

## M People

### "Jazzy Bitch"

Visit "[Jazzy Bitch](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse One: {Lil' Ya}

I can never run out of bitches to right about it  
My forget they name but I got game  
That's how I get them out  
I told ya bout Demetrice, Evet, and Sabrina  
Never gave you the low on this stank hoe  
Katrina I seen her, walkin' out the Melph by herself  
She's a bad bitch from Uptown who lived in the Melph  
I introduced myself it's the capital YA  
OK? She asked me what I like to drink  
I told her Alaza and by the way  
You need to pick up some of that foolishness  
It makes me hard, when I start I don't want to quit  
Man I punched this hoe, I wore the pussy out and  
Before I left, best believe I got them out  
I told you I'm a gangster and I just  
Don't quit so I'm a talk some mroe shit bout  
Another bitch I got partna out the three we call  
Him Tee, now me and my nigga Tee was fuckin' the  
same  
Bitch named Nicky, Nicky was the Spanish type of bitch  
Who liked the sex, she was down for havin' sex  
But I was in it for her checks  
She lived near the Nell, I told the bitch to give me some  
mail  
She took me to dinner, broke me off I ended up in her  
Now, Yella Boy you my nigga I know you don't trip  
But after the chorus won't ya brag for a bitch

Chorus: {Lil' Ya}

Lil' Ya got a gangsta jazzy bitch  
Yella Boy got a gangsta jazzy bitch  
Tec-9 got a gangsta jazzy bitch  
But we lookin' for them bitches with them  
Real big butts  
{2x}

Second Verse: {Yella Boy}

My story starts about my baby mama  
Mother Fuck ya, I wish I never met ya  
Keep my name off ya, Bam-Mouse!  
I can shake it, cuz I caught ya loose  
I'm sick of tired of the right's to left's and  
The uppercuts I had to throw  
Now I'm goin' solo hoe  
Ya see, I want a popper from the South  
So she work her mouth, plus my long dick  
Make her scream and shout  
Now where the big booty bitches who can really bounce  
Stroke it up at the Teli or at my house  
I like to tear them hoes up when I'm full of  
That dope, servin' up with the dick down they throat  
Like Scope, I'm come through like a gun at the head  
Hold the noise, let's get busy fuck the jeep check  
I'm down with dackaree go down the pussy  
Dizzy, now tell me do you feel the heat in yo stomach  
dizzy  
Break it off for the record let my boy's hit it  
Fuck a nice, I want a real freaky bitch  
Cuz I'm a gee runnin' game catch the M O Four  
To be with me you got to be low down and dirty hoe  
Pussy weigh Uptown cuz I'm a clown  
Turnin' you bitches smile into a frown  
Undercover freak I brought ya self-sex out  
Skeet skeet from yo hip to yo titte hoe  
I want the whole nine yard's plus yo heart hoe  
I want ya to back the fuck up  
Take a step back hoe  
It's the fella with the chuck's  
Comin' to rip wrap up them bitches  
On the floor with the hoe bro  
You see me in the mall spendin' what the fuck I want  
hoe  
All XL Polo's with Boo-Koo thirty six waist Girbauds

Chorus: {2x}

Third Verse: {Tec-9}

From the nine-five to the nine-six  
I switched around my life  
Last night I fucked Kangol's wife  
It's like over and over  
We twerk it on up  
Got to keep my eye's on these bitches  
Out for my riches  
They need they hair fixed and start to schemenin'  
Them dirty hoes  
Tec-9 what ya like? I like a pretty little bitch

Tec-9 what ya like? I like a fine ass bitch  
Tec-9 what ya like? Well as a matter of fact I like a bitch  
Who ain't afraid to suck the bozack  
My bitches is trippin' , got a mind full of silly games  
It's such a shame I had to diss the hoe  
Now I'll be solo now picture me  
Pimpin' a flock of hoes got 'em workin' on the streets  
And I'm at home gettin' my dicked sucked up  
Under the sheets I stroke the pussy  
To left I stroke the pussy to the right  
Hot blowed, I'm releasin' down yo throat  
It's four thirty in the mornin' got to make it home  
Before my wife wakes up and know she sleep alone  
It's the same rotation as I apply the penetration  
To yo body, I'm smokin' I'm fatty the moment is right  
You call me daddy, it's like over and over  
You twerk it on up but we lookin' for  
Them bitches with the real big butts  
Now the sweat from your forehead is  
Drippin' in my chest no fakin' no more  
Because you know you dealin' with the best  
You want a key to my pad, but you tweekin'  
You try'na find a way to straight trap me

Chorus: {2x}

Visit [M People](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.