

Focal Point

"If"

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(Verse 1: Richie Rich)

I learned first
A bitch gon' move like she wanna
Through the grass, to camouflauge the ass
Her main goal, the cats at the top of the pole
She's 17
Already on the 18th hole
Thats how it goes
Niggas better check these hoes
Bust moves to improve
Try to stay on ya toes
Cuz this bitch, she guppyin' up with every balla,
Don't hate me cuz the bitch ate me
I seen it happen
Whats poppin, is hoopin' and rappin'
She call me papi,
Never bought this bitch versace
Dawn and Karen, that thing's in the black LeBaron,
Got her transportin'
Now she feel important
Little girl gone bad, she dancin' at the club
Mad den a mothafucka lookin' for love
She fuckin' everything
And a nigga can't control her
Hoopas, rappas, thugs, and high rollas

(Chorus)

If I fucked yo' bitch
Would a nigga trip?
Knowin' that she go around blowin' niggas' dicks
If I fucked yo' bitch
Would a nigga trip?
Knowin' that she go around blowin' niggas' dicks

X2

(Verse 2: Richie Rich)

You know, like I know
Paid niggas live
The M ticket, make the hoes wanna kick it
All groupies

Big, tall, and small groupies
Niggas get paid
Believe they all groupies
She got a nigga
And she love him
Ain't gon' leave him
But quick to cross, with any nigga that floss
Boy I'm tellin' ya
Its your job to test your bitch
If her legs open
Believe I can arrest your bitch
She fine than a mothafucka bout to get fucked
And no loss bein' broke
Cuz nigga we ain't folks
Playa policy, you should have more than one hoe
Cuz when she drop down below
Damn, there she blow
Its on now
But before she hit the house
The scope fo sho
I let her wash out her mouth
Now she kissin' you
Screamin' how she missin' you
In love with one bitch
He bit the tougne kiss

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Richie Rich)

If I fucked her
As if he fucked her
Would it break ya heart
If I told ya, we fucked her
Be up together
Shit I broke, they slept together
I'm the balla
At ya house the crank caller
Let me be the reason you get caller I.D.
Ya can't check her
These clients at the business respect her
She love this
Nigga no lie, I fucked your bitch
I know it hurts
But if ya scared go to church
Respect a thug
I kept ya bitch out the mud
Gave a game of Trey
Showed her how to get paid
Don't mug me
Nigga you should take me to lunch
I got a hunch

That we gonna see each other a bunch
Like that GS 3
Boy thats PS me
Its all pimpin
Trick you should pay more attention
Can't hate it
When practically we related
She your wife, my hoe
Its your bitch, with my dough

(Chorus)

(Verse 4: Richie Rich)
Ya bitch hit the studio
Tryin' to see
Just how much dick she gotta suck to fuck with me
Said you was proper
But shit you wasnt a thug
She had a phat ass on her
I couldn't pass on her
Its too cats in a bitch life
Two mackin' a trick
They keep her even
Some how this trick keep believin'
That he's the playa
Nothin' to lose its all game
Like bein a trick for this bitch is a small thang
I knew though
When I'm doin' my thang real quick with a bitch
Be slick with a bitch
She slip
Nigga don't stick with a bitch
Get ghost on a bitch
Stay close, pop like toast on a bitch
Play Benz on a bitch
T.V.'s 20 inch rims on a bitch
Break wind on a bitch
Go deep
Then take 10 on a bitch
Drop south on a bitch
Put dick all on the mouth with a bitch
I'ma out on a bitch
Thats really all I'm bout on a bitch
Its me, Jazzy-Fay, and Dent tryin' to pay the rent

(Chorus to end)

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