

Poison Clan

"The Bitch That I Hate"

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DEB: Hey baby I'm outta here I'm goin' to work.

BITCH: Bitch you know you ain't goin' to no motherfuckin' work! You

prob'ly goin' 'round one of them long cock slimy hoes' motherfuckin' house!

DEB: Oh you callin' me a liar bitch? I'll fuck you up in here!

BITCH: Who you gon' fuck up? You gon' GET fucked up! I'm tired every

time I motherfuckin' turn around a bitch comin' to me talkin'

'bout, you fuckin' with them ...

DEB: Hey, hold up, hold up, check this out ...

Verse 1: Debonaire

When you first moved in, you ain't talked so slick

All you had to do was clean and take dick

Knowin' that Deb would bring home the bacon

Everything was cool, but now you break him

Sayin' how I don't take you out

Like when we first met, but think about

This motherfucker that bought you cribs

Comin' home to fast food instead of home-cooked ribs

I ain't complained, but you go on

Talkin' 'bout shit like your period's on

Sayin' how I spend too much time

Away from you with those friends of mine

A nigga will be a nigga

And a hoe will think that he's trying to egg her

So, bitch, you better get it straight

Before you become the bitch that I hate

BITCH: JT, I ain't with that shit! How you gon' be a dog and don't

even know it 'round here, bullshittin' me like that? You got me

fucked up! I deserve better bullshit than that! I ain't with

all that fuck-shit, talkin' 'bout, "I don't do this, I don't do that," man, you better come clean with that fuck-shit!

You

know better than that!

JT: Hold up, hold up, let me straighten all this shit right here!

Verse 2: JT Money

Constantly naggin' 'bout the things I don't do
But while I'm out workin', where the fuck are you?
You lay around my house, you ain't doin' shit
Matter fact, you startin' to make me sick
Always bitchin', cryin', yellin', and tryin'
To tell me how I'm doin' you wrong but you're lyin'
So be quiet, stop singin' the blues
'Cause I know plenty hoes who wanna be in your shoes
So if I was you, baby, I'd just chill
'Cause if I don't work, who'll pay the bills?
You sure don't work, so say that crap
All you do is make love and can't do that
You better sit y'butt down and rest your nerves
Before you find your shit somewhere out on the curb
Think about it, and get your shit straight
Before you become the bitch that I hate

BITCH: Deb, yo' motherfuckin' ass think you slick, but I know you

and that ol' raggly-ass friend of yours, JT, be out there fuckin' them - oh, maybe one-dollar, two-dollar-ass motherfuckin' hoes, but I know one thing, you better not bring nothin' home to me that penicillin can't motherfuckin' cure, bitch!

DEB: Shit, I know you better stop that bitchin' and get yo' ass in the kitchen!

BITCH: Motherfucker, you try and get YOUR motherfuckin' ass in the ...

DEB: Hold up, hold up, check it ...

Verse 3: Debonaire

Constantly sayin' "I think you' a jerk";
That I'm lyin' 'bout the hours I work
Sayin' there must be another only
Well, I'ma say, instead of bein' phony
Every motherfucker fools around
Definitely, and it may sound
Crazy, but most bitches say,
If they gettin' paid, then their shit's OK
You gettin' cash and taken care of
It's a fact that you should be aware of
And stop worryin' 'bout the next hoe
'Cause you on top, and she's way below
So you better had get it straight,

Before you become the bitch that I hate

BITCH: You silk-suit-wearin' motherfuckers! You don't even ask me to come to your motherfuckin' shows! You must be out there

fuckin' them groupie-ass hoes! When y'ass come home, y'shit don't even get all hard, motherfucker ...

JT: Hey, what the fuck you talkin' 'bout??

BITCH: ... motherfucker, don't even try to cut me off!

You know

what the fuck up!

JT: GodDAMN, baby, just listen to this shit!

BITCH: You listen to that shit I just said!

Verse 4: JT Money

Now we've been through all this shit before

Once I say it this time, I won't say it no more

It's a part of my job to take long trips

But when I get back, I'm gettin' flip of the lip

You're never home, and hard to find

And still talkin' 'bout, I don't spend time

With you. Now tell me, who's duckin' who?

If you ask me, another nigga's fuckin' you

So say that crap, don't try to front

I gave you everything that you could possibly want

Without me, where would you be?

Takin' care of you sure ain't my responsibility

So hush your mouth, and kill that shit,

Or find somebody else to stay with

Now think about that, and get your shit straight

Before you become the bitch that I hate

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