

## La' Chat

### "What Kinda Bitch Do You Want"

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What kind of bitch do you want  
A bitch that's right by your side  
What kind of bitch do you need  
A bitch that's ready to ride  
What kind of bitch do you want  
A bitch that's packin  
What kind of bitch do you need  
A bitch that's ready to go

Hanging out in the club and we keeping our mugs  
Grilled out, thugged out and we full of them buds  
I step away just for a second and my nigga got anna  
Here I come crowning bitches, bustin heads over  
counters  
It's going down (man what), when it's on then it's on  
A couple of bruises and some scratches I can fix when  
I'm home  
They done fucked up, I done made my way to the  
parking lot  
And soon a nigga hit the door they going deaf by my  
shots  
Cause I'mma shoot up the club, you bitches better run  
Let my nigga go before I give you some  
It's gon be some shit, a ho is bout to click  
I shoot to kill, I'm aiming for your dick  
An ex-con on the run, so I'm totin the gun  
A down bitch bout the biz always get the job done  
When you wrong, ho you wrong  
Ain't no way you can hide  
I'm gettin strapped up wit the fo-five's like Bonnie and  
Clyde

(repeat 2x)

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A bitch that's ready to ride  
What kind of bitch do you want  
A bitch that's packin  
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A bitch that's ready to go

When we be sleepin, we be sleepin wit our backs to our  
backs  
We got one leg on the land and got our hands on our  
straps  
I'm like the bone to your spine, I'm like the clip to your  
nine  
I'm like the thoughts in your mind, I'm like the face on  
your dime  
When you was locked up in the pen, had you straight  
on dat weed  
You sold more dope behind the bars than you did on  
the streets  
A bitch be talking shit ain't no need in you fightin it ho  
That ho was strappin out the frame and you know that  
for sho  
You disrespected my nigga, that mean you fuck wit my  
pimpin  
Fiddin to kick you dead in your face and give a mean  
ass whippin  
I ain't got no problem wit you niggas choosin drop off  
your cheese  
I'll set you up and have my nigga draped in all your  
jewelry  
We hittin the block, we riding hot and I'm driving the  
car  
He on parole, I got the gun and dough, I'm taking the  
charge  
We gotta bust fuckin bank, 'fore our day'll go right  
I love this nigga we together for the rest of our life (for  
real)

(repeat 2x)

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