

## **Fifty Cent**

### **"Fuck Dat Bitch"**

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[Fifty talking]

If a bitch don't like me

Somethin's wrong with the bitch...(fuck that bitch)

[Dave Hollister singing]

Why...oh why...why..you wanna fuck with me now?

[Fifty talking]

Yo Dave, that shit come with the game baby, the money, you know,

That's how this shit works, you know?

They supposed to love me now baby,

I'm hot now baby, I'm doin' it now.

[Chorus (Dave Hollister singing)]

Girl, what makes you wanna fuck with me now?

I've been wantin' to fuck wit' you for quite a while

Is the money makin' you wanna fuck with me?

Whoa...if money's gonna make me slam these hoes..then alright.

[Verse 1:]

Whattup Shorty, I ain't seen you in many moons,

Talk to me, how's life been treatin' you? good I hope, y

Ou got a smile that only a fool would forget

And a figure that'll leave a nigga droolin' and shit

There I was, kickin' my game

Pickin' her brain

Buggin' 'cause a while back I met this bitch on the train

She wasn't feelin' me, I pulled up, she wouldn't talk from the whip

Uptown girl, she feel like that's some chickenhead shit

But on the sidewalk we ain't play games

We exchanged numbers and names

I went back to the Range

I heard her Girlfriend whisperin' "I know that nigga, he rich"

She think I got six whips 'cause me and my Man switch

Anyway, her name is CeCe

She said she go to BMCC

Push a '98 328 with chrome BB's

She said she seen me in the Onyx video on TV

She liked my part the best, man, this bitch is tryin' to G me.

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

It's hard as Hell to find a Girl that's really down for ya  
Type that'll hold down the Tre pound for ya  
They into diamonds now, to Hell with pearls  
These trick niggas fucked up, they done gave 'em the World  
Hey Shorty, why you like me? huh? you like the way I spit?  
Oh, I hit your girlfriend, she told you 'bout the dick?  
Nah for real, am I the type that you wanna roll wit'?  
Platinum iced out, got rid of that gold shit  
I love my lifestyle, you too, you love it  
That I could blow Twenty Thousand and think nothin' of it  
Know you wouldn't fuck with me if I had no ends  
Probably wouldn't fuck in the whip if it wasn't a Benz  
I guess life looks different through them Shanel tints  
Man, I don't care if these hoes love me or not  
Long as I rhyme hot I'm gettin' head in my drop  
It goes on and on and on and it don't stop.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

One thing you can always count on is change  
And a rich nigga to come put shit in the game  
Had a 4.0 then Jigga made you trade your Range  
Would've felt broke if you couldn't get your change  
Now it's hard to find us or stay behind us  
While we on the 900 double R Hondas  
Watch the cats who flip bricks recline in the latest whips  
While Penetentiaries stay packed with cats who sling packs  
All these hoes ain't Madonna fans but all across the World  
You can find a material Girl  
I sip Dom 'till I earl  
Take 'em two at a time  
Quick I get in they mind  
Have 'em thinkin' they mine  
Bust off then tell 'em "Bust a Uey, on mo' time"  
I'm like the reason ya'll niggas can't eat this year  
Got your bitch breakin' her neck to peep this here  
C'mon..uh huh...c'mon.

[Chorus 2x]

[Dave Hollister]

Fuck you bitch! leave me alone, walk on...get the fuck on...

[Fifty]

Yo, Shorty..tell your friends ya'll ain't fuckin' with us..aww

Man...look...he ain't mean that shit..

C'mon that's just records..niggas is playin'..

We wasn't serious and shit..

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