

Missy Elliott F/ Nicole, Space "Dopeman Bitch"

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[Mr. Bigg, toned down voice, Chorus X3]

Your friends ain't shit

Your sister ain't shit

And you ain't nothin' but a dopeman bitch

[Mr. Bigg in a higher voice, with females, Chorus X6]

Your friends ain't shit

Your sister ain't shit

And you ain't nothin' but a dopeman bitch

[Verse One]

Some nasty ass bitch said I had a nasty mouth

Every time I open don't nothin' but nasty shit come out

Listen bitch to this story about

A young nigga comin' straight from the fuckin' south

I'm 6'6" slangin' dick Alabama style

Fuck a bitch and call her a hoe and kick her out the door

Bitches like it when a nigga talk nasty to 'em

Beat they ass and take they cash

And them project hoes I don't trust 'em

Niggas fall in love with them but everybody fuckin' 'em

I'm talkin' national hoes until I die

A bitch can't respect herself so why the fuck should I?

Say yes ma'am or call you a lady

Take you out to dinner bitch you got to be crazy

You got the nerve to say I ain't shit?

Cuz I got no respect for a sorry ass lazy ass bitch

[Chorus with Mr. Bigg and females X4]

[Verse Two]

Have you ever met a bitch in your life that was no good?

Everybody done fucked her in the neighborhood

They all call her by her nickname

She suck dick man

And she love the dopeman

Different niggas every night different cars in the yard

The stankin' bitch fucked all my homeboys

And on check baby bitch got a lot around the house

Niggas waitin' to stick they dick up in the bitch mouth
All you silly hoes and food stampers
You gettin' your hair fixed you need to be buyin' some
pampers
Your babies ain't had shoes in a year
But you're wearin'
Diamonds in your motherfuckin' ears
Bitch you gets no respect
Since you ??? me to kick your ass clean out the projects
I feel sorry for your babies
They can't help it if they motherfuckin' nanny just plain
lazy
Dirty dishes in the sink cuz they ain't been fed
And they sleepin' in a pissy ass bunk bed
Five other kids five different daddies
Little bad motherfuckers throwin' rocks at my Caddy
I still give 'em change everytime I see 'em
The bitch don't need 'em cuz the bitch won't feed 'em
You got the nerve to say I ain't shit?
Cuz I got no respect for a sorry ass lazy ass bitch

[Chorus with Mr. Bigg and females X4]

[Verse Three]

Went to the mall what I seen was a fuckin' shame
I seen some hoes out there stealin' but I ain't gon' call
they name
They didn't know it but I seen they ass creepin'
Had a trunk full of shit that they done stole out of ???
and Parisian's
The bitch tried to call me a lie
Tryin' on clothes that you know your ass ain't gon' buy
Bitches like to steal silk (shit)
But won't go to the store to steal a can of milk
They wanna blame it on they baby daddy
You can't blame your baby daddy you don't know your
fuckin' baby daddy
I see you in the club thinkin' you the shit hoe
But for real though you tryin' to turn a trick hoe
With the first nigga with the most gold on
Fat ??? beeper and a celluar phone
Now it's time for you to take all the kill
Forty dollars for the light bill fifty for the phone bill
More kids than the bitch own already but
Pussy so big motherfuckers gotta bring a lunch
And a Walkman with extra batteries
Niggas throwin' a party on that pussy every Saturday
You got the nerve to say I ain't shit?
Cuz I got no respect for a sorry ass lazy ass bitch

[Chorus with Mr. Bigg and females until fade]

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