

B.G.

"Fuck These Hoez"

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[Mannie]

Yeah, yeah!
Yeah, yeah!
Yeah, yeah!
Run it like this

[Verse One]

I don't sweat no bitches, I only issue dick
I only dick in the splits, I never have been a trick
I label hoes as hoes, you can't be my boo
Bitch, I be home too, so how the fuck I'ma do for you
Alize and Tanquerae had my dick ready
The jelly heavy, greasy
Cause when it's tight it tease me
Cause I nut easy, bitch please me and suck
Ya wanna be greedy, so catch my fuckin nut
Hoes wanna be my ol lady, have my baby
Bitch ya must be crazy, tryin to glaze me
Wanna rep, lets see ya play me
Ya get left under daisies ho, if ya tryin to fade me
My old ho, I had to ex the bitch, she got grazed
When a nigga sprayed, so get on ya way, good day
I aint no good, I'ma dog anyway that's bout pimpin and
livin
Gots too much game to be slippin
No trickin, just dickin, pussy, I gots to have it
But before I get money, I supply my fuckin habit
B.G. jockin? Never, bitch you cant handle
Have fakes and they done, the bitch gets ass broke
That's how it is, all my hoes get bounced
I knock the pussy out, then I shoot straight for the
mouth
It's no doubt, I gets dirty, say bitch, how you figga?
Call me a real ass, dog ass, dick servin nigga

[Chorus]2x

I don't give a fuck about a ho, cause da bitch ain't shit
A ho 'gon be a ho, a bitch 'gon be a bitch
Stay above da ho, don't love da ho
If ya a thug, when it's over, you'll shove da ho

[Verse Two]

Nigga kill dat conversation bout yo ho you say I fucked
She tryin to duck
But I fucked and nigga what
You trippin on my set and you disrespectin
Nigga better steppin fo' I leave dat ass wet and
You upsettin my fuckin nerve, I relent, that chopper
leave you wet and
Knock yo shit loose in a second
Pussy protectin, I fuck baby mamas in this section
Concert reckon, Bill Board chartin wit Black Connection
In affect and chopper totin, put ya coke in
Them niggas from China bringin it in on a boat and
I snort that dopeman, but I ain't broke man, I thought
you knew that
I dress in black, who dat, gon' do dat
Knock yo crew flat off the top, I get high and shoot back
Knock yo crew flat off the top, don't know why I do that
Tryin to get my loot fat, then I take it to the street
Interrupt my paper chasin then I'll take ya to the street

Ain't no fakin, nigga I'm erasin playa hatin
Rapin ya for ya life
Tryin to earn OG stripes
You hoes know you be feelin me
Trill nigga, real as can be
Yo ??? get spilled nigga
Cash Money Records representin to tha finish
Beef we winnin, cause we stay spinnin a binn and
No laughin no grinnin, no he-he, no bullshittin
Respect my mind, I'll put ya life to a endin
I don't like these messages through these hoes you be
sendin
Approach me bitch, we both supposed to be men and
I got the Mac-10 and the Mac-9 and nigga try me
Drama to Cash Money, Hot Boyz, that's a hobby

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I ain't lovin no mans daughter, I fuck a ho and ride
I stay high til I die, I lay dat pipe down then bye
You could try to get some snaps, but it ain't no haps
I fuck white, black, Hispanic and japs
My dick is made of iron, once it's rock, it's on
Hit a bag of that bomb, break ya off then bring ya
home
BG and L.T. be teamin up and trainin
I toss a ho, he toss a ho, Cash Money, weed, and
drainin
Stay in line ho, get ya mind right bitch
Keep ya mouth shut, get smart, nigga off in ya shit

That's how real niggaz play it
All these rookies can't take it
Ya'll outdated, CMB can't be faded
Take it how ya wanna, bring it how ya feel
Hardest Hot comin, ho I represent the real
Bat a bitch up, Smack a bitch up
Get buck, try to rush me, I'll back a bitch up
Serve coke by the pound, B.G. get down
V.L. locked up, he'll touch down
My motherfuckin round
Uptown is where I'm from, V.L. is where we be
A.K.s is what we pack, the title is B.G.
Head bussin niggas, examples we settin
All these fake niggas threatin
Lettin these hoes disrespect 'em
But I'm checkin 'em

[Spoken: B.G.]

Fuck these bitches
Dick suckin hoes
These hoes aint dishin nothin but some good mouth
Off Top...
These bow-lows, ho
Droppin these bow-lows in these hoes mouth

[Mannie]

What, What
What, What
What, What
Yeah

[the B.G.]

Some of these niggas is bitches too

[Mannie]

Don't love ya
Don't need ya
So why the fuck would I feed ya?

[the B.G.]

What's up?
My nigga K.C. got 10 year for doggin these hoes
76, William B. in this motherfucker

[Mannie]

Bet it, man
Understand, bet it, man

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