

Ice Cube "X-Bitches"

Visit "[X-Bitches](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Damn, what you doing over here? Whassup?
Yeah, I was thinking about you the other day
And I was thinking I should have never fucked wit' your
ass
I should have left you right where I found you, my bed

When I was with you all you ever do was bitch
Talk shit but you could suck dick
So I didn't sweat all the fussin' and cussin'
On New Year's Eve, the night I was bussin'

I would stress and strain to maintain
And didn't need to hear your motherfucking ass
complain
About niggaz in the house, feet on the couch
Talkin' all loud, yeah, blunt in my mouth, yeah

Bitch, I got Fifty Cents on this genesis
Talkin' 'bout niggaz got to vacate the premises
She's dead, homie histor
An' outta nowhere your ass got hard

Poured out the pub then you got drugged
We at it again, I tried to count to ten
There's no end to your naggin'
You can't treat me like I'm faggin', hoe

You see, I'm saggin'
(No)
Why I gotta act like a motherfucking asshole
(Why)
To be king of my motherfucking castle

You'll never be the missus
(Never)
Breakin' all my dishes
And fuck all my X-bitches

Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours
Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours

On an' off, off an' on, bitch, I'm grown
So stop playing on my phone
(Stop)
It was a time we used to bump and grind
And find heaven without a motherfucking reverend

Managua twages and bomb-ass massages
And dreams of three-car garages
You say I'm cheating when I'm up at the studio
Come to find out you the hoe, oh and you was way out

Talkin' 'bout rap, was gonna play ya
And I was wasting my time writing rhyme
You made yourself loud and clear
You wanted me to choose between you and my career
(Bitch)

Started fucking with this baller named Chris
Couldn't resist the Rolex on his wrist
I kept on writing my raps with profanity
Now, I'm on tour fucking bitches like Fanady

You tried to diss this, now, you missed this
And the first and fifteenth is like Christmas
Send me naked pictures but give it a rest
With Mrs. Ice Cube tattooed on your breast

Now, you at the back door of my show
Dressed like a hoe, axin' could you blow
(No)
Hell no but it's still delicious
Went from rags to riches and fuck all my X-bitches

Fuck you, fuck you, especially you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours
Fuck you, fuck you, especially you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours

Now, I hear you sayin' "Yeah, I used to fuck 'em"
Not lettin' 'em know I was a young buck then
Niggaz axin' me "Man, did you love her?"
Loved her, stupid ass, enough to fuck her with a rubber
(Bitch)

Now, I hear, I'm your big brother
(Who?)
Second cousin, friend, bitch, since when?
Incest ain't the way I swing
(Nah)
Never bought your ass a goddamn thing

That I had to pay for

I was hateful, ungrateful and never faithful
Fuckin' everything that I could, get my paws on
Walkin' through hell with gasoline draws on
Now, I'm on the mic, music is my life

Kids and a wife, heard you was a dite
(Damn)
It's your thing if you like the switches
But it's my world and fuck all my X-bitches

Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours
Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours

Fuck you, fuck you, especially you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours
Fuck you, fuck you, especially you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours

Never go down the same road twice
Advice from the big homie Ice Cube
Girl, you better get away from here
I don't want that shit no more

And don't be callin' at my mama' house neither
I'm through wit' you, I'm through wit' you
I done got smarter, I done got smarter
I ain't fuckin' wit' your daughter

Visit [Ice Cube](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.