

Dave Strait

"All My Bitches"

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Where my bitches at?
Where is all my bitches at?
This motherfucker right here,
This for all ya'll motherfuckers
You a bitch, you a bitch, i'm a bitch,
We all bitches,
In this motherfucking game
Just be a bad bitch,
When you be a bitch

[Verse 1]

I wakes up from dreaming of money,
To thinking of money
On a daily basis,
Make sure the money
Make the way to the safe
Put your bet's on the "b" to the "ra"
From the west side of chi' "t",
Niggers want to ride with me
Cause i'm the live-est,
Get high with me
Cause i'm fly
Obsessed with me
Cause i'm shy
No matter which whip i pick,
And butt-kick your little buckets
And leave your face with a disgusted look
As you bite the dust
I get them big things
This is hard shit, head bob,
Breakin your neck,
Raw shit
My bitches keep hollin'
"dollas"
"til'god"
Call us
And it don't quit
Till the earth split
This bitch
A baller wit' it
In a black jag,

It's a fact that,
Brat the first solo
To go platt,
And if it sound like i'm braggin,'
I am, cause i'm proud of myself,
Pat a bitch on the back,
Damn...straight to the bank i go
Created a game plan
That ya'll follow
Switch four in the diablo
Vacationin' morocco
Keep chasin' the papers faithfully
And cause i get it
Niggas permanently hatin' me
Fuckem'
I'm talkin' to...

Hook:

All my bitches
That live the hood life,
Good life,
My bitches
That don't need
A nigger for shit
Bitches wit a
Game plan,
Rockin'
Name brand,
I dedicates this one to you
I'm talkin' too...
All my bitches
That live the hood life,
Good life,
My bitches
That don't need
A nigger for shit,
Bitches,
Niggas gotta holla at
Screamin
"where them dollars at"
I dedicates this one to you...

[Verse 2]

From the start i was in a hurry to crawl,
And walk slap niggas before i could hardly talk.
Now i gottem'on they knees screamin'
That's what the fuck i thought
No matter how i part the braids
Hear ya'll chatter when i rock it straight.
I'ma bad bitch even when the style flipped

I get paid cause dough come fast in large amounts
Too much for one nigger to count
You must not know how a so so def hoe bounce
To bust open another niggas accounts and be out
To the tellee or the atm in a 750 gray bm
Made a motherfucker pay for the rims
I fucked his friend but it's all good
He understood the way i live my life, my life
That i can't depend on nobody
For me to survive and stay high.
Where all my bitches at? Girls
Make 'em love to hate us
And whether you classy to dick suckin'
Or a trashy bitch get your papers
I gotta eat throw these bows
Silently creep on these hoes
That's robbin' my flows you impostors to me
Prophets is all i see i ain't got time for beef,
So i rhyme for cheese financially stable,
Tryin' to make g's and i'm talkin' to

Hook

[Verse 3]

And since i cover the mortgage,
The car note, the porsche, and the condo
We still smokin'
Dollar signs are all i see excuse me,
I got to cut the line leave you niggas behind
For the third time and shine on purpose
Blind'em every time i surface
If an aries hurt you you must deserve it
Every bit of a dime is worth it,
Keep on swerving not perfect
But striving for that working with diamonds,
And flirting with the finest cats,
Desert the broke niggas that still live
With their momma's at
Provoke most to wanna wine a dine brat,
Cause i'm dope from coast to coast
Guarantee to fall in love with me
After just one toast,
Smoke weed that'll make you say,
I ain't never getting' high again
Niggas always wanna see what i'm riding in
So i slide in the benz outfit match
From head to tims
Rims you aint seen before fein for doe,
Screamin' cream for mo and mo,
Reap the benefits if it's free shit,
I take gifts in all shapes and sizes

And diamonds is my favorite wish,
Picture me rich a genius,
When it comes to me collecting these chips,
And this to...

Hook

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