

IAM F/ Timbo King Dreddy Krueger Prodigal Sun

"Bitch Nigga"

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[Talking]

Nigga don't act like he don't know who I'm talkin' bout

(Fifty-Cent piece drops on table)

[Coinciding With 50 Cent's Intro on 'Get Rich Or Die Tryin']

[Scarface]

It's your worst day, run and tell somebody

It's your worst day.

It's your worst day, run and tell somebody

It's your worst day.

What it is?, nigga!

You don't wanna get involved with this here, nigga!

Is you a bitch nigga?, you a bitch nigga!

Look at yourself and then analyze me!

This motherfucking G

It's the flossy, you got girl draws and

Girl flaws and, a braud nigga!

I peeped your whole hand when you came in

I'm a man and I hang men

Play the game to win

All mission play on ten

Scarface 'finna do it again

Mash you nigga, stash them niggas

Don't make me upstrap and blast you niggas

Once again, it's a only if you must I do it

Lock you in my scope and blast your ass through it

I'ma poet

The image and the style that you used to

Cuz you don't keep it real like you used to

A O.G., S.A., fool to the hole fa'sho

So niggas slow your motherfucking roll

'Fore I come through with the same M-11

The Feds took from me, and shoot you in yo

motherfucking stomach

[Chorus: Scarface]

You a Snitch Nigga, when you rat on yo friends

Bitch Nigga, when you still be in pads with yo kin

You'z a Snitch Nigga, running when the drama go's
down
You was ballin' at first what happened to the man in the
south
You a Snitch Nigga, specializin' at bumpin' ya gums
Bitch Nigga, countin' on ya bricks but all I see is crumbs
Snitch Nigga, ain't you tired of running your mouth
And you can go home, 'fore the Devil run in your house

[Verse: Z-Ro]

Now snitch fellas get up under my skin
That's why I don't mess with friends
Unless it's my Mac-10
I'm the king of the ghetto, Z-Ro the crooked in the flesh
Looking for head shots, cuz bitch fellas get the bullet-
proof vests
What you scared for?
What happened to all the tough ass talk
The way you was bumpin', I thought you had a taste for
asphalt
Look at momma's baby out here starvin' for his ass
Whippin', chiefin', with a magician then drippin' out his
ass, listen
I'll be damned if I pull a rabbit out a hat
Well pull my 40 out of holster, and do this snitch fella
on his back
WHOA!, look how I handled this .44
My conscience be screaming Z-Ro Murder Mo!, Murder
Mo!
And these snitch fellas on "How I'm Living" try snitchin'
on "BET"
But got a restraining order against "Murder I-N-C"
This how we ride, and ain't never gon' make a switch
dude
Z-Ro the Crooked, I'll be damned if I be a snitch fool

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Bun B]

It's Bun B I go back-a like "Atlanta Black Crackers"
I back-slap a, back-packer, from here to
Cakalacka {Carolina's}
Wack cracka, short stopper or dope beginner
Bitch I ain't ya chicken hitter, bring the heater get you
wetter(get you
wetter)
We can flip the caliber magnum hanger
Step a bear off in his chest, you better hope I don't land
one
If I cock the bitch back..aim it at your chest
It'll be piece before they even find the pieces to your

vest
We relievers of ya stress..ease ya fame
Put this pistol in your mouth, you better lead them
treason games
Now when ya momma warned ya about
Bun and he's insane
Kill a kid over a quarter, who just keeps plain
Now watch this kids plain, 'fore you fuckin with the
triller
Z-Ro the young guerilla
And Face the born killa
(Bitch Nigga)
Bend around in the dark for dough
(Bitch Nigga)
You here the sounds you spark for the floor

[Chorus]

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