

## **Blaze Ya Dead Hommie "2 Many Bitches (feat. Mc Breed)"**

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[Chorus: x2]

2 many bitches wanna see this thug  
When I be  
Ridin' (Ridin')  
Glidin' (Glidin')  
Doin' a buck twenty-five on I-94

[Blaze:]

Bitches call me daddy (Hey dad!)  
They like the way a muh'fucka creep,  
Through the hood in a caddy  
I'm a mack in my own right, like Cube said  
Getting my dick sucked in a alleyway, by a  
chickenhead  
I don't love that hoe, and I ain't handcuffing  
Too many bitches, and they turkies needed stuffing  
Like this bitch the other day, begging me to drive over,  
And beat it up properly  
I'm like a young Wilt, still in his prime  
Cause there's oh so many bitches,  
And there's oh so little time  
They all want a piece of the dead, and they can't have  
it  
Still a little picky, on which hoes that I'm stabbing  
So if I serve dick to you, you've been blessed  
Now go home and brag about the shit to your friends  
(uh oh!)  
That's the way it goes I suppose  
Got to hit the store, for some more rubbers,  
For these hoe's  
2 many bitches

[Chorus: x2]

2 many bitches wanna see this thug  
When I be  
Ridin' (Ridin')  
Glidin' (Glidin')  
Doin' a buck twenty-five on I-94

[Anybody Killa:]

When it comes to them bitches, I know a few  
Sack chasing, blood sucking leeches with boobs

Ready to set it off, I keep 'em blind and lost  
And if they getting lippy, they getting tossed  
Just for frontin'  
There's too many hoes actin' like some bitches  
Not a lick of woman in them, so they get vicious  
Calm me down, hold me back  
Light the blunt, and let me hit it,  
Before this 'rat get smacked  
It's like me and Grundy, can spot a chicken coming  
Bobbling her head, ready to gobble dick or something  
Putin' up with hoodrats for years  
Because the streets of the D, are just oh so clear  
But I keep on ridin', say what's up  
I'm a sucka for some titties, and a fine ass butt  
It's the life of a killer, true tales with no glitches  
Too much game, brings 2 many bitches for real

[Chorus: x2]  
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Doin' a buck twenty-five on I-94

[Blaze:]  
My calendar's filled,  
Hoe's making appointments to get it drilled  
Met a chick with a phat ass, couldn't wait to get in that  
(Who?)  
She said her name was Karen  
And she didn't mind sharing time  
She stayed off I-94 and Outer Drive  
I'm on my way to see Carol from Grandview  
Guess I could stop through, and beat it up for a few  
Creep in through her doorway, and told her to drop  
them britches  
You ain't the only one, I got 2 many bitches (hooty  
hooo)

[Anybody Killa:]  
Hey bitch where your girls at?  
Tell them grab they shit, and meet me in the back  
I'm about to put them in a new situation  
Life of luxury, you, your girls and me  
I'm so glad that you took the opportunity,  
To come to the underground  
And open up yourself to me  
But there's so many others out there just like you  
So I'm off to the next 'cause we through  
Thanks again!

[Chorus: x2]  
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[Repeat till fades:]  
Doin' a buck twenty-five on I-94

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