

Dr Dre

"Bitch Niggaz Ft. Snoop Dogg, Hittman & Six Two"

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Some good-ass weed

Check it out Dogg, this game is a motherfuckin' trip
man

Word on the streets

Everybody always tryin' to run up on me

Hollerin' about word on the street is dis nigga said dis

Man, I don't give a fuck about what that nigga said man

That's what's wrong with you niggaz, you niggaz is just
like bitches

Hoe-ass niggaz, talk too motherfuckin' much

(Speak)

Study your own, get your own yah'm sayin'?

Be independent nigga, biatch

Yeah

Bitch niggaz

(Bitch niggaz)

Bitch niggaz

(Bitch niggaz)

Bitch-ass niggaz

(Biatch)

Bitch niggaz

(Bitch niggaz)

Yeah I'm talkin about you

(Biatch)

Bitch niggaz and you too

(Biatch)

Dogg, I meet mo' bitch niggaz than hoes, look here

And I really don't know, but that's just how it go

Dogg, so many niggaz like to keep up shit

And just like a bitch niggaz be talkin' shit

Smilin' in my face and then they blast me in the back

Niggaz stay strapped from way back, 'cause payback'll

Make niggaz wanna pop that shit

If you ain't ready for the game nigga stop that shit

We rock that shit, my nigga Dre, drop that shit

No mo' talkin', I'm walkin' and I'm poppin' the clip
Glock on the hip, set-trippin', dippin' an' shit
If you act like a bitch
(Nigga)
Nigga you get smacked like a bitch

Bitch niggaz, bitch niggaz
(Bitch niggaz)

These niggaz don't know what the fuck is goin' on
Yo Dogg, check it kick back
Let me holla at these niggaz for a minute

Straight off the streets of chaos and no pity
The aggravated, makin' these punk muh'fuckers hate it
Compton is the city I'm from
Can't never leave the crib without a murder weapon

I can't live my life on broke no mo'
And most of these fools ain't shit but cutthroats
They smile in a nigga face and for what?
They got the game fucked up, and want my thang
fucked up

I done learned a lot, seen a whole lot
The top notch nigga, I'm fiendin' for that spot
Now peep game on what Six-Deuce told me
These niggaz after yo' paper, Dr. D R E
(What?)

And these punk-ass hoes is lookin' for dough
You gotta watch your homeboys, 'cause a nigga never
know
Oh, they'll be around, but when yo' paper get low
Just like Master P said, "There dey go, there dey go"
Bitch niggaz

Stop schemin', and lookin' hard
Stop schemin', and lookin' hard

Bitch nigga, a bitch nigga
Bitch nigga, hella bitch nigga
Youse a bitch nigga, motherfucker bitch nigga
A bitch nigga, a bitch nigga

I know yo' type, so much bitch in you, if it was slightly
darker
Lights was little dimmer my dick be stuck up in yo'
windpipe
You'd rather blow me than fight, I'm from the old
school

Like Romey Rome, homey yo, you owe me the right to
slap you
Like the bitch that you are, that wanted to cap you
Every since you was mad doggin' me with that bitch in
yo' car

Fool, who do you think you are? Mr. Big Stuff
Man, you shit on hit, get yo' shit bust, plus
Pistol-whipped, cover it up, use yo' bitch's blush
Mr. Powder Puff yo', bark ain't loud enough

I know chihuahuas that's mo' rah-rah
I have to laugh Dre, I bet he take bubble baths
You don't want no trouble with the Aftermath staff, trust
me
Doggy Dogg, Diggy Doctor plus me
No youse a busta slash hussy, soft as a Hush Puppy
Must we break you down to estrogen most hated
specimen's
A bitch nigga

Attention all personnel
Stop schemin', and lookin' hard
Stop schemin', and lookin' hard

Stop schemin', and lookin' hard
Stop schemin', and lookin' hard
Stop schemin', and lookin' hard

Stop schemin', and lookin' hard
Stop schemin', and
Stop schemin', and lookin' hard

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