

## **Too \$hort "All My Bitches Are Gone"**

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I used to have a lot of bitches  
Straight down for me  
Doin' anything I said, even hoe on the street  
But I'm a dog and I dog my broads  
Guerrilla pimpin', drivin' four door cars  
Ain't got no kids but them bitches love daddy  
They had to share me or them bitches couldn't have  
me  
Cause I'm a Mack with a capital M  
Call me \$hort Dog baby, put the P in the Pimp  
I keep my foot in your ass and wouldn't give a fuck  
Get out her pocket, bitch you gettin' beat up  
You see me hangin' with them niggas like jock  
And every single five mile, bitches gettin' popped  
Well now I got a rep and they say I'm wrong  
I beat my broad ass and she moved back home  
Came in one night, I was buzzin'  
Bitch tried to front me for fuckin' her cousin  
She started yellin', man, the bitch got raw  
I took one step back and went straight to her jaw  
I gives a fuck that the bitch left  
Cause all she ever got was some good dick  
And it really ain't shit to find another bitch  
Cause I'm a cool motherfucker and I'm hella rich  
(Yeah) Ant Banks in the house and you know he knows  
Grab the mic nigga, fuck these hoes

Yeah, I'm thinkin' back 'fore a nigga just came up  
Playin' games with the bitches  
Thought a nigga might change but  
I was tight thinkin' everything's all right  
Doin' the same shit to a different bitch every night  
Just dickin'em down like a gigolo  
So you gotta peep game from a nigga though  
I'm too young to get sprung so don't trip, tell'em  
(Ain't no love, bitch)  
So let's speak about a freak named Connie  
Fucked the bitch tough, backstage at the Omni  
I can't forget Constance, the bitch is so dumb  
Quick to lick my nuts, suck my dick, and just hum  
And these are just some hoes  
That a nigga like tossed up, kinda crossed up

Turned out and lost but I ain't trippin'  
They all got tramped  
Used and abused till they all just vamped  
And left a nigga stuck with no kind of get back  
Now I even get shook by the hoodrats  
Cause they know what the fuck they gon' get  
Took for they cash and a mouth full of dick, huh  
And I hate I gotta be that way  
Goin' vicious on these bitches  
Just made'em all leave today  
But I know it won't last long  
They sayin' fuck Ant Banks  
Now all my bitches is gone

All my bitches are gone, them bitches bounced  
I had a gang of'em, now they can't be found  
They ain't fuckin' with \$hort Dog  
Cause I'm from Oakland

You fuck with us bitch, somethin' gettin' broken  
Your leg, arm, jaw, nose, pick a part  
Oakland motherfuckers'll break your heart  
Until you recognize game in your face  
You's a punk ass bitch, ain't never been no place  
I can't hold back, now's the time  
To leave your stank fake broke ass bitches behind  
And move on like a player  
I'm knockin' ghetto hoes and even squares  
Secretaries, nurses, and police women  
I'm flyin' first class, nigga, fuckin' flight attendents  
\$Hort Dog ain't nothin' but a dog, beeyatch  
(Ain't nothin' new nigga, come again)  
All my bitches are gone, them bitches cut  
But I really don't give a fuck  
I always knew I didn't need that hoe  
I got the game from the motherfuckin' E-S-O  
And you can tell when I hit the place  
All them star-struck bitches jump in my face  
And get shot to the curb like I'm the mob  
Unless they givin' niggas blowjobs

Yeah, and when a bitch wanna flirt  
I put in work, treat'em all like dirt  
And watch them get they feelin's hurt  
Cause I'm a mack, hoe, listen to this rap, hoe  
And you will know not to fuck around  
You'll get slapped, hoe  
For tryin' to fuck up the Ant Banks program  
Steady saltin' with your stanky ass toe jams  
You're mad cause I wouldn't spend no time  
I'm with the homies, makin' cash

Pullin' bitches and writin' rhymes  
I'm just doin' what I got to do  
I'm not fuckin' with you  
Because your funky ass cock is through  
So now I gotta get some new hoes  
Some old school bitches  
That's still ridin' trues and vogues  
I want a freak with the gangsta look  
That Ant Banks can hook  
And the bitch better know how to cook  
Cause I'm a nigga that'll eat some shit up  
Macaroni, steak, collard greens, or whatever the fuck  
Yeah \$hort, you know how we do'em  
Treat bitches like red lights and run right through'em  
I got my mack on strong and my dick on long  
So fuck it, all my bitches can stay gone

Mine too

You know what I'm sayin'?

Yeah, beeyatch

\$Hort Dog in the motherfuckin' house

Nah nigga, you in this motherfucker

Bringin' this shit for nine-tre and nine-four

You know what I'm sayin'?

Get in where you fit in, hoes

Before you need a check up from the neck up

Peace out

Fuck these bitches, man

Fuck these bitches, \$hort

Let's get out of here, man

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