

Brotha Lynch Hung "Every Single Bitch"

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(Intro: Clip from a Movie)

Your gonna have a bank roll so big
when you walk down the streets
its look like yo' pockets got the mumps

I aint never had those kinda mumps

now remember a pimp is only as good as his product
see and his product is women
now you got to go out there
and get the best ones you can find
and you got to work them broads
like they aint never been worked before
and never forget
any body can control a womans body
see but the key is to control her mind

(Verse 1: Brotha Lynch Hung)

fuck these hoes
its the re-do
you know how we do
every single bitch ya'll
from the psycho active album
from my nigga X (nerferious)
bear nigga the flex
can't come nearious (biatch)
(who is this)

its the muthafucc'n Lynch and im back on a X track
'Bout to tell you niggas how to keep a hoe stack'n (what
you do?)
what you got to do
to have your bitch clockin'
Just put her on skirt, (then what?)
sit her on "Stockton" fish-net stockings
Tight around thick dock, make it look good, to the
normal nigga eye
That bitch'll make a killin even if she ain't fine (why?!)
Cuz a big ass and some titties is a gold mine, deuce-
nine dollars
A nut, two nuts is 58, an extra 4 if want the hoe to
masturbate

A blow job is 24 bocks a hit
But it's worth she see the hoe swallow the gooey shit
And when I come through she be comin to see daddy
Like a O.G., you know me, I'm sittin in the Caddy, kick
back
Look at the hoe like "Wow!"
Bitch your my slave, what should I make her do know?
You can't treat a bitch good, you know (no)
What good is a nigga who ain't slappin his hoe
So peep, let 'em all know that you don't play
And every bitch gotta price to pay

That's real, you bitches, fuck hoes mayn
They got all off crack, tryin to make you scratch
That's realer than real, shots to that nigga Nerferious
He put down the original game, nigga just need to
bring back some doe
Slow me, uh, productions
(Verse 2: Brotha Lynch Hung)
Who's the hoe? A bitch named {silence} was the trick
She gave up the poo-poo for not one cent
She didn't pay, fuck it I kept the hoe
Every morning at 6 A.M. she was leavin out my window
The close homie probably hit'em too
I thought I gave her fuck but she probably fucked the
whole crew
I can't lie, I hella liked the bitch
But like X-Raided said: "Once a bitch, always a bitch"
So why try to change her?
I rather be by myself, fuck a hoe I strangle her
The only woman I respect
Is my muthafucken moma, disrespect I break yo neck
It's hella easy pullin hoes (hella easy pullin)
Half cuz I got game and half cuz I'm in the stores
Dumb bitch you, you get's no play (24 street)
You got a price to pay, fa sho

Fuck these all muthafucken
Disease carrier
Muthafucken red pussy havin
Cuz it's been dug up, stretch up, phunky stupid ass,
bitches
Set up bitches, yaknowwhuti' msayin
Fuck 'em and leave 'em

(Verse 3: Brotha Lynch Hung)
That's that bitch givin up the cash
I know a hoe, who would straight up jack yo ass
You might go to the mo-mo and get you some
Then you wakin in hella broke and feelin dumb
She made you cum then your ass went to sleep (then

what hapend?)
Took your ki and out the doo' the hoe creep
You got got by a sneaky ass bitch
Now she's kickin with a notha nigga, front you shit
You said the baby had you caught, that's what you said
But you thought she was sprung so you gave her the
bread
It was all of the bitches plot
Big spider web, yo ass got caught
You went in her that night loc
Yeah, she said use the rubber, a big fucken
She got head, ate and paid quick
And all you got was a fat ass check to spend
See, niggaz just love the bomb shit
Them bitches cry to make a nigga go for it
But not me, nigga I do it my way
Cuz every bitch got a price to pay, fa sho

You know, what I say, haha, them bitches got you
stretched out..

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