

## Tupac Shakur "Fake Ass Bitches"

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*[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 is the type of 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

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