

411**"U Claimin' You Real"**Visit "[U Claimin' You Real](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

Bitch you claimin yo real

[Verse 1: La Chat]

I got these bitches jockin me 'cause I stay on they mind
I'm strickly dickly while you lickin I don't fuck with ya
kind

Yeah you's a weak hoe fuck ya

Ain't no love for ya ass

You fuck with me you talk that shit I hope you ready to
blast

It be these ugly bitches talkin always sayin my name
It be these ugly bitches fuckin all these niggas for fame
A big mistake is when you fuck up and you fuck with La
Chat

Your ass is coward as some ?????? 'cause I do not play
that

You in my face bitch talkin I don't pay you no tention
I got you hot 'cause everytime you speak my name it
get mention

You tellin sad story lies everything just to kick it
You don't get the picture yet stupid bitch I ain't listenin
La Chat I'm strapped I'm stayin focused got ya ass
figured out

You keep on talkin watch out hoe 12 gauge slug in yo
mouth

A real bitch you done ran across you better be scared
'cause La Chat don't give a fuck about doin time in the
fed

[Chorus]

Bitch you claimin yo real

[Verse 2: Project Pat]

I'm ready to ride on these bitches

Who talk that shit to me

I'll homicide these bitches

A murder in the street

Hypnotize stakin riches

And you ain't got a dime

Poppin slugs into snitches

'cause I ain't doin time
Project Pat I'm in this mutha
I know you hear the shit
So does yo dog and yo brother
You betta feel this shit
Niggas hatin undercover
But smiles in my mug
Coward ass motherfuckers
I'll smoke you like some bud
I got that thang cocked and ready
To hell with some peace
Cookin beef like spaghetti
A blood receipe
Suckas need to get some cheddar
My name out ya cab
But you gets nothin better
A permanent nap
Always dissin in your rappin
Just shows yous a hoe
All this talkin and this flappin
I let some bullets flow
Thru the air to your dizome
Connectin the dots
Meet your end from the chrizome
The glock hit the spot

[Chorus]

Bitch you claimin yo real

[Verse 3: La Chat]

Look at me hoe I'm smilin but you know ain't no love
You turn that smile upside down bitch and what you see
is my mug
Now Imma break down so plain and I'm gonna make it
so simple
You in the wrong and now it's on a mosberg pump to
your temple
See I don't fuck with bitches bitch I kick it with the thugs
And I be ?????????? hoes like you and keep it on the hush
hush
You wanna witness what I issue wanna see I ain't playin
La Chat wont???? now hoe so what the fuck is you
sayin
Now this the bizness motherfucker first I need me a
witness
Jump with that thang ready to bang I got whoever get in
it
I told you bitches once before you hoes ain't ready for
anna
Don't give a fuck shit mane what's up I'm buckin bitches
at random

I'm makin it known in everyway La Chat ain't barrin no
hoes
And for you niggas fuck you too I'm buckin holes thru
the doe
I hope you think that I'm a bitch that's only talkin that
shit
I show your ass that I'm a hoe get make up everywhere
bitch

[Repeat Chorus]

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