

**Keak Da Sneak f/ Agerman****"A.O.B"**

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[Verse 1: Keak Da Sneak]

This goes out to all you hoes who ain't got no get back  
If you forget that, Wit my fist, I wouldn't hit that  
The lench crack, Ass and tits wasn't lookin lovely  
Everytime I see the bitch, She's lookin ugly  
She mugged me, Semi in belly, Lookin all stubby  
Drinkin bubbly, Lookin at her through car right, No she  
couldn't do nothin for me  
Bad bitches only, Cause I'm a star, Everybody know me  
Plus I can be pushy, Bitches be fightin over me  
But you though, You in the oooh, Ho  
You couldn't make me a sandwich, I wouldn't let you  
tear my shoe, Ho  
You just a ghetto bunny, Uh and bitch you hella funny  
Scuff a nigga dick, Get the gooey shit, But you ain't  
gettin no money  
Some bitches wonder why they lonely  
Cause if you ain't about no dough, I'ma be yo one and  
o and bitch you hella phony

[Chorus 4x: Keak Da Sneak/Agerman]

From weedsacks to mo red bottles  
\$150 case to buy me fits  
Nigga it's all on a biatch

[Verse 2: Agerman]

From here to the go, GQ to my rear view hidin a rolex  
off that hen and bond  
Get off the freeway, Bart get Daryl through that tunnel  
headed for echelon  
Before I stepped in, Parking lot pimpin  
Wit \$5 purse on the hand of my hand for thirst  
quenchin  
Haters beware, We attack like wild bears  
Ho stare at a player, Kickers like Nike Air  
The crowd up'll stare  
Security push me in the do', Cause I'm all in the dough,  
Popped in my collar like a snare  
Recognize the lil trick at the bar wit her square  
Swear she dope like she real, But she's fake like her  
hair

While ya hatin movin ya mouth I'm makin moves wit my  
life  
Ya kissin her all in her mouth, I'm face fuckin ya wife!  
It's all on a bitch

[Chorus] 4x

[Verse 3: Keak Da Sneak]

I seen her in the club, Lookin all fitty  
Bring that cheddar here, Wit it tryin to get some nigga  
to hit it  
She need to quit it, Bitch you my bond, Why don't you  
go on and admit it?  
That bus full of drunk-ass nigga somebody gon get it  
That fast, Tell ya how much a nigga fiend for some ass  
She got no class, And around licks, She got a rash  
That's how many dicks her mouth don last  
The ho is fast, Now she 22, Doin the crew  
Niggaz call her ms. magoo  
Miss the goo, Cool cool aight cool, Cause she was a  
victim  
Straight come from it, Niggaz love ya sister  
Some niggaz go all out and let her  
Tryin to turn a ho into a housewife, Don't wanna quit em  
You spike biatch, It's wrong how you did em, did em  
Slipped up and called you another name  
Sympathy'll cripple ya game  
That's why it's all on a biatch, biatch

[Agerman]

All on a motherfuckin bitch  
A.O.B. nigga

[Chorus] 4x

[Outro: Agerman]

Ha ha ha, Yeah baby, I'm talkin to you  
Don't look around like you don't know who I'm talkin to  
It's all on you, It's all on a bitch  
Oh, Oh is that right? You wanna get my hair cut?  
Oh, We can go right there on barren croff to jackie's  
I can get my shit cut for like \$15  
It's all ave, Oh oh, You wanna get me some Nike's  
Jordans on you?  
Jordans on you? We can go right there to foot locker  
And it's my day to hook me up  
Oh, That's right, I'm gon need a fit to go wit the shoes  
We can go to old navy, It's all ave  
Oh you know what? I'ma need a pager too  
And a Sprint PCS phone, Hook me up  
Oh, It's all ave? Alright, Cool

Cool, We gon do this then baby  
You know, I always wanted someone like you  
Keep on bein the way you bein  
And we gon be together for a long long time  
It's all on a biatch

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