

Mya

"Bitch Like Me"

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Chorus

I got what you want (got what i want)
I got what you need (got what i need)
Im gon back it up (gon back it up)
Just like a freak (just like a freak)
Coz i got that stuff (you got that stuff)
Put you to sleep (put you to sleep, oh)
You aint never gonna find a b**** like me

Verse 1 - Mya -

Ohhh let me tell ya what im gonna do
Baby i'll keep it gangster for you
Im a rep to the fullest for you
And ohhh most of these broads got issues
Talk about what they will and wont do, but don't get me
confused coz I ain't like these other chicks your used to
I rep the game that, i wear my A and
You will never say no, to a b**** like me coz
I'm a ride or die for you, its necessary bossin
Reppin the side for you, im riding yes boy..

Chorus

I got what you want (got what i want)
I got what you need (got what i need)
Im gon back it up (gon back it up)
Just like a freak (just like a freak)
Coz i got that stuff (you got that stuff)
Put you to sleep (put you to sleep, oh)
You aint never gonna find a b**** like me

Verse 2 - Mya -

Ohhh when the weight of the worlds on your shoulders
And you feel your about to blow up
Baby i will give you something to hold on to
And oh oh oh come rest your head on my pillow
Get some air i'll open up windows
Baby sit back, relax, i'll rub back, rerun the stats while
you reload
I rep the game that, i wear my A and

You will never say no, to a b**** like me coz
I'm a ride or die for you, its necessary bossin

Reppin the side for you, im riding yes boy..

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I got what you need (got what i need)
Im gon back it up (gon back it up)
Just like a freak (just like a freak)
Coz i got that stuff (you got that stuff)
Put you to sleep (put you to sleep, oh)
You aint never gonna find a b**** like me
x2

I got what you want
I got what you need
See I got the stuff tto put you to sleep
Hold it down in the kitchen, hold it down in the sheets
You ain't ever gonna find a b**** like me

Rap - Eightball

Look at the car you be pushin, at the clothes you be wearing, look at the rocks you be rocking them other bozos be staring, you tell em how we get down, bout them beautiful sounds when i hit it like a boxer we go all twelve rounds
You have me jumping and jerking, working streets out here hustling, shopping sprees in Manhattan with your sisters and cousins. We be up in the club you be bouncing and drinking, i be smoking that sticky, you know just what I'm thinking I wanna get you alone, we'll be full of that Patrone, we'll be touching and tonguing in the car all the way home
On the tinted glass, hand full of ass in the fast lane, thug is in my blood if don't like it you can walk away, you know that I'm working when I'm gone but then I'm try na get paid, I'll call you when i can, Im not your boy I'm your man. You respect that you know I don't get off on a fee, you know that you aint gonna find another n***** like me

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x2

Woo aa who'd ever thought we'd take it this far,
everywhere we go wanna know who we are, no matter what i do, ghetto super star

No body ever no
No body ever no

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