

# **Lil' Jon And The Eastside Boyz F/ Chyna, Too \$hort**

## **"Just A Bitch"**

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Chorus 2:

You little punk motherfucker do yo thang  
You bitch ass niggas won't do a thang  
So shut the fuck up and peep some game from me

Chorus:

You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Trick BI-ITCH(bi-itch)  
BI-ITCH (bi-itch)  
Punk ass BI-ITCH(bi-itch)  
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH(bi-itch)  
Trick BI-ITCH(bi-itch)  
Punk ass BI-ITCH(bi-itch)

Hook:

YEAH!,YEAH!, YEAH!, YEAH!  
Well get yo hands up, get yo hands up  
Got damn it motherfucker get yo hands up  
Well throw yo click up, throw yo click up  
Got damn it motherfucker throw yo click up  
Well what you looking at, nigga what you looking at  
Nigga what you looking at, nigga what you looking at  
Now what you wanna do, what you wanna do  
Got damn it fuck nigga what yo wanna do  
Now what you wanna do (you scared)  
Well nigga FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU, FUCK  
YOU!

Chorus:

BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Fuck ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Punk ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)

You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)

#### Verse 1: Too \$hort

Pour me some Bombay and fire up that pine  
Its bout time somebody checked you you bitch ass  
punk  
I heard you slap ya woman cause she told ya the truth  
Real niggas bring out the ho in you  
Us pimp niggas get it down hoe  
The chin checker all you do is play the role nigga  
You just a actor, won't let a bitch breathe  
If she wanted to yawn  
She just a weak motherfucker so insecure  
How come she can't leave home without getting cursed  
out?  
Everytime you get mad you tell her get the fuck out  
Put I told that her, I said its cool  
Get at me  
Come by the house and get nasty  
I spit the real game  
I rode her in my caddy when she yelled my name  
I told her call me daddy  
Trick nigga if ya tell me you a player youse a liar  
Cause you never be like Willie Dynamite Supafly...

#### Chorus:

You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Fuck ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Punk motherfucking BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Punk ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)

#### Verse 2: Chyna

Pump, pump, pump, pump  
Let no shots  
Double glock glock  
Nigga pop pop it don't stop in that dirty south  
Burn up the whole block that's what this here be bout  
Niggas living lowless, niggas labeled heartless  
Gone see who life the shortest  
Regardless this whole world to me is garabage  
Trying to reap my harvest  
I'm starving, let's live the life of ballin  
And still trying to find my calling, and make a change  
Look into my eyes, all you see is pain

Look up in the sky all I see is rain  
Ain't no sunshine, call me a monkey  
But look I got K-9 bloodlines  
With P-9's and semiautos  
And guaranteed tomorrow  
9th ward my burrow  
I represent the scum's  
Ate the crumbs  
Now I'm reaching for a new height  
Nothing but love and we crew tight  
Craving renew sight  
Hussle for food tight  
Who the dopest on the planet BI-ITCH  
Chyna White

Chorus:

BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Punk ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
You just a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Trick BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Fuck ass BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)  
Nigga you ain't nothing but a BI-ITCH! (bi-itch)

Chorus 2:

You little punk motherfucker do ya thang  
You bitch ass niggas won't do a thang  
So shut the fuck up and peep some game from me  
Now you know to shut yo talk it is a shame  
Cause you and yo group won't do a thang  
The SHIT that you talking sounds the same to me

BI-ITCH!! (echoes)

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