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Dj Cammy "Bitch Be A Ho"

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Dj Clue: Whaaaaaaaaaaaat!!!

Chorus 2X

R.O.C. (J.D.): Now all my niggas say what(what) We don't give a fuck(uh-huh), gotta let a bitch be a ho(hoooo) Now all my niggas say what We don't give a fuck Gotta let a nigga stack dough(money, money)

[J.D.]

All the niggas fuckin in between, be the the main man Never get stuck on the scene without a game plan, understand I went from pop lock into tops droppin To one of the reasons why the day parties keep rockin No stoppin niggas is like (wa-what?) And shorty from the south keep fuckin it up I'm the glitter and the gliss of this industry Makin hits, is how ya'll remember me Niggas dream to be like this one here JD type cat don't dissapear I'm the J to the E, R to the M A-I-N-E, got so many Bitches I should set up shop Bettin against me, Please! my bank don't stop I come through, bumpin Clue, with a 7-5-0 Screamin, I gots to have it, I love the dough

Chorus 2X

[R.O.C.]

Nobody wanna fuck with the R.O.C. Young G from the streets And he's banned from t.v. Nobody said life was easy Out on the block I got shot

And nobody came to see me Back on my feet Packed my heat Got back in the beef Blazed it up Are ya muthafuckas lookin for me Raized it up And now they see I'm makin rap songs All I ask is my real doggs smash on... I said yea and ya don't stop 'cause it's a 1-8-7 when ya fuck wit R.O.C.!! I said yea and ya don't quit I'm comin live from the Bricks wit the gangsta shit All my niggas on the corner at the end of the block Infront of the stores, shakin my dick at the lady cop Shakin my clip Til the hatas drop And I'm in a drop-top, bumpin down ya block And I'm dumpin

Chorus 2X

[J.D.]

I seen a lot of niggas go down the wrong path And I learned from they mistakes, how to keep cash In this world it's snakes, I don't care. I don't break, Pushin Benz, 'cause a nigga know how to create On and on like a jeep go Any nigga standin in my way of my papers, automatically fonito Suckin on the end of Rosco pico's Trained to name Deleted from the muthafuckin game Ain't no mo shoppin throught the glass Beggin for ass If it ain't 1st class I let it pass Ya'll that don't got it talkin all that trash Tryin to play tough ya'll when ya really bitch-ass I'm the cream of the crop The dream of the top I'm the one they come and see when they don't want it to stop I'm the bass. The snare. The one that don't care Rip shit the fuck up then I'm outta here

Chorus 2X

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