

## Cadillac Don

### "Fuck Dat Bitch"

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[Cadillac Don:]

This For All The Ignorant Wanches Or Silly Baby Mamas  
And All These Bitches Walking Around In The Club  
Holding  
Each Others Hands Bitch Ya Mack Blockin Lemme Get  
To The Bench

[Chorus:]

Man Fuck Dat Bitch  
Fuck, Fuck Dat Bitch  
I Dont Love Dat Bitch  
I Dont Trust Dat Bitch  
U Can Fuck My Bitch Lemme Fuck Yo Bitch  
I Dont Love Dat Bitch I Dont Trust Dat Bitch  
Man Fuck Dat Bitch  
Fuck, Fuck Dat Bitch  
Fuck Dat Bitch  
Fuck, Fuck Dat Bitch  
Man Fuck Dat Bitch  
Fuck, Fuck Dat Bitch  
I Dont Love Dat Bitch  
I Dont Trust Dat Bitch

[Verse 1: J-Money]

Hold Up Baby Ima Tell Ya How I Feel,  
U Aint All Dat Yeah Its Time To Keep It Real,  
Thought U Was The World We Was Friends Then Lovers  
Found Out Later On U Just Like The Others  
Smile In Ya Face Tryna Get Me On The Low  
Tellin All Ya Friends That Ya Pimpin On Jo  
Tryna Pimp A Pimp Bitch Dats A No No  
Game Ova Baby Gotta Find Another Hoe  
Better Yet Call Up My Nigga Cadillac  
Im All In Her Mouth While He Hit From Da Back  
Call Big Fruit We Gone Do The Damn Thang  
Hit Young Star Now U Know We Gotta Train (Chu-Chu)  
No Hard Feelings Give A Fuck About A Bitch  
Cuz She'll Be The One Get Ya Caught Up In Some Shit  
Dats Why J-Money Aint Trusting Nan Bitch  
Mine As Well Gone Let Her Fuck Da Whole Click  
Okay

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Cadillac Don]

(A Man, Yo Who Is It Man, Its Cadillac Don Man, Alright)  
Now Cuz U Walk Around The Club With Ya Nose Pointed  
In The Air  
Knowing That Ya Got Fake Eyes, Nails, And Fake Hair  
I Hate To See Some Bitches Walking Through The Club  
Holding Hands  
Know Yall Hoes Aint Got No Money Need To Be Tryna  
Find A Man  
Always Got Ya Hands Out Asking Me For A Drink  
Ima Buy U 10 And Later On Turn U Into A Freak  
I Could Fuck U By Myself But Call My Niggas Also  
B/4 Yo Ass So Many Times Gone Think U Was A Top  
Code  
Hit U Slow, Hit U Fast, In Yo Mouth, Make U Gage  
Used To Act All That Now We Treatin Yo Ass Like Trash  
Do It With No Hands Bitch In And Out All Day  
We Pitched In And Bought A Room But Hitting U In Da  
Hallway  
Dats What U Get Bitch For Acting So Cold (So Cold)  
We Send U Home Drunk Pussy Hole Swole (Hole Swole)  
U Wake Up Like What The Fuck Went On  
Check Da Internet U Front Page We Dead Ass Wrong  
But Man

[Chorus]

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