

Ednita Nazario

"Ain't That a Bitch"

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Hey Hey Hey!

[Chorus]

Because the cops is watchin the streets is talkin
Ya hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers
And everybody saw you and aint that a bitch!

And this here is the Carter oh! yo! And this here is the
Carter yo! oh!

This one here is just to clarify the fact that I'm a
muthafuckin mack

This one here is just to verify the fact that I got straps
on my back

This one here is just to clarify the fact that the boy is
back! Oh!

[Verse One]

Slick as I wanna be born to be hustla gonna be rich till
I'm gone

Gonna keep spittin this shit for the hustlaz gonna keep
livin this shit I'm gutless

Bet I'm gonna reap this when I'm gone defeat this while
I'm here

Gonna keep beatin this street shit in ya ear

Gonna speak in every single street this year

My shit beat in every jeep on every street this year

Wizzle F Baby ya'll niggaz can have the Weezy I'm the
Birdman Jr. junior

I'm a man to another man to a bitch I'm a pimp in the
whip I'm a hundred grand

And in the streets I'm a money man

And I'm a hunt it with the streets I get money in the
streets like a hundred men

A hundred proof in my other hand

If ever fall spring back like a rubberband know what I'm
sayin

[Chorus]

Because the cops is watchin the streets is talkin
Ya hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful

Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers
And everybody saw you and aint that a bitch
The cops is watchin streets are talkin
Hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers
And everybody saw ya and aint that a bitch

[Verse Two]

Now all the bitches got me strollin wit my dick in my
hand
And these niggaz got me rollin with my clip on my hip
But this is my land so prick dont trip cause K's dont jam
and a nigga dont miss
They tellin me I'm the shit like a nigga dont piss
But nigga dont slip cause I'll kill a punk bitch Word Up!
And I dont affiliate with niggaz I dont love neither
bitches just money and drugs nigga
Leave ya bitches ya money and drugs nigga
Three to ya wisdom five more to ya mug nigga
How many more do ya love nigga
cause I got plenty more to give out I aint never been a
mouthpiece
Ask ya reverend bout me I'm the young God
Aim the shotgun at ya frame and bust boy
Brain and guts leak in the drain and such pour
Plain yuk at a fuck boy. Fuck Boy!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I'm a muthafuckin man so respect me as one or the
tech meet ya ass son
The tech heat ya ass son put ya fuckin chest beneath
ya ass son
Blooka blook blap bleep ya ass son (laughin)
Nigga tryin to see his grandson and we
got niggaz in the pen tryin to see me wit a Grammy
Wanna be me and don't even understand me
Could'nt see me even if you was standin with me
I'm that damn convincing not invisible that mans
invisibile
And advance a little due to the pine
My niggaz call me little Russell Crowe for my beautiful
mind
And I let you do the time I do the crime
When the crowd call my name I bring my crew to the
line
Nigga thats S.Q. and we fine nigga thats S.Q. and we
firrin Nigga!

[Chorus] - 2X

Ha! Wizzle F Baby fa ya muhfuckin neck nigga
Got Streets in da buildin Gotti in the buildin
KL, Fee Fee in the buildin Rome, DI, Ceeti...

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