

50 Cent F/ Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo

"Gangsta Bitches"

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[Da Brat]

get yo' ass asthma with all that coughing, yeah

[COUGH]

Eve where you at? Ayo Trina where you at? [laughing]

Ayo Brat

Picture this, Eve walking down the street with two gats
by her side

The one on her right Trina, the one on her left I

In a high holster, studded in rhinestone

Ready to cock back, we bust and your mind blown

Just like that, braggadocious cuz I'm the dopesest Brat

Most of these niggas focus on the ass that's fat

And I'm just so ferocious to the rhythm of a high hat

Why ask why? Cuz how, whenever I do it I buy what I
wanna buy

Do what the fuck I wanna do til I die

Shinin on everybody for the world to see

My timin is always perfect, endlessly

I deserve to swerve a little and splurge alot

With the nerve I got, wearin these blindin rocks

Got Chicago, Miami, and Philly

A collabo, of three of the illest bitches, really

CHORUS: Eve

Gangsta bitch, gangsta ice, gangsta whip

Gangsta clothes, gangsta money, gangsta shows

Gangsta purse, gangsta shoes, gangsta verse

We the bitches that the gangstas thirst

Gangsta song, gangsta brawn, gangsta thong

Huh, we the bitches that the gangstas on

Gangsta bottle, gangsta trees

Gangsta Brat, gangsta Trina, and gangsta Eve

[Trina]

Uh, uh, uh

Miss Purina, Trina the M-I-A bitch

Them I play wit, eenie meenie meiny mo

Pickin basically the richest nigga, for the baddest bitch

Me, Eve, and Brat, it's banannas shit

We aint havin this, I steps on toes

In a pair of hot shorts and eight inch stelletoes

Iced out, drippin in Channell
Prada, Gucci, and all that
I make 'em fall back
Hair done, fresh metti and peticure, bikini wax
Gotta keep the cat smooth so when my nigga ask for
the pussy
It's good and wet
After just one fuck, you won't forget
I'm made up in the tropics gettin sunburned
Bare ass out with the diamond thong on
Nigga you thought you got yo' freak on in Japan
But I was gettin my creep on with yo' man
Cuz I'm a hot bitch...

[Mo'Nique]

Official Ryde or Die bitches, believe that

CHORUS

[Eve]

Uh, yo

When three raw bitches get together it's off the chain
Thought you found a spot to fill, you lost the game
Boss bitches stallion, scream they name
Hate us cuz our life right, eatin from the game
Only fuck with the realest, don't associate with lames
How the fuck can't you feel us? Three of the illest
dames
S-C-X-Y, Trina, Brat, and oooh I
Bombshell, other bitches is true lies
I'ma keep it simple, rock how I'm meant to
Pretty with the heels on, or shitty with the Tim boots
Do it how I wanna do it, question my mind
You gon' understand from the rest of my lines
Bitch please, you might as well be on freeze, when it's
Eve
You aint really tryin to fuck the game up, you just a
tease
You don't want it when I really get buck, you wanted
peace
Have you hidin in a hole when my album got released

CHORUS 2X

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