in the motherfuckin' house
Too \$hort:
Nah nigga, you in this motherfucker
Ant Banks:
Bringin' this shit for nine-tre and nine-four
You know what I'm sayin'?
Get in where you fit in, hoes
Too \$hort:
Before you need a check up from the neck up
Ant Banks:
Peace out
Fuck these bitches, man
Fuck these bitches, \$hort,
Let's get out of here, man

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