

T. Rex**"Chillin' With My Bitch"**

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[Intro]

Dig pimp... I'ma holla at y'all in a minute, I'm finna go
change clothes mayne
Go get real spiffy mayne, go kick it with my broad, I'ma
holla atchall later..

[Verse 1]

I left the kids at the crib, and the squad in the trap
Now I'm in the two-seater with my broad in my lap
The alpines beatin', but I'm far away from rappin'
Bumpin' Prince, Sade, or some Marvin Gaye perhaps, I
Put up my blues, put on some tailor made slacks
Some wing tip shoes, whachu know about that?(Ha)
Button down, cufflinks, hair cut, no hat(Yeah)
Just felt like gettin' clean and show I know how to act
At Neiman & Marcus let my girl blow three or four
stacks
Gotta forever to cut the food, and damn I'm
relaxed(Chillin)
In a real cool mood, no beef, no gats
But there real close by, niggaz better know that

(Chorus) [Jazze Pha]

I ain't hangin' with my niggaz, pullin' no triggaz
I'll be back to the trap, but for now
I'm chillin' with my bitch today, I'm chillin' with my bitch
today
I ain't hangin' with my potnaz, I'm out eatin' lobster
I'm on some grown man shit, ya dig
I'm chillin' with my bitch today, I'm chillin' with my bitch
today

[Verse 2]

This shit look hard, no drama from none of my baby
mama's
With my hottie, takin' shots of Saki at Bennihannas
Known to kick it like we riches, like Sky Richie and
Madonna
Or either Will and Jada, on vacation for the summer
Me and my lil' mama, blowin' big as we wanna
Gotta big sack of some of that shit from California

A bottle of Patron and a six pack of Corona
Dro aroma got the six hot and steamin' like a sauna
So I let the top back and I bend anotha corner
Check into the W, so I can put it on her
Got the suite for a week, but we can stay a lil' longer
I ain't trippin', that's the shit that make relationships
stronger

[Chorus] - repeat

(Hook)

Tonight I'm gon chill with my lady friend
She the type to keep a nigga open
I'm chillin' with my bitch today

(Verse 3)

I left the stress in the streets and I'm a long way from
home
Put up the vest and the chrome, even threw away with
my phone
My potnaz don't wanna be on the shit that I'm on mayne
Livin' life and kickin' it like a grown man
Sittin' in the sand, drinkin' pina coladas
With a double shot of rum, just chillin' right by the
water
No judges, no lawyers, in a whole 'nother world
Just a bottle and this O a dro, blowin' with my girl

[Chorus] - repeat

Repeat [Hook]

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