

## **Bun B**

# **"Who Needs A"**

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Biatch! (biatch, biatch)  
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Bia-bia-bia-b-b-biatch! (biatch)  
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[Bun B]

Say, I'm all about this bread, all about this cheese  
Pimpin be handlin up man, I breaks 'em off with the  
ease  
Fuck it, I'm all about this paper, all about these thangs  
And in case you can't recognize though, you fuckin with  
a mack  
Silly, I'm all about this cheddar, all about the dirt  
So don't be surprised if you see me straight gettin it off  
a hoe  
Stupid, I'm all about these ducats, all about this scrilla  
I got no reservation, 'bout breakin bitches fo' real  
Get it, cause Bun Beada bring the heat to the fire  
You think pimpin ain't pimpin, you's a motherfuckin liar  
Sorry, messiah of the strollin, king of the corner  
Junkster, I've been sellin cock since you was playin pop  
wanna  
Little, I'm on a mission for seven figures to fo'  
Straight out a bitch mouth, pussy and her asshole  
Believe me, as it was told to me, that's how I'm tellin it  
So if anybody buyin pussy I'm sellin it - who need a  
bitch!

[Chorus: Bun B]

If anybody need a bitch then I got one  
Put her in the drop and you could let her ride shotgun  
She could suck your duck, while you mash on the gas  
Or you could take her to the crib and put some dick in  
her ass  
Who need a (biatch) - if anybody need a bitch just holla  
I got top notch pussy for ya for the white dollar  
We poppin our collars and dustin these Gators off  
Not to mention we brushin these haters off  
Now tell me who need a (biatch)

[Juvenile]

Oooh, a nigga like me

I'll take you down to Daytona and let you work your  
body

I done put out APB's for the right freaks

Some bad bitches in here tonight we might need  
(where my hoes?)

And she really with hittin the tracks

So we don't never have a problem about bringin it back

Nope, she don't back-talk me when we up in the 'Llac

Cause she know it ain't nothin for me to give her a  
smack (what'chu need?)

I need a bitch that'll get up on a plane

Put it up in the pussy and come back on a train (when  
did she trip out?)

She don't want me to get after her mayne

Callin when she get somethin cause she know I ain't  
playin (it's official!)

I'm a pimp bitch, you know where the gun be

I'm ridin shotgun with \$hort Dog and Bun B

This game doin time, but it be back

They got pussy on the market, where the G's at?

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort]

Biatch! On your mind

You can't hold back, now's the time

Jump in the car and go pick her up

Take her somewhere, so you could fuck

If you wanted to, you could knock her

All you gotta do, is take her shoppin

A lil' extra cash, for her pocket

Next thing you know, you'll be fuckin

(Biatch!) I like to do the opposite

I charge these hoes when they want some dick

I spit the game and they don't complain

Too \$hort baby, that's my name

Real players need ladies, to have some fun

If I had seven, and you had none

I'd give you one, but you gots to pay

Trick motherfucker, what'chu say?

You need a biatch!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Too \$hort]

Y'all niggaz ain't got no hoes

What'chu know about that nigga?

\$hort Dog fuckin with my boy Bun B

My old school, pimpin playa partner

Texas boys ride, biatch!  
Oh no, me I don't need no bitches  
I got too many hoes right now  
I'm tryin to get rid of some of these bitches mayne  
You need a bitch?  
Take this bitch right here playa, take her

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