

Nirvana F/ Curt Kirkwood

"Wasn't Your Fault"

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[Voice talking] (*echo*)

Yeah .. niggas wanna take care of these hoes
Niggas wanna control these hoes
You can't control these bitches
These is independent bitches these years
You can't understand the 2000 in here?
Motherfuckers wanna put they mack down
Wanna put they soder down
Let a bitch do what she wanna do
If she chose to ride wit a G
Then let her ride wit a G
The bitch don't wanna sit back and be a housewife all
the time
Let the ho be what she wanna be
A real slut, and let the ho get on and make her money
You understand? I got a homey sittin' by me
Understand this nigga don't understand because he's
a young nigga
You know what I'm sayin'? I'm been in the game since
'85
And I know a ho don't do nothin', wanna play a nigga
like 9 to 5, alright

[Snoop Dogg]

YIKES, Shabba dabble do (*light barking noise*) I can
dig it baby, you know
Because these hoes, they can't be controlled
You gotta find 'em, spot 'em, send 'em, get em, got
'em, you know

[Chorus - Male voice] (Snoop Dogg)

It wasn't (uh uh) your fault (it wasn't your fault)
You was only tryin' to be nice (tryin' be nice)
Only tryin to be nice, ohh (can't be nice to these hoes)
You know you can't control these hoes (no, no, no)
You know you can't control these hoes (can't control
these hoes)
You know you can't control these hoes

[Verse 1 - Snoop Dogg]

What she do, she jumped out of her sleep and left the

pad at a quarter to two
That's on you, you shoulda put your foot in her ass, like
a pimp's supposed to do
But instead of goin' 'upside da head'
You bought her a 5 karat wit your bread
And then she went and gave her homeboy Ted some
head
I ain't tellin' on her, I'm just sayin', what you do
When your bitch out of bounds and you don't know
what to do
What we do, we check 'em from the gate, to keep a
bitch straight
It's on you, see you can take her out and buy her all
types of things
You's a fool, cause when she leave you, for what he do
You'll see fool

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Snoop Dogg]

Me and you, that's what you thought 'til your ass got
caught
Shame on you, and now I understand why my momma
used to tell me that
Ain't that true, you can't make a queen out a
motherfuckin' hoodrat
Game on you, cause now you back at your momma
house
And you sleepin' on tha copeasack
What's she do, I gave her the keys to my '74 Cadillac
Say it ain't true, she let a nigga drive it, ask tha homie
Battlecat
Whatchu do, put my foot in her ass and mashed tha
gas
You know me, and ever since that day my nigga, I've
been P I M P

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Snoop Dogg]

Thats your boo, but she know every nigga in the Roc-A-
Fella Crew
That's on you, baby blow too much, I mean she know
too much
That's my boo, it's all about who she did and where she
been
I love you, you shouldn't a told her that, you should a
smacked her flat
Shame on you (shame on you), your so in love you
fittin' to get a tattoo
That ain't cool (that ain't cool), love is blind and no

friend of mine
If I was you, I'd a packed her bags and bust anotha
bitch thats bad
Game got rules, if you lose a ho, you gotta gain a ho

[Chorus]

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