

Death

"Bitchez Wit Dikz"

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Intro: Jeru The Damaja

Yes yes

Check it out right here now, knowwhatimean?

Henryville, the muthafuckin bitchez wit dikz

That's in the midst,

of the real brothers whose the true wonders

Knowhatimsayin? Talkin all that shit about this and this

and that

But fakin shit, I'mma drop it like this

{Jeru The Damaja}

Bad bitches and techs, and sound affects

Talk but skate like Tara Lipinski, when shit get hec-tic

Out in Brooklyn, too late you's a vick

And if spend major dough on a hoe, you a bitch ass

trick

Pimps and players, no I'm not a hater

Cuz I smashed it off, she bust me down I ain't pay her

Shoutin youse a regulator,

soft like C3PO, but pop shit like Darth Vader

For Princess Leia, with flesh hard like Shaggy

Your booty, when shit get raw you Doo like Scooby

I'm snatching chains, mics and those platinum

groupies

And let it be known, I eat ya'll pussies like a porno

movie

Dutches, chins, and hips get twist

Drop that bitch with a dick, and get a nigga like this

Chorus: Jeru The Damaja (Miz Marvel)

You never see him the in the ghetto (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

Think they pimps, but they tricks (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

Turn to states evidence (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

When beef come they skip (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

bitch!

You never see him the in the ghetto (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

Think they pimps, but they tricks (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

When beef come they skip (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

Turn to states evidence (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

bitch!

{Lil Dap}

You niggas are like East New York waste, spit in your
face

Open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace
It's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the
club

Spit it out, ya hoes know what this shit is about
Bitchez wit dicks, and make a nigga mad as shit
Cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of New
York

Holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around
Cuz these whole motherfuckers, wanna round are town
Thinkin they down, but dont know BK grounds

bitch!

Chorus

{Miz Marvel}

The next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon
Against half steppin, niggas is fake,
I scope them first impression
Take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion
And quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection
Ya eyes cross like an intersection
You forget to count your blessings, all in the mix
Sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks
Bitchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks
Only talk with snares and tits
In the time of revolution, be the first to submit
Try to be God, but there mental seem unfit
Speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix
Won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited
Contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving
target
Thrown into the bottomless pit, bitchez wit dikz

Chorus

(bitch! scratched over and over)

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