

D-12 "Bitch"

Visit "[Bitch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Eminem]

Bitches always be all... gigglin and shit. (come on BITCH)

But they get mad when there favorite song dont come on in the club.

Catch an attitude and shit

We got one for them. goes like this

[Verse 1: Eminem]

Who wrote a song for the hoes

Who like to hear here it goes

A little somethin you probably won't hear on the radio

So when it comes on in the club it's one that everyone knows

And if I'm talking to fast it just means you're listening to slow

And if you listen a little faster maybe you'll catch up, Bitch

Jew Ja Jaw Jaw Da Dun Jew Ja

You just made me mess up, Bitch

Bleeb Blab Blah Blah Blah Blah

It don't matter, I'm just babblin

Like you understand what I'm saying Anyway

I'm just traveling In one ear and I'm out the other

You're so fuckin drunk all you hear is the Beat

I could be sayin anything

Get ya ass on the floor

Wear the same pants that you wore from the day before

And shake that ass like a whore

[Chorus]

Yeah i'm talkin to you BITCH (get up and dance bitch)

Wiggle that ass BITCH (yeah thats it. yeah i called you a bitch)

What you going to do about it BITCH?

Sit there and cry like a little BITCH? BITCH.

Get up and dance BITCH (wiggle that ass bitch)

You little trash BITCH (yeah thats it. yeah i called you a trash bitch)

Now trailer trash SWITCH

Take the person you with and exchange partners

[Verse 2: Kuniva]

Tell me that it aint no hangin, and fuck callin home
Untill you look at me before you answer the phone
When i flee, your ass can get as naked and be as free
As you wanna be freak
But i'm takin the key with me.
You aint gonna get shit, so dont even ask
Disrespect my wishes, i'll beat your ass
Watch me comin home floor eatin half of your doggy
bag
And i leave laughin, while you callin me on the rag
I'm the type that might cut off the lights when i hit
And before she cut them on, Kuniva already SWITCHED
Your ass aint even ridin with Swift unless your goin
When i'm done, i throw you out and ask you where you
goin

[Verse 3: Bizarre]

Hoe aint the only thing you call a girl
Slut, Tramp, (oh, how you doin cherry!?)
Ever since i was 8, i been startin to hate
I said fuck the Ho's, started eatin cheese cake
Scrambled eggs and steak, strawberrys and grapes
Damn that sounds great, hold on wait (Bizzy)
Ok, back to the bitches, wash the dishes after that
Give me stitches. a fuckin half indian chick, suck my
dick
This time tommorow, i wont remember shit
Got respect for a player, got on snoop gators
And they aint now and later bitch.

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Kuniva, Kon Artis, Dina Rae]

Hey baby whats up with you
Aiiyo your man here with you?
Nah, you single, i can tell(you came with them hoes
didnt you)
No you need friends girl, excuse him its the liquor
(aiiyo lets get this party crackin these bitches aint got
bitches)
Now you know he didnt mean that (come on you seen
that)
(she all whinin and shit, get this bitch a kleenex)
(what did he say?)
Nothin, he said you seem stressed
(naw, you got a big butt)
And you wearin your nice dress('cause i was gonna
say)

(you wasn't gonna say shit)
(excuse me?)
He said Michael Jackson jus got another face lift
(dumb hoe)
(oh, nigga!)
No, gumbo, he wanna cook it for you tonight
(bitch, what up though jus fuck for a buck, do somethin
strange for change, maybe holla for a dolla, jus hop in
the range)
(fuck both yall niggas)
See i was tryin to be polite, stank ass trick (oh someone
jackin off tonight)

[Verse 5: Proof]

Why you a bitch but dont choke
I say the same to my momma
I got Christina, Brittany with me, shit
We bangin Madonna
Watch her strip you on that 10 bitch aint got change for
a dollar
Blow your tounge and give kiss on your mouth you
came with a condom
Quick out is the motto and jus swallow breathe, swallow
breathe, now swallow these e's
I know you moca lotti mommys wont get down on your
knees
You wont some money honey damn you must be outta
your weave
Hit the telly fuck her belly you aint gotta go weak
Plus you wanna be a mattie you need a lot of more
sleep
I'm a pimp bitch dont be shy, show me them big tits
Your lipstick, i want it smeared all on my limp dick
For instance, busting nuts is only my interest
So princess, don't get your feelings hurt 'cause men
jus
Partyin bullshit till she gargle and swallow my dick
I'm takin the train to spain, don't bother callin bitch

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Yeah, you heard me bitch.
Did i stu-stu-studder stupid?
You aint listein to the words of this song anyways
All you do is listen to the beats with your dumbass
(BITCH)
Dancin, tryin to get a nigga money in the club
With your stupid manuper self
I was talkin bout you Do-do
You, you dumb bitch

YOU!

The one that want a drink but dont want to pay for it
Spend all the money you make all week on that dress
And i spill a drink on it, actin like i'm drunk when i'm not
I'M JUST TRYIN TO FUCK
IM JUS TRYIN TO FUCK BITCH!

(D-Twizzy, Yeah. Bitch, Bitch)

Visit [D-12](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.