

Celtic Folk

"Bitch Up Off Me"

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Yo I got to get this bitch up off me
Cuz' she want to get rich up off me
Yo I had to get this bitch up off me
Cuz' she tried to get rich up off me

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[Verse One]

I know this chick named Maria
Who like to get freaky when she smoke a little cheebah
Drink and (?)
Make a pesimest a believer
You start the game, and I'm a come in as the reliever
I'm a do it how we did it on "Humboat" and "Ceeva"
Leave it to beaver we leave to Tyrone Weaver
Scorch you like Scarlett Fever, with her hot ass
Gave me a look like I was on a hot block, and a cop
passed
Threw his style at me smiled at me
On a Friday night outside of Packie's
Now I'm drinking and thinking the gig's up
She told me she likes to get 'izzed up
And all that talk I was doing could I live up
And that I had to put change up
If I want to blow the frame up
Now we hittin' L's thinking 'bout mixing cells
Sex cells, but we ain't paying for it
We got a saying for it, we never paying for it

[Chorus with Black Coffey in Background]

Tricked by God for me...Cuz' I ain't got time
Can't get rid of me...Cuz' I got to gets mine

Yo I got to get this bitch up off me
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[Verse Two]

Yo I got to get this bitch up off me
Cuz' she want to get rich up off me
Birds out for cheedar, flock together
And they want to live flossy
Everytime we argue it costs me
My baby know that she loves me
How could something so beautiful come out of
something so ugly
If it a shock unplug me
Like the energy generated when she come and hug me
Look at the rut that you in
I'll never ever touch you again
Thats blown like the gust of the wind
And now I got a wife of my own
And you should get a life of your own
I should have never slept with a birdie like you
Now you got my little girl being dirty like you
You too consumed with what I've earned
And what I've learned
For my daughter you ain't too concerned
And when she gets older
You going be the first one to feel the cold shoulder
For the wrong shit you showed her
I'm a good brother you push away when you should
love her
Now how that make you a good mother

[Chorus with Black Coffey in Background]

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Can't get rid of me...Cuz' I got to gets mine

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[Verse Three]

Yo, messing round' with you could mean giving up the
fam'
I with my girl you stay with you man
But my feelings keep fighting, the thought's too
inviting
Of how we going do it just makes it more exciting
Both playing the game on some out of bounds shit
It couldn't happen round' the way saw some out of town
shit
It's a sticky situation like the green not the brown shit
I stay up in it while you niggas just around it
Her man's the type to see a nigga buy a beer
And I'll be wondering do he got any idea

Is his eyes clear, he got trees and want to blow
something
Giving me that look like he knows something
Now we in it and committed ain't no time to be fearful
Fuck trying to be careful

[Chorus with Black Coffey in Background]

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Tricked by God for me
I ain't tricking no chief
You got me
I said you got me messed up
So messed, so messed up
Back off me
Tricked by God for me
You can't get rid of me
Tricked by God for me
Yeah, and it's like that

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