

## Ying Yang Twins "Dispose Of Broadz"

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I don't give a fuck about these Nigga's or these hoes  
Don't you ever, don't you ever  
Make me spit on yo ass bitch!!! ahh-ha

Verse One:

Fuck them hoes, let 'em bounce  
Known for kickin' bitches out, all they wanna do  
Is sneak a blunt or two out yo house  
Try to help us, with a plan guard yo grill and watch yo  
back  
Bitches known for showin' other nigga's where you kick  
it at  
Might be a hard head, might be a soldier thug  
With a bitch got him sick, if he a sucker for love bitch  
His nigga's better show him who unified  
To get respect you got to play, watch them hoes step  
aside  
Bitch! I'm just like you  
Bitch! I smoke weed to  
Bitch! I need gee'z so look  
Bitch! I don't need you all y'all can suck my  
I don't give a fuck! die! now bitch bye!  
You blowin' my high!

Chorus:

I love myself, I hug myself an if  
I had a pussy I fuck myself  
See real ass nigga's don't fold to fold  
Hit the mall buyin' clothes I dispose of broadz

Now who in the hell came here to stop me  
I'm in the party ballin' with my posse ah-ha-ha  
Now who in the hell came to get it started  
I'm in the party ballin' with my posse ah-ha-ha  
{2x}

Verse Two:

Fuck these nigga's who dropped me on my head  
When I was younger, I did some wild shit

To make these nigga's wonder  
Am I craze, or am I straight sick  
Round with these fuckin' lunatic's  
You talk shit! You get yo wig split!  
If you wanna try me!  
You must be ready to die bitch!  
I ain't scared to die bitch!  
Ya see it's just a hobby!  
God gave me time, I was game from my birth  
I couldn't let the shit go to waist  
I had to put this shit to work  
I'm just a ghetto ass nigga!  
With the street knowledge I was gave!  
You try to play! Run up on this 12-gage!  
Hell nah! hit a tree, had to go help him up  
You shouldn't have never fucked up!  
Now you lookin' fucked up!  
Blew his head clean off his shoulder  
I was all ready gone, before anybody showed up  
Got away clean, like some Jean's when you wash 'em  
Trill ass soldier's ain't no way you can stop us Bitch!

Chorus

Verse Three:

I be bustin' nut's on yo baby mama, baby head  
Why you be gangster, somebody got 'em keep 'em fed  
When I fed to the point where I be bakin' bread  
I mean fed to the point where I be servin' head  
Now look, that don't mean I'm try'na sound bad and  
shit  
When I stab that trick, you can have the bitch  
Grab yo bitch, you need to try to train yo bitch  
Tame yo bitch, 'cause she be runnin' game ya bitch  
Now you all in a nigga grill, lookin' all swole  
Picturin' how ya slipped off, trustin' in them hoes  
No damn well, that yo Mom taught ya better 'cause  
A bitch will get'cha killed if ya let her  
That's why I love myself, I hug myself an if  
I had a pussy I fuck myself  
See real ass nigga's don't fold to fold  
Hit the mall buyin' clothes I dispose of broadz

Chorus

Verse Four:

Punchin' got a long head  
Ballin' keep my artillery  
Gangsta so I'm a mission shit

Cap pilla I'm known for spittin' on bitches  
Disrespectin' my mind, try'na play me soft and  
At the same time bitch, you fuckin' with some ATL  
soldiers  
Smokin' for free, and drinkin' for free nigga hell nah!  
First ya got to take yo muthafuckin' draw's off  
'cause real player's bout to lay the law down  
You better draw the straw now, you done  
Fucked Up'ed Now!  
This how we do it in the A-T-L  
For them hoes who think they pussy fire ass hell  
Got a game for that ass big dick's to match  
Don't have time for them hoes, who be try'na act  
Ha Do it! get 'em shorty get 'em we ain't playin' with  
'em  
If you clockin' nigga spit 'em Nigga Spit 'Em!  
Stupid ass hoes, be try'na act  
But they switch up, bitch up and call ya back  
Say what?  
Stuipd ass hoes be try'na act  
But they switch up, and bitch up and call ya back  
Say what?  
Stuipd ass hoes be try'na act  
But they switch up, and bitch up and call ya back  
And We! shake them hoes off what!  
Shake them hoes off! what! shake them hoes off what!  
Nigga! shake them hoes off! what! shake them hoes  
off what!  
Shake them hoes off! what! shake them hoes off! My  
nigga  
Shake them hoes off

Nigga we ain't got no love for these hoes,  
These bitches swtich dick's like outfit's  
Hoes, ya need to find another route  
Figure that a nigga be thugged out  
And we off in the club

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