

## **Lewis Donna**

### **"Keep Yo Bytch"**

Visit "[Keep Yo Bytch](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Tim Smooth)

This hoe is small as a gnat off an elephant back  
I'm tellin' ya that, BITCH, and what's a pebble of crack?  
The fact stands as it is, we did, fuck a few times  
On and on, but the broad, start tryin' to make me do  
lines  
And I'm spooked, round them dopehead hoes  
May molest 'em, but can't lay next to, no red nose  
No old man was mentioned, but since you did, I know  
now  
That our squabble's over, partna, go check ya hoe now  
'Fore I, take this as violatin'  
Cuz you makin' my ear hurt  
Puttin' in sheer work, behind this bitch you peel dirt  
That lil' skirt got'cha too hot, fahrenheit  
Done burned your brain cells boy, that bitch ain't no  
Karyn White!  
She ain't super, she super-stupid  
It's in her genes to jump out of her jeans, her Mom  
used to do it  
You is a fool for not knowin' she hoein'  
This hoe actually done seen more fuck scenes than  
Janet Jacme  
Ask me how I know? I'ma show ya tape  
That I made on that bitch 'fore that pussy got chaffed  
Take the footage, the bitch and all her bastards  
Jump in yo booty, hop in the BMW and just ride the fuck  
out  
You could have her

Chorus (B.B. Gunn):

Nigga you could keep your bitch  
Cuz I don't want her, I don't want her  
This bitch ain't hittin' no shit  
So I don't need her, I don't need her

(2x)

(Hasheem)

These bitches ain't no good, but these niggas a trip

They goin' all out for these hoes, even though they ain't  
bout shit  
You think she's champ? Look at them knobby knees,  
she be wearin'  
Done spent up all your change on a frame of Donna  
Karan  
Starin' at them titties when she step on the scene  
Her smile is seen, but I know she bout that green, I  
got's to play to kick  
Flip her my number  
While you wonder who she smilin' at  
Lil' girl next day I'm bout a half a mile and yards of cat  
Phone calls everyday, while she say she lovin' me  
Fantasies of when she rubbin' me  
Dreams about when she suckin' me  
Boy, I might look good with my dick inside  
I bet she never gave you head, like she gave me in my  
ride  
Cutie Pie got them thighs and I be massagin' 'em up  
Me and my niggas in them guts, while you lovin' them  
sluts  
That bitch no good, but that pussy hoe good  
It feel so good, when I give her all this dick, send her  
home  
And I'm gone nigga

Chorus

(Threat)

Now I was told a bitch ain't worth a dollar in dimes, by  
the figures players  
First nigga to holler while loungin' is probably haters  
Captain Savers they cater these hoes, follow the  
guidelines  
Blind, but on the low this hoe, followin' time  
It's spent, swallowin' nine inches of dick with no  
benefits  
Limit to game, these niggas don't know what they up  
against  
The beautiful change is meant to fuck with your jingles  
nigga  
The bitch in my stable, best believe I'm seein' ten-  
figures  
Stackin' gin, convential, niggas avoidin' the subject  
I'm lookin' to be broke off proper, and open this bitch to  
the public  
Fuck it, think nothin' of it  
These hoes get dick like Butkus  
Out the clutches best be my ducketts  
Hoe I'm causin' a ruckus  
Game is not to be touched, my spit is quick and legit

The bitch ain't makin' no chips or lickin' no dick  
She ain't hittin' no shit, fa sho, she got'z to go  
Out tha door partna, take that hoe  
Man keep that bitch!

Chorus

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.