

Guttermouth

"It's Hard Being Wifee"

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[Intro]

Ughh, ladies, y'know how that sayin' goes
Be careful what you ask for in life
Cuz you just might get it
Dependin' on what you ask for, what you get?
You might not be able to get out of
You heard? Ughh

[Foxy]

Niggas might take advantage if you let 'em
Play your cards right, and if you fuck 'em in the same
night
Make sure that he don't snitch
Must be up to sumpin' or be lyin' on his dick
Shit, you know how niggas flick from gettin' pussy to
head
'Til you spent yo' brant and blew his dick
Especially if he trick, shit
Don't complain bitch, do yo' thang and cop that ring

When he hit you with that game, you be like
"A'ight, dude, whatever" and sleep on it
Put like a week on it, get the Benz Jeep and creep on it
Do you like yeah, faggot, screw you
Fuck am I to do now? Just lay back like I'm that lame
bitch
Dude, I'm that same bitch, don't you know? Never cross
no hoe
Especially if she was Wifee and she know where the
snatch go
Fuck you wildin' fo'? Who you stylin' fo'?
And the truth is he fuckin' with the deuce kid
He don't know that I stick and move
Get him right for that Chyna White
Nothing to lose, and I see right through him
Yeah, we fuckin' tonight
And the Duke ain't what he talkin' then I'm truckin'
tonight
And if he sweet with the big ones, I'm lucky tonight
And if he packin' like he yappin', I'm doin' him right

1 - [Noreaga]

Yo, when your man ain't fuckin' you right
And the dope that he singing
In the hood ain't that Chyna White
We say fuck 'em, fuck 'em
Cuz he just ain't right
We say fuck 'em, fuck 'em
Cuz he just ain't tight

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[Foxy]

Uhhh, mostly, they'll play you closely
Especially if you fuckin' 'em, and he think you trustin'
him
Damn bitch, you lovin' 'em, impressed like that
Bomb head, e'ry night, is the sex like that?
Yeah, you ain't know, I would stress like that
Over due, not his ones, he don't handle like that
Shoulda known not to fuck wit no light weight cats
Rollin' doves in his stacks, I ain't fuckin' wit that
I'm like 'Dude, where the fuck is yo' big heads at?'
And you know how I get down, I don't pumps like that
Plus he act funny, and he only fuck with track money
And I'm, seven zero platinum-plat money, it's not a
game, nigga
And like Sparkle, Be Careful What You Say, nigga
The kind of cat that make wonder if he was sent to do
this
Put it down for you, first chick he ever cried fo'
Never had a chick that raps like this
Ain't impressed for no C cuz we straight like this
And he makes it very clear baby mothers don't exist
They just some Fox haters and condom breakers, ya
heard?

Repeat 1

[Foxy]

Uhhh, the situation is
Y'all chicks be fuckin' with that mistress shit
Bad broke, if not for the dough, I splits with the
quickness
Pleads no fifths, leaves no traces, ya heard?
What the fuck is this? Payback shit?

Is it God striking me for some way back shit?
I'm like, damn, was the bitch really foul like this?
And my loc'ing just to think I should slash my wrist
Am I seven for me thinkin' I should total my six
Or just straight spazz out, fuck his man and split
Take the code to the safe and just empty his bricks
On the low, but I know that he love when I flip
Ya'll bet the note, had him throw the smash game
Shit, I got the ring bitch and his last name
Any bitch could do a nigga whole bit
Any bitch could luck up and have a kid
Any chick could fuck a nigga for spite
But the nigga got to love you if he make you his wife
Ughh, ya'll chicks is lonely, I'm ownin' that dick
And on top of all this bullshit, I'm still his chick

Repeat 1

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