

Jungle Brothers

"Just a Bitch"

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Chorus 2:

You little punk motherfucker do yo thang
You bitch ass niggas won't do a thang
So shut the fuck up and peep some game from me

Chorus:

You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Trick BI-ITCH(bi-itch)
BI-ITCH (bi-itch)
Punk ass BI-ITCH(bi-itch)
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH(bi-itch)
Trick BI-ITCH(bi-itch)
Punk ass BI-ITCH(bi-itch)

Hook:

YEAH!,YEAH!, YEAH!, YEAH!
Well get yo hands up, get yo hands up
Got damn it motherfucker get yo hands up
Well throw yo click up, throw yo click up
Got damn it motherfucker throw yo click up
Well what you looking at, nigga what you looking at
Nigga what you looking at, nigga what you looking at
Now what you wanna do, what you wanna do
Got damn it fuck nigga what yo wanna do
Now what you wanna do (you scared)
Well nigga FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU, FUCK
YOU!

Chorus:

BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Fuck ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Punk ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)

Verse 1: Too \$hort

Pour me some Bombay and fire up that pine
Its bout time somebody checked you you bitch ass
punk
I heard you slap ya woman cause she told ya the truth
Real niggas bring out the ho in you
Us pimp niggas get it down hoe
The chin checker all you do is play the role nigga
You just a actor, won't let a bitch breathe
If she wanted to yawn
She just a weak motherfucker so insecure
How come she can't leave home without getting cursed
out?
Everytime you get mad you tell her get the fuck out
Put I told that her, I said its cool
Get at me
Come by the house and get nasty
I spit the real game
I rode her in my caddy when she yelled my name
I told her call me daddy
Trick nigga if ya tell me you a player youse a liar
Cause you never be like Willie Dynamite Supafly...

Chorus:

You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Fuck ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Punk motherfucking BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Punk ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)

Verse 2: Chyna

Pump, pump, pump, pump
Let no shots
Double glock glock
Nigga pop pop it don't stop in that dirty south
Burn up the whole block that's what this here be bout
Niggas living lowless, niggas labeled heartless
Gone see who life the shortest
Regardless this whole world to me is garabage
Trying to reap my harvest
I'm starving, let's live the life of ballin
And still trying to find my calling, and make a change
Look into my eyes, all you see is pain
Look up in the sky all I see is rain

Ain't no sunshine, call me a monkey
But look I got K-9 bloodlines
With P-9's and semiautos
And guaranteed tomorrow
9th ward my burrow
I represent the scum's
Ate the crumbs
Now I'm reaching for a new height
Nothing but love and we crew tight
Craving renew sight
Hussle for food tight
Who the dopest on the planet BI-ITCH
Chyna White

Chorus:

BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Punk ass BI-ITCH!(bi-itch)
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Fuck ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)

Chorus 2:

You little punk motherfucker do ya thang
You bitch ass niggas won't do a thang
So shut the fuck up and peep some game from me
Now you know to shut yo talk it is a shame
Cause you and yo group won't do a thang
The SHIT that you talking sounds the same to me

BI-ITCH!! (echoes)

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