

Climax Blues Band

"They Bitches"

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[VERSE 1: Scarface]

The heavy hitters from the Hou, Tex, back in effect
Even rougher than ever, what the fuck did you expect?
The G.B. to apologize?
For never givin a fuck?
Hittin muthafuckas up?
Still the rawest in this street thing, I read things
Stayin high as a fuck in a Bentley bumpin Sweet Thing
And we came to reincarnate the real
Hardcore gangsta shit for y'all still
Goin insane, puttin a bullet in your brain
Leavin you shocked, fuckin the world like Pac
Settin niggas up like Puerto-Ricans to stop breathin
Cause destiny caught up with yo ass and got even
And I'm seein your whole family ripped apart
Follow in the steps of a nigga with no heart
I'm suicidal, manic depressive, seekin guidance
I speak to shrinks every week, must inquire
They lyin, on the verge of settin off the war
Fuck the police (dump them bitches in they car)

[CHORUS: Scarface]

Cause the police is bitches
The niggas is bitches
The bitches is bitches
The politicians is bitches
The bitches is bitches
The niggas is bitches
The police is bitches
The bitches is bitches
The politicians is bitches
KKK, they bitches

[VERSE 2: Willie D]

Die muthafucka, die muthafucka, die muthafucka
Die muthafucka, that's the message
To the bitches in the white dresses
I got some shit to make the room rock
If you don't wanna feel the pain, you keep your asses in
the boon docks
Dumb muthafuckas with your pick up trucks

Gave muthafuckas jammin sticks up butts
I shoot your asses in the guts and leave your brains on
the windshield
You muthafuckas shoulda been killed

[VERSE 3: Scarface]

Murder-murder-murder, kill a muthafucka still
Watchin the military blowin bitches up at will
On the brink of startin World War III, fuck peace
Cause to me an A to a K spells relief
Blow this muthafucka up, fuck Saddam
Sneak up on his ass with a rifle, fuck a bomb
Remember 'Nam? Niggas got killed in Desert Storm
When the well being of my kids is at stake I'm alarmed,
heavily armed

[VERSE 4: Willie D]

Muthafuck the judge, the jury and the prosecutor
Diverted Juda, I smoke Buddah and roll with shooteres
War recruiters, the type of niggas that'll run you down
Pistol whip you in front of your family and gun you
down
With no compassion niggas be blastin and blastin
And blastin, like ??? niggas be passin
We mashin on muthafuckas tired of breathin
Niggas get even, leavin your loved ones grievin
Fuckin with heathens, the graveyard be your residence
I don't give a fuck if you the goddamn President
It's evident, I'm a survivalist
Two in the back of the head is what my rivals get
Child molesters, I hate them muthafuckas, let's kill em
??? for fuckin with our children
Blood-spill-em along with the deadbeat dads
We needs to straight check they ass
Cause they bitches

[CHORUS: Scarface]

The police is bitches
The niggas is bitches
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