Da Brat F/ Mystikal "Welfare Bitches"

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['welfare bitch' 1]
Girl, your foodstamps ain't came yet
['welfare bitch' 2]
Girl, you're late, I got my shit and traded it in for a leather skirt
['welfare bitch' 1]
Them muthafuckas ain't send me my shit yet
But tomorrow I'm goin down there clown they muthafuckin ass
['welfare bitch' 2]
I know that's right, girl...

[VERSE 1: Willie D] Dee's about to cold get funky On you welfare bitches around the country I don't give a damn if you like me or not But this bullshit you're doin has got to stop You're playin the government for a sucker What you don't know is they're hip to you muthafuckas Droppin babies one after another one Just to increase your funky-ass income Welfare bitch, welfare bitch if you could see For this purpose, cause I believe That a child should be born out of love Dumb-ass bitch, you was only thinkin of The money which is for the kid indeed But you took it and satisfied your own damn needs You ain't about shit, you only love uno One of these days there ain't gonna be no

Welfare Yeah Welfare bitches

Welfare Yeah (Keep away from) Welfare bitches

[VERSE 2: Willie D]

Sit around gettin high and drunk

Waitin on the muthafuckin first of the month
They never looked for a j-o-b
Cause they're too busy watchin the soaps on ABC
You realize it's only make-believe
But yet when one died get shocked and grieve
Thank Scorpio or Lucy or the rest of the crew?
Give a fuck about a po' broke hoe like you?

Welfare Yeah (Keep away from) Welfare bitches

[VERSE 3: Willie D] Bitches, bitches, bitches Will trade foodstamps in a jet flash A \$65 bill get you 50 in cash They're the muthafuckas that's makin it hard For the people who really need the government involved They have their kids lookin a mess While they walk around sportin Gucci and Guess You say you love your kids, that's a goddamn lie I said it, you wanna know why? Cause you'se a welfare bitch, a welfare bitch So is your man Here's his muthafuckin plan He don't have to work as long as he sees A welfare bitch that supports his needs He get the three p's every goddamn day Pussy, pay, and a place to stay You're a sorry muthafucka if you live this way You need your ass whipped, that's what I say I ain't livin life with a dumb po' broke hoe Willie the kid don't fuck with no

Welfare Yeah (Keep away from) Welfare bitches

[VERSE 4: Willie D]

Welfare bitches can't do a muthafuckin thang for me But suck my dick, cause I don't want the pussy You fuck em one time and the goddamn whores 'Il get pregant and swear up and down that it's yours I got the money so you wanna get hit Don't tell me that you're pregnant cause I ain't claimin shit Don't try to play me cause I can't be pussy-whipped

So stay out my face and get off my dick

(I tell you, mister

I keeps me a welfare bitch

How ya think I got this Benz?

I tell va

I keeps on zipped pockets

You can ask your mama there

I always get the three p's

She give me the damn three p's every goddamn day

Bitch treat me better than she treat her kids

You know

Anywhere in the Nickel

Down the [Name], the Bottom

And ask em do they know [Name]

They'll tell you

Yeah, he take a bitch to get the check

I'm lyin?

You could ask your mama

Maybe her son don't know

I tell you this though

I keeps on reptiles, leather, gold

Anytime you see me I'm ridin

Cause your mama bought me a gas car

Yeah

Think I'm lyin?

Ask your daddy, he was there

I pimped your father

I could tell he's a hoe

He a punk

Ha-ha

I go down there and tell em I want this

Then make sure your mama get it for me

Cause I'm the man down there

You can ask anybody who runs the welfare bitches in

the Ward

Not this, not that

I'm the man!

Anybody comin down here talkin bout where they from,

what they do

They don't do a damn thing

I do it all

I keeps the bitches...)

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