

Mariah Carey & Whitney Houston

"Toss That Bitch"

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You went and bought that bitch
Flossed that bitch
But you lost that bitch
Cuz we tossed that bitch
Bought that bitch
Flossed that bitch
But you lost that bitch
Cuz we tossed that bitch, what

Hook: Toss that hoe
Toss that bitch
Repeat 3x

I can't believe all y'all niggas out here buyin these hoes
Need to imitate Gotti start lyin to these hoes
Tossin these hoes
Never ever flossin these hoes
You know how it go
Two things I ain't seen befo' (before)
A UFO and a hoe that will not go
Cuz after the show
I'm tossin up 3 bitches or mo' (more)
You know how I roll
Wit the whole firm in this bitch
The Embassy Suites
We takin turns tossin a bitch
Who I be? Yo Gotti
Ain't scared of nobody
Clique tight wit my people
Totin' a desert eagle
You roll through in a Regal
Lookin like "Leave It To Beaver"
Talkin about some mo shit about yo seniorita
You know I'm fuckin nigga's hoes whenever I can
Ain't gon hide it
Gon provide it
Bring this shit to the fan
You see what I'm sayin'?
They say that I'm a dog and all
I'm up to no good
They say I'm fuckin all the broads but really I'm not

I just got my name too hot
Tossed too many hoes wit niggas that talk a lot

Hook

I don't support these bitches
I go to court on bitches
Get a resrtainin' order so they can keep they distance
Can't adapt to thes bitches
Try not to slap these bitches
Don't wanna hit these bitches
I just want cap from these bitches
I ain't got time for bitches
Mind ain't made for bitches
Askin God to keep Gotti away from these bitches
These hoes stare too much
These hoes care too much
These hoes get in the mirror and comb they hair too
much
These hoes thin they slick
These hoes'll fuck yo friend
Break bad, make up, then do it again
These hoes ain't got no feelin's
Hoes prayin' for chillin's (children)
By a young balla nigga that they think got millions
These hoes eat too much
These hoes sleep too much
These hoes complain too much
These hoes change too much
I got this bitch at my crib
All the bitch do is bitch
This hoe is outta her mind
She ain't got shit on shit
First it was cool to kick it
Now the hoe gettin evicted
"Get the fuck out my house, and take this burnt ass
chicken!"
I said ain't shit main
Bout a bitch but her name
I can promise you that I hate my hoes the same, what

(Boss Lady)

You love that nigga
I love his cash
I dun hit the boy stash
He ain't even get no ass
You love that nigga
I love his cash
I dun hit the boy stash
He ain't even get no ass, what

Break that trick
Charge that bitch
Repeat 3x

I'm a priceless bitch
I'm rockin ice and shit
Breakin bad on niggas before it's time to hit
Get they cheese then I vamp
Leave these niggas stressed out
And can't wait til they run up on me wit they chest stuck
out
"You wanna fight or sumthin'? That's what I want you to
do
So I can call up Gotti 'nem to blast yo' crew"
You think you tossin these hoes dawg, but really you
not
You niggas payin what you weighin' peelin off the knot
You got a thug bitch fucked off deep in the game
Gimme ten G's if you wanna toss me, mane
Don't try to get no playa points off usin my name
When you ain't tell em how you used the whipped
cream on me, mane
Now this bitch constantly talkin' bout her nigga the shit
Now I dun asked this hoe a question:
What you want for a brick?
Now what you know about transportin' bricks for thugs?
"Shit."
I thought not cuz you fuck wit scrubs
You wit that faithful shit
That relationship
I'm tryin' to break a trick
Vacate wit all his chips
If he got a woman then disregard that shit
Cuz yo' main obstacle is to charge that trick

(Boss Lady) Break that trick
(Yo Gotti) Toss that bitch
Repeat 3x
Hook until end

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