

Dj Clue "Bitch Be A Ho"

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Dj Clue: Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat!!!

Chorus 2X

R.O.C. (J.D.):

Now all my niggas say what(what)
We dont give a fuck(uh-huh), gotta let a bitch be a
ho(hooooo)
Now all my niggas say what
We dont 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 dont dissappear
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 dont 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 dont stop
Cuz its a 1-8-7 when ya fuck wit R.O.C.!!
I said yea and ya dont 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 dont care,
I dont break,
Pushin Benz, cuz 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 dont 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 dont want it
to stop
I'm the bass,
The snare,
The one that dont care
Rip shit the fuck up then I'm outta here

Chorus 2X

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