

Mamas & Papas

"Call It What You Want"

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(Talking)

Here's a story
About a bitch
About a bitch I once fucked wit
Now I want ya'll to listen real close
Shit's a trip
Peep game

Used to have a bitch that was true to life to me
Damn near a wife to me
The bitch was just right for me
Stood by my side
Used to help me wit my hustle
Down to pack straps and a cap if we had a tustle
I used to trust her wit my riches
I be in the kitchen cookin chickens
While she be washin dishes
150,000 in the attic
Pager blowin up all night, my bitch never gave a nigga
static
I used to make her mad enough to kill
Lipstick on the front of my draws, man my bitch was
real
Cuz she never stole nothin
Gaffled by the FED's 3 4 times and never told nothin
But wait
My bitch is gettin distant on me
No more back rubs and kisses
What's happenin wit my little misses
Too sleepy for the sex play
Now what's really going on the same shit the next day
Damn I know she wouldn't fuck around
Still I taps all my phones and records every fuckin
sound
Conversations wit her homegirl but nothin major
I duplicates the cap code to her pager
Now i recieves every beat
Cuz I'll be damned if my bitch goin be playin me cheap

(Chorus)

Call it what you want but I gotta know

If my bitch fucks around then my bitch gots to go
(Repeat 2x)

Week and a half flies by and now I
Can't trust my bitch doin shit
Track her through the mall, the cleaners, and the nail
shop
The grocery store, and the health food spot
Dub you trippin I say to myself
'Is she all that?
I'm on my bitch ass like I'm lo jack'
Just hold that
I don't really like when she be callin her best friend
Pull up on the lot in a black Benz
I could smell it homie
It's goin down
These bitches bout to flirt wit some niggas and clown
Followed they ass to the Mo-Mo
Oh no
Damn this shit's for real
Now just imagine how a nigga feal
Cuz I been livin wit a hoe
And worse than that a muthafucka didn't know
She got's to go
I hit the chronic cuz
I'm on a mission
I'm havin visions
Of two dead bitches missin Christmas
I can't take it no more
I cocks my strap ?takes flight?
And kick the fuckin hinges off the door
I skimmed the room with the infared
And finds my bitch and her best friend naked in the
water bed

(Chorus)

Now I'm confused
I puts my heat down
Mouth open like a muthafucka takes a seat now (?we's
now?)
How long you been fuckin her?
I ain't know yo ass was on cock
Got me thinkin bout ? ?
She said I trust her like you trust me
If you trust we
Then us three could be livin in harmony
I get's to thinkin bout the pussy and the riches
Fuck it I guess I got two down bitches

(Chorus)

(Talking)
Ha yeah
Tell ya about these little stank ass scrags
Ain't shit
I got two of em now
Fuck em
One for this braid right here
One for this braid right here
Gotta lick this middle one
Fuck ya'll
WC CJ Mac

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