

Tung Twista

"Fake Ass Bitches"

Visit "[Fake Ass Bitches](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[little kid] Tell me about these fake ass bitches

[2Pac]

Look here little nigga
Most of these niggaz be bitches too
But you'll never hear that side of the story
So uhh, we finna do this shit like this

It's like I tell my niggaz, keep your eyes on these
bitches
They love to G a nigga young dumb and gettin riches
What the fuck you think a trick is nigga
Nigga done stick and wet his dick
And then get tricked out all his riches by a -- BITCH!
I'm here to school you to the rules of the game, it'll cost
ya
Think you alla that just cause she let a nigga toss her
It's like a motherfuckin priveledge
So don't give up your conversation, give that bitch your
7 digits
When she call ya, ask that tramp whassup
And if she hesitate, nigga hang up, worrrd up
And let that bitch meditate to the dial tone
And call me when you're ready to bone, and it's on
A motherfucking mack tonight
Stay that stay strapped cause my raps is tight
You fuckin punks, I hate you snitches
Went against the grain and the game to be fake ass
bitches

(God, damn! You can't just hit them niggaz with that
game
And expect them to accept it; girl your heard me it gets
skanless.
But we gonna kick this shit like this here)

[Chorus: 2Pac]

I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyn ass niggaz and you punk ass snitches
[repeat 2X]

Time to show these bustas who's boss
Run up on a real motherfucker and get tossed
The game is deep, and thicker than a motherfuckin
jimmy
Broke hoes runnin round yellin "Gimme!"
I can't stand it, hoes talkin bout they got a man
Shit all I wanted her to do is suck my DICK
So how about hittin a motherfucker on my pager
Busy now bitch but you can give me the pussy later
Fly how I fade her, played her like a game of Sega
Fuckin with the player that done made her, huh
And I ain't sleepin caught you creepin for my money
Got the dick and now you get the pistol honey (bitch)
So get the bozack, knockin hoes back, keep my dough
stacked
So where the motherfuckin hoes at?
Punk niggaz can't fade the mack, livin fat
Gettin paid to rap, it's like that, you motherfuckin
bitches

Yeah, yeah that's my motto
She educated a whole bunch of you old raggedy-ass
niggaz
So y'all take that shit back to y'all camp and uhh
You sleep on that there, it's like

[Chorus 2X]

Oh you too nigga, don't think we ain't talkin bout your
punk ass
You old fake ass nigga
Standin there wearin all them Pendletons and khakis
and all that
You soft as a motherfuckin grape
Ain't this a motherfuckin bitch
I can see right through your flower ass
Some of these niggaz is bitches too, man I tell ya
It's gonna be harder and harder to be a Thug in ninety-
fo'
But we gonna do this shit
Y'all take this shit and you play this shit for every single
Fake ass bitch out there
And there's plenty of em
You probably got one sittin next to you right now
Bobbin his fake ass head to this, dope ass shit that he
listenin to
Fake ass motherfuckin bitch, die in ninety-four

