

## SoulFly

### "The Bitch That I Hate"

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DEB: Hey baby, I'm outta here, I'm goin' to work.  
BITCH: Bitch, you know you ain't goin' to no motherfuckin' work! You prob'ly goin' 'round one of them long-cock slimy hoes' motherfuckin' house!  
DEB: Oh, you callin' me a liar, bitch? I'll fuck you up in here!  
BITCH: Who you gon' fuck up? You gon' GET fucked up! I'm tired, every time I motherfuckin' turn around, a bitch comin' to me talkin' 'bout, you fuckin' with them ...  
DEB: Hey, hold up, hold up, check this out ...

#### Verse 1: Debonaire

When you first moved in, you ain't talked so slick  
All you had to do was clean and take dick  
Knowin' that Deb would bring home the bacon  
Everything was cool, but now you break him  
Sayin' how I don't take you out  
Like when we first met, but think about  
This motherfucker that bought you cribs  
Comin' home to fast food instead of home-cooked ribs  
I ain't complained, but you go on  
Talkin' 'bout shit like your period's on  
Sayin' how I spend too much time  
Away from you with those friends of mine  
A nigga will be a nigga  
And a hoe will think that he's trying to egg her  
So, bitch, you better get it straight  
Before you become the bitch that I hate

BITCH: JT, I ain't with that shit! How you gon' be a dog and don't even know it 'round here, bullshittin' me like that? You got me fucked up! I deserve better bullshit than that! I ain't with all that fuck-shit, talkin' 'bout, "I don't do this, I don't do that," man, you better come clean with that fuck-shit!  
You

know better than that!

JT: Hold up, hold up, let me straighten all this shit right here!

Verse 2: JT Money

Constantly naggin' 'bout the things I don't do  
But while I'm out workin', where the fuck are you?  
You lay around my house, you ain't doin' shit  
Matter fact, you startin' to make me sick  
Always bitchin', cryin', yellin', and tryin'  
To tell me how I'm doin' you wrong but you're lyin'  
So be quiet, stop singin' the blues  
'Cause I know plenty hoes who wanna be in your shoes  
So if I was you, baby, I'd just chill  
'Cause if I don't work, who'll pay the bills?  
You sure don't work, so say that crap  
All you do is make love and can't do that  
You better sit y'butt down and rest your nerves  
Before you find your shit somewhere out on the curb  
Think about it, and get your shit straight  
Before you become the bitch that I hate

BITCH: Deb, yo' motherfuckin' ass think you slick, but I know you  
and that ol' raggly-ass friend of yours, JT, be out there fuckin' them - oh, maybe one-dollar, two-dollar-ass motherfuckin' hoes, but I know one thing, you better not bring  
nothin' home to me that penicillin can't motherfuckin' cure, bitch!

DEB: Shit, I know you better stop that bitchin' and get yo' ass in the kitchen!

BITCH: Motherfucker, you try and get YOUR motherfuckin' ass in the ...

DEB: Hold up, hold up, check it ...

Verse 3: Debonaire

Constantly sayin' "I think you' a jerk";  
That I'm lyin' 'bout the hours I work  
Sayin' there must be another only  
Well, I'ma say, instead of bein' phony  
Every motherfucker fools around  
Definitely, and it may sound  
Crazy, but most bitches say,  
If they gettin' paid, then their shit's OK  
You gettin' cash and taken care of  
It's a fact that you should be aware of  
And stop worryin' 'bout the next hoe  
'Cause you on top, and she's way below

So you better had get it straight,  
Before you become the bitch that I hate

BITCH: You silk-suit-wearin' motherfuckers! You don't  
even ask  
me to come to your motherfuckin' shows! You must be  
out there

fuckin' them groupie-ass hoes! When y'ass come  
home, y'shit

don't even get all hard, motherfucker ...

JT: Hey, what the fuck you talkin' 'bout??

BITCH: ... motherfucker, don't even try to cut me off!

You know

what the fuck up!

JT: GodDAMN, baby, just listen to this shit!

BITCH: You listen to that shit I just said!

Verse 4: JT Money

Now we've been through all this shit before

Once I say it this time, I won't say it no more

It's a part of my job to take long trips

But when I get back, I'm gettin' flip of the lip

You're never home, and hard to find

And still talkin' 'bout, I don't spend time

With you. Now tell me, who's duckin' who?

If you ask me, another nigga's fuckin' you

So say that crap, don't try to front

I gave you everything that you could possibly want

Without me, where would you be?

Takin' care of you sure ain't my responsibility

So hush your mouth, and kill that shit,

Or find somebody else to stay with

Now think about that, and get your shit straight

Before you become the bitch that I hate

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