

Threat

"Keep Yo Bytch"

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(feat. Tim Smooth, Hasheem, B.B. Gunn)

[Tim Smooth]

This hoe is small as a gnat off an elephant back
I'm tellin' ya that, BITCH, and what's a pebble of crack?
The fact stands as it is, we did, fuck a few times
On and on, but the broad, start tryin' to make me do
lines
And I'm spooked, round them dopehead hoes
May molest 'em, but can't lay next to, no red nose
No old man was mentioned, but since you did, I know
now
That our squabble's over, partna, go check ya hoe now
'Fore I, take this as violatin'
Cuz you makin' my ear hurt
Puttin' in sheer work, behind this bitch you peel dirt
That lil' skirt got'cha too hot, fahrenheit
Done burned your brain cells boy, that bitch ain't no
Karyn White!
She ain't super, she super-stupid
It's in her genes to jump out of her jeans, her Mom
used to do it
You is a fool for not knowin' she hoein'
This hoe actually done seen more fuck scenes than
Janet Jacme
Ask me how I know? I'ma show ya tape
That I made on that bitch 'fore that pussy got chaffed
Take the footage, the bitch and all her bastards
Jump in yo booty, hop in the BMW and just ride the fuck
out
You could have her

[Chorus: B.B. Gunn]

Nigga you could keep your bitch
Cuz I don't want her, I don't want her
This bitch ain't hittin' no shit
So I don't need her, I don't need her

[x2]

[Hasheem]

These bitches ain't no good, but these niggas a trip
They goin' all out for these hoes, even though they ain't
bout shit

You think she's champ? Look at them knobby knees,
she be wearin'

Done spent up all your change on a frame of Donna
Karan

Starin' at them titties when she step on the scene
Her smile is seen, but I know she bout that green, I
got's to play to kick

Flip her my number

While you wonder who she smilin' at

Lil' girl next day I'm bout a half a mile and yards of cat

Phone calls everyday, while she say she lovin' me

Fantasies of when she rubbin' me

Dreams about when she suckin' me

Boy, I might look good with my dick inside

I bet she never gave you head, like she gave me in my
ride

Cutie Pie got them thighs and I be massagin' 'em up

Me and my niggas in them guts, while you lovin' them
sluts

That bitch no good, but that pussy hoe good

It feel so good, when I give her all this dick, send her
home

And I'm gone nigga

[Chorus]

[Threat]

Now I was told a bitch ain't worth a dollar in dimes,
by the figures players

First nigga to holler while loungin' is probably haters

Captain Savers they cater these hoes, follow the
guidelines

Blind, but on the low this hoe, followin' time

It's spent, swallowin' nine inches of dick with no
benefits

Limit to game, these niggas don't know what they up
against

The beautiful change is meant to fuck with your jingles
nigga

The bitch in my stable, best believe I'm seein' ten-
figures

Stackin' gin, convential, niggas avoidin' the subject

I'm lookin' to be broke off proper, and open this bitch to
the public

Fuck it, think nothin' of it

These hoes get dick like Butkus

Out the clutches best be my ducketts

Hoe I'm causin' a ruckus
Game is not to be touched, my spit is quick and legit
The bitch ain't makin' no chips or lickin' no dick
She ain't hittin' no shit, fa sho, she got'z to go
Out tha door partna, take that hoe
Man keep that bitch!

[Chorus]

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