

Kool G Rap

"Hey Mister Mister"

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[Kool G. Rap] Last week I beat my bitch up in the street for lyin to me She thought she caught a cutie but didn't know the nigga knew me He said he had but one or two affairs with the booga bear All a nigga could do was try to act like he don't fuckin care I was about to drop the hammer on this nigga Till grip pulled out his wallet and he had my bitch's pictures That undercover lover bullshit was now discovered Can't wait to see this bitch 'cause I'mma beat her ass in public I went to her sister's house, drove by her momma's I even stepped to poppa duke's house to bring the drama Lookin up the block, yeah hold up, yeah there goes that bitch From a mile away yo I could tell my bitch is switched So I ran up on her, hey wassup bitch I got a question If your lot of Smith & Wessons gonna teach ya ass a lesson You ever fucked around on me before? "Hell no!" *smack* "Yo what you hit me with that gun for?" Bitch why you lyin, bitch you've been cheatin Now I gotta to give your motherfuckin ass a beatin I punched her in the ribcage and kicked her in the stomach Take off all my motherfuckin jewellery, bitch runnin I stomped her and I kicked her and I punched her in the face Some people crowded around but nobody got out of place Don't want heroics, "Hey buddy" - aiyyo money don't get in this "Hey miss you alright?" - motherfucker mind your business! I'm bashin her with the nine, inches away from pullin the trigger But a nigga got to hit her till I see her face get bigger I'm sick of all the bullshit, tired of all the nonsense So I pistol whipped the bitch till her ass fell out of conscious Now she's all bloodied up, layin in that red shit Bitch press charges, I guarantee you she's a dead bitch The first time you play me is your last So yo don't interrupt me when I'm whoopin on my bitch ass [Chorus] "Hey mister mister, what the fuck you doin?" "Hey mister mister" - keep walking past! "Hey mister mister, what the fuck you doin?" Don't interrupt me when I'm whoopin on my bitch ass! [Kool G. Rap] I'm baggin up mad shit, puttin it on the street I never snorted but I find myself shorted every weekend Shit is disappearin and I'm lookin for the logic Of why my shit gets lower every time I count

the profit It never fails again, these bitches drawers
they go back up One hundred here, two hundred here,
but all that shit adds up So I'm layin for the traitor So I
can put foot in they ass 'cause I'm a motherfucking
bitch hater! So I'm peepin out the spot for a week If I
catch one of these bitches stashin bread she'll be dead
meat I took one to the bath and tried to knock it Feelin
on her ass, hey yo bitch what's this in your pocket? Aha
finally caught your ass! The bitch had my cash, I rolled
up inside a stash She started coppin a plea but I ain't
really tryin to hear her I snatched her by her hand,
bashed her face up in the mirror I threw her right on the
ground and then her skirt revealed her panties Now a
nigga's ready to shove his dick up in her fanny I hit the
bitch like one more time and then I just said fuck it
Pulled my zipper down, whipped out my dick and made
her suck it I'm rammin my dick inside of her mouth and
tryin to make her choke Then I grabbed the back of her
head and shot come down her throat I beat her and I
dissed the bitch for tryin to steal my cash So yo don't
interrupt me when I'm whoopin on my bitch ass [Chorus
2X]

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