Guilty Simpson "Get Bitches"

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Life itself full of struggle and wealth Yeah, Guilty Simpson, muthafuckas Let's go, Detroit city

We bangin' that jungle music Homies in the hood flip bundles to it Make exchanges to flake for wages Hustlin' hard before the jake engages

They wanna see the apes in cages We never conversate with agents Anti-police to speak in layman's I'd rather take a swim with Cayman

For real, man, fuck 'em all That's why I flick off cops and cuff my balls Smokin' that good shit Your baby mama wanna fuck with that hood shit

And I'm just what she need, a gangsta breed Yeah, break down my weed, fuck and leave You niggas wanna buck with G's, bitch please I seen harder kids in a Chuck E Cheese

Party with the baddest broads and spend change Take 'em to the hotel suite and get brains

Gettin' bitches, gettin' riches I'm a playa, but no, it's not a game Outfit's crazy, watch's insane Gettin' bitches, gettin' riches

We hustlin', don't confuse it Money is the bread, hen dog's the fluid Sold out stages, the love's outrageous Swoosh on the A-1's match the laces

They wanna see the crew with cases They tell me that I'm too abrasive Unseen, we move evasive We don't follow rules, we take it And I only trust my dogs Y'all fake that's why I don't fuck with y'all I'm tryin' to get hood rich So miss me with all of that bullshit

For this here I bleed, yes indeed I'm tryin' to cop a black Range and have extra cheese Y'all wanna test me, please bitch squeeze I ain't hard to find man, I'm in the D

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