

## Lyrics by The Jeff Healey Band

### "Hicide"

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(Pimp C talking)

Uh no love

Now check this out

Bitches be gettin offended when uh they hear the word  
bitch

Well maybe that's cause they bitches

Know what I'm talkin bout

(Pimp C)

Stankin bitches say I hiside

Cause I pass by

Don't smoke my fuckin weed wit em

Don't let em sit on my plush crush

Three times gold, I'm a pimp ass nigga

So like a ball is how I roll

And I don't be paradin with them bitches in the street

Ho is you payin me?

Well if not ain't no need in you thinkin that you gon stay  
wit me

Bitch I'm a pimp cause that's the way you bitches force  
me to be

You say you broke well bitch you need to stop fucking  
for free

So when I ride by, I don't give the ho the time

Lil' girl you fine, but you must done lost yo mind

Thinkin you got game

Well bitch game is my middle name

Suckin on thangs, fuckin for fame

But bitch you plain Jane

Straight up and down

I hate silly hoes that talk a lot and try to clown

When she know that I know that she done fucked the  
whole town

And that I know that she a freak

Bitches say we hiside cause we pass and don't speak

Don't speak, don't speak

Bitches say we hiside cause we pass by and don't  
speak

I know they wanna freak (3x)

Bitches say we hiside cause we pass by

(Bun B)

Sometimes there be a lot of shit I wanna do  
But won't do, if I gotta do shit in front of you  
Oh bitch don't act like you ain't nosy  
I know exactly how you hoes be  
Blowzy mad cause I declined when you chose me  
But what I need a broke bitch for?  
And how the fuck I look walkin around scratchin yo  
witch ho?  
No keep them crabs keep that cock in that case  
Cause bitch a pussy ain't nothin but my hand wit a face  
And any bitch can take another bitch place  
Now ain't that a foul taste  
And it wasn't a fuck it was a waste of my mutherfuckin  
time  
I coulda been somewhere flippin or smokin a dime  
These bitches now a days out of they rabbit ass mind  
Ho you gets no sunshine from me just because you fine  
I told em I heard it through the grapevine  
You ain't nothin but a freak  
So now bitches say we hiside cause we pass by and  
don't speak

Chorus

(Pimp C)

See bitches in P.A.  
Get mad when they see a young nigga  
full of that chronic havin it his way  
But them hoes got us fucked up  
The preacher got the clothes and the hoes wit his dick  
on swoll  
Trickin all my people bank roll  
I peep that shit, I read my Bible at home  
Cause I ain't payin for that nigga's wrong  
It's time to ride 600, picture me and Bun B  
wit 4 million two drop top gold royces  
Now we smokin somethin  
Them bitches tried to set us up, but we  
Butt-fuck the D.A, fuck the judge, and fuck the P.A.P.D.  
I already gotta deal with the rednecks  
And ho ass niggas in this rap game comin with that  
complex  
But bitch this ain't no fuckin contest  
And if it was we won  
I'm a trill nigga live my life by the gun  
I love smokin swisher sweets  
Uh, now fuck them bitches that say we hiside

cause we pass by and don't speak

(Pimp C talking and the chorus fades until the end)

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