

Unlv "Bitch Ain't Shit"

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First verse:

{tec-9}

Ah shit now I'm kind of in a fit
Them suckers locked me up now they treat me like a
bitch
I don't have no remorse for all the crimes that I did
But still doesn't mean you have to treat me like a pig
I'm standin' on my own I got to make it in that world
I'm havin' thoughts of another nigga peepin' down on
my girl
Well anyway that's why I'm in this bitch tryin' please a
bitch
Pullin' all capers to get the bitch hair fixed
You tellin' me I'm crazy but love is a motherfucker
Couldn't find a job I turned to sellin' cluckers
Makin' bank buyin' cars all that flashy ass shit
Now a days that's the only way a man can keep a bitch
You tellin' me you love why the fuck I'm out of smokes
It wasn't all that when I was up to sellin' dope
Puttin' clothes on yo back thinkin' you was all that
Now that I'm facin' time you dropped me like a bad
habit
Funny how a bitch can use a nigga for his ends
An ride around town in my car with her friends
She tellin' me that she love me and tellin' me she legit
But tec is here to tell you a bitch ain't shit

Chorus:

Now these is for the hoes I can't trust
A bitch ain't shit
She play you for your ends and
Spend it up with her friends
I'm here to tell you

Second verse:

{lil' ya}

Well my situation is kind of strange
I was fuckin' the bitches an breakin' the hoes
Because I got game but when I made me

A mutherfuckin' song same hit hoes jock me
'cause they know I got it goin' on
They started playin' the role that I used to play
Buy me some tents fuck me good then I'm on my way
But they can't get jack
Bitch I ain't with you
You can suck my dick and step the fuck back
'cause lil' ya is the same o'l nigga trick
I got to get into yo pockets so I can make mine bigger
bitch
You can try to run game and make me think your my
fuckin' queen
But I'm a treat you with this dick like halloween
Ya try to play me out but you played me to close
The only thing you got left is this dick down yo throat
hoe
Bitches just today ain't shit you got to treat 'em bad
To make the stupid hoes legit so get yo mind right
And wind up nigga ya givin' her all yo time and money
Bitch is gonna leave ya now fela's don't play ya self
Like a trick 'cause ya's here to tell you
That a bitch ain't shit
Chorus:

Now these is for the hoes I can't trust
A bitch ain't shit
Don't be a fuckin' dummy because she play
You for your money fool
I'm here to tell you

Third verse:
{yella boy}

Now I never ever got the fuckin' attention
That I thought I should have had
Hoes are playin' me to the left
Ain't that cold ain't that sad
Might not hang out with fela's or might not
Hang out just as late
But you make my fuckin' day
If I can take you out on a date
When I called you smiled you used to say
A nigga was cute when a nigga needed a ride
You never ever stopped to scoop
You claim you changed my diapers and you
Knew me since birth I rather smoke weed
And gee you ass to the hearst
I asked you for your number 'cause I thought you would
chill
But you looked me up and down like I was poppin' boo-
koo pills

Size don't matter because a nigga can be gay
Way back in the pin a gangster couldn't get no play
Real gangster gangster pictures used to blow my high
Takin' a hit started guessin' but quiet as I crep
Just imagine a player wish a hoe would get with this
Givin' me faces winked her eye and blew me a kiss
Some said that I was young some said I was dumb
I was very grown for my age my dick was still shootin'
cum
But I must not be legit but like a fiend you got me sick
That's why I wrote this damn song because a
Bitch ain't shit

Chorus:

Now these is for the hoes I can't trust
A bitch ain't shit
She'll act like she's down but you'll
Find out in the end
I'm here to tell you

Forth verse:

{tec-9}

Money talks shit walks and I'll be out in a week
And it won't be long before I'm back up on my feet
An them stanky ass hoes who took everything
That I had is walkin' around that same neighborhood
Lookin' bad fuckin' anything that walk
Just to get a fuckin' hit I'm fiendin' for a nut
So you can suck up on my dick
I remember those times I kept your pockets fat
An if you was in trouble I was slangin' my gat
Bustin' heads cuttin' throats all that for that
Dog hoe

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