

# Memphis Bleek Feat. Jay-Z And Missy Elliot "Is That Your Bitch"

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Don't get mad at me  
I don't love 'em, I fuck 'em  
I don't chase 'em, I duck 'em  
I replace 'em with another one

You had to see, she keep calling me B.I.G.  
(And another one)  
And my name is Jay-Z, she was all on my dick  
Gradually I'm taking over your bitch  
Coming over your shit

Got my feet up on you sofas, man  
I mean a hostess for my open hand  
You coming home to dishes and empty soda cans  
I got your bitch up in my Rover, man

I never kiss her, I never hold her hand  
In fact, I diss her, I'm a bolder man  
I'ma pimp her, it's over, man  
It's over, man, it's over, man

Oh, is that your bitch, why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick, keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch, why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thigh, keep looking in his eyes

Oh, is that your bitch? You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill, don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch, why she paging him?  
Keep praising him? 'Cause that's Bleek and them, bitch

Yo, yo, why you home alone, why she out with me?  
Room 112, hotel balcony  
How she say, "Jay, you can call the house for me"  
There's no respect at all, you betta check her, dawg  
She keep beggin' me to hit it raw

So she can have my kids and say it was yours  
How foul is she? And you wifed her  
Shit, I put the rubber on tighter  
Sent her home, when she entered home

You hugged her up, what the fuck is up?

She got you whipped, got your kids  
Got your home, but that's not your bitch  
You share that girl, don't let 'em hear daddy Earl  
It'll make 'em sick, that his favorite chick  
Ain't saving it, unfaithful bitch

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Cool out, homie, you betta keep her away from my  
balling clique  
Keep her out of nightclubs all in the mix  
From hanging out with chicks who be swallowing dicks  
From catz who order Cris, play the floor with the Knicks

That can only lead to something unfortunate  
Hot boy like Jigga Man, scorch your bitch  
Play the floor dot, Jigga Man go first  
Then we all rock 'cause we all hot  
You know the boys from the Roc got them whores on  
lock

Got them bitches in the smash, making yours drive fast  
'Cause we get more cash than the average nigga  
All dem hoes like, "Damn I gotta have this  
nigga"  
'Cause I'ma hot, black, how in the hell can you stop  
that?  
You would fuck mine, how the hell can you knock that?  
I'm just playing the cards choosenly, Jigga Man, who ya  
supposed to be?

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Tha Jigga and Twista got 'em screaming  
Like a demon, fiending for the semen  
Chrome gleaming like the dome off Keenan  
Gone while I'm leanin', smoking

I'm whip it in the stomach  
Your bitch on the passenger side of me, flashing your  
money  
Why you acting so funny?  
You know she been flirting while your working  
Behind the curtain knuckles jerking for certain

Poppin' that pussy, sweatin' 'til no fluid is left  
When I come in the party with J, we gonna do it to death  
You gon' ruin your rep, trippin' while we pimpin' these  
hefers  
Playa lectures got me shining like a new Gator stepper

Must have been mad when your ho put my stuff in the  
dash  
Bust in her ass, to climax I come up with a nab  
The game don't stop, legit ballers bending up the block  
Niggas rushing, coming at us 'cause of status and  
props  
Sucking and fucking, loving it when I put tha dick up  
inside her  
Can't help it if she yellin' with a ridah

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