

## M People

### "Bitch Ain't Shit"

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First Verse:

{Tec-9}

Ah shit now I'm kind of in a fit  
Them suckers locked me up now they treat me like a  
bitch  
I don't have no remorse for all the crimes that I did  
But still doesn't mean you have to treat me like a pig  
I'm standin' on my own I got to make it in that world  
I'm havin' thoughts of another nigga peepin' down on  
my girl  
Well anyway that's why I'm in this bitch tryin' please a  
bitch  
Pullin' all capers to get the bitch hair fixed  
You tellin' me I'm crazy but love is a motherfucker  
Couldn't find a job I turned to sellin' cluckers  
Makin' bank buyin' cars all that flashy ass shit  
Now a days that's the only way a man can keep a bitch  
You tellin' me you love why the fuck I'm out of smokes  
It wasn't all that when I was up to sellin' dope  
Puttin' clothes on yo back thinkin' you was all that  
Now that I'm facin' time you dropped me like a bad  
habit  
Funny how a bitch can use a nigga for his ends  
An ride around town in my car with her friends  
She tellin' me that she love me and tellin' me she legit  
But Tec is here to tell you a bitch ain't shit

Chorus:

Now these is for the hoes I can't trust  
A bitch ain't shit  
She play you for your ends and  
Spend it up with her friends  
I'm here to tell you

Second Verse:

{Lil' Ya}

Well my situation is kind of strange  
I was fuckin' the bitches an breakin' the hoes

Because I got game but when I made me  
A mutherfuckin' song same hit hoes jock me  
Cuz they know I got it goin' on  
They started playin' the role that I used to play  
Buy me some tents fuck me good then I'm on my way  
But they can't get jack  
Bitch I ain't with you  
You can suck my dick and step the fuck back  
Cuz Lil' Ya is the same o'l nigga trick  
I got to get into yo pockets so I can make mine bigger  
bitch  
You can try to run game and make me think your my  
fuckin' queen  
But I'm a treat you with this dick like Halloween  
Ya try to play me out but you played me to close  
The only thing you got left is this dick down yo throat  
hoe  
Bitches just today ain't shit you got to treat 'em bad  
To make the stupid hoes legit so get yo mind right  
And wind up nigga ya givin' her all yo time and money  
Bitch is gonna leave ya now fela's don't play ya self  
Like a trick Cuz Ya's here to tell you  
That a bitch ain't shit

Chorus:

Now these is for the hoes I can't trust  
A bitch ain't shit  
Don't be a fuckin' dummy because she play  
You for your money fool  
I'm here to tell you

Third Verse:  
{Yella Boy}

Now I never ever got the fuckin' attention  
That I thought I should have had  
Hoes are playin' me to the left  
Ain't that cold ain't that sad  
Might not hang out with fela's or might not  
Hang out just as late  
But you make my fuckin' day  
If I can take you out on a date  
When I called you smiled you used to say  
A nigga was cute when a nigga needed a ride  
You never ever stopped to scoop  
You claim you changed my diapers and you  
Knew me since birth I rather smoke weed  
And gee you ass to the hearst  
I asked you for your number cuz I thought you would  
chill

But you looked me up and down like I was poppin' boo-  
koo pills  
Size don't matter because a nigga can be gay  
Way back in the pin a gangster couldn't get no play  
Real gangster gangster pictures used to blow my high  
Takin' a hit started guessin' but quiet as I crep  
Just imagine a player wish a hoe would get with this  
Givin' me faces winked her eye and blew me a kiss  
Some said that I was young some said I was dumb  
I was very grown for my age my dick was still shootin'  
cum  
But I must not be legit but like a fiend you got me sick  
That's why I wrote this damn song because a  
Bitch ain't shit

Chorus:

Now these is for the hoes I can't trust  
A bitch ain't shit  
She'll act like she's down but you'll  
Find out in the end  
I'm here to tell you

Forth Verse:

{Tec-9}

Money talks shit walks and I'll be out in a week  
And it won't be long before I'm back up on my feet  
An them stanky ass hoes who took everything  
That I had is walkin' around that same neighborhood  
Lookin' bad fuckin' anything that walk  
Just to get a fuckin' hit I'm fiendin' for a nut  
So you can suck up on my dick  
I remember those times I kept your pockets fat  
An if you was in trouble I was slangin' my gat  
Bustin' heads cuttin' throats all that for that  
Dog Hoe

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