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Celtic Frost "Gangsta Bitch"

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(talking)

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Some of y'all niggas are bitches too, that's right But me, a player, from the third coast man I'd rather have a bitch, that's gangsta you knowl'mtalkinbout So right about now, for the year two triple O E.S.G., Tre Duece and my partner Ron-O We gone let the whole world know, what type Of bitches we got down here in the south no doubt, no doubt

[Chorus: Ronnie Spencer - 2x] If you ain't a gangsta bitch, I don't want you, don't want you baby If you ain't a gangsta bitch, I don't need you, don't need you baby, uh

[E.S.G.]

Now I got a bitch, that do what I tell her Now she holds my bricks and hit licks on my cellular My bitch is playa made, with a head full of them braids She rides panties aside, gray insides on the blades Now my bitch don't smoke, but she ride with the dope Plus she keep a 25 stuffed inside her coach Bag in the jag showing ass, turning heads Tattoos on her thighs with the money sign on her leg See I trust her with my cash, I trust her with my bank Plus she's the type of bitch that'll bust a strip for the drink

If we ain't freaking, then she setting up a reakon So we go in for three so fly off for the weekend Properly to a rumor, send bags so fast brah Don't know what I do, if the feds ever arrest her Let's po' a four, slam my door, and bang screw Plus some of y'all niggas are bitches too

[Chorus - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2] Now all my broads is classy and jazzy and keep me looking lovely Far from ugly, and hit the highway for me Do everything I say, everything my way I'm a, big boss baller broads got to pay like they way Heezy cheesy, I do it the g-way Do whatever 3 say, get paid on the freeway No de-lay, don't stop it, 1999 Man these hoes sure be popping I watch that game unfold over a matter of time Cause if I get 25 she gone have to hold up for a dime Like the ground you walk on, don't talk on my bitches Cause everything I done, she was my only witness In this gangsta life, gangsta relationship Blood is thicker than water baby I paid my bitch From head to toe, don't need to say no more Cause when I'm gone now she gone bring home the payroll, to daddy

[Chorus - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

I got a real bitch, I got a pop a pill bitch A sexy brown, put it down, to make a mill bitch I mean a fine bitch, a top of the line bitch Won't drop no dime bitch, down to do the time bitch I mean a thick bitch, trying to get rich bitch That'd hit the interstate with two bricks bitch A all in bitch, a top ten bitch A S class with the blue lens bitch I got a super star bitch, a sipping bar bitch A third coast raised that'll take a nigga charge bitch I got a baller bitch, a shot caller bitch That'll pay for a young nigga lawyer bitch You got a young hoe, I mean a dumb hoe I got a post a million dollar fucking bond hoe A thick thigh bitch, D.K.N.Y. bitch So when we get married don't ask a young nigga why bitch

[Chorus - 4x]

[E.S.G.] We off the heezy, we off the heezy And if she ain't a gangsta bitch I don't need it - 4x

BIATCH, off the heezy, fa sheezy E.S.Geezy, down in H-Tizzy bizzy baby Knowl'mtalkingbout, platinum sizzold For the 9-9 and the two tripple izzo Ha ha, anybody my partner St. Clizzaire Knowl'mtalkingbout, BIATCH MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.