

# Another

## The Melody Ranch Girl

What do ya do when yo' bitch is untrue?  
You cut that hooker off and find someone new  
I need another bitch, another bitch, in my life I know he don't treat you like I treat you  
Time to explain the game you see through  
Sex is lethal, I ain't gon lie  
Means to get ya back, I ain't gon try Like this y'all, my girl sucked anotha nigga dick y'all  
Light skinned with the chrome die six y'all  
Thought they was creepin'  
Two trips to V-A every third weekend While you was sleepin', he hit you on the box  
Sixty-nine go non-stop  
Shoulda left ya then but my heart said not  
You knew too much, the relationship grew too much You knew about the crack vials, means to be trialled  
Way I hid dough under the bathroom towel  
Waited for a while, thought you was my right thing  
Then things got frightening Peep the scene, sorta like Sam Rosten  
Guess you ginger, huh, go figure  
Never thought you could be a gold digger  
Take my dough and spend with the next nigga Asked my man Trigga, my ace boom coon  
Told me cut the bitch off 'fore the shit balloon  
Now I'm like Brandy, 'Sittin' In My Room'  
Pussy drunk listenin' to Stylistic tunes Or the O-Jays, thinkin' 'bout the old days  
My nigga's like, fuck that bitch, go play  
Baller, did she beep you? Don't call her  
Guess who I seen, that freak bitch Paula She was askin' 'bout ya whereabouts  
Here's the digits, I know you can wear that out  
Tear that out the frame, ya game so tight  
You'll be all fuckin' night What do ya do when your man is untrue?  
Do you cut the sucker off and find someone new?  
I need another man in my life Member when you said you would die for me, shit  
All of that was just lies to me  
Motherfucker shoulda never said bye to me  
Now you cry for me, like Jodeci It's like that y'all, my nigga hit another bitch from the back y'all  
Black nasty and matter fact y'all  
Shoulda seen the hoe, nigga pack ya shit  
You out the door, oh What about the fight in the Mirage?  
I seen ya Benz, parked outside my sister's garage  
Said it was ya friend Rog, bullshit  
I ain't gonna keep puttin' up wit the bullshit And still I, never sweat these bitches  
Who be hanged like plaques on the wall and ya pictures

Scalin' fishes, my love is concrete  
Stashin' ya heat in the passenger seat  
Of the Nautica Jeep, we've been down for so long  
Still a bitch like me tryin' to hold on  
Teary eyed, damn a bitch steamin'  
Girls steady screamin', Kim, you need to leave him  
When I testified in court, couldn't think straight  
Thinkin' 'bout the bitches I fought  
Over you, nigga half the shit you bought  
And fuck you, movin' is my last resort  
You see nine outta ten niggaz, ain't shit  
One outta five niggaz suck a dick  
Ya mad at me, too bad she ain't as bad as me  
Choulda kept the freak bitch off my canape  
Now you see, ain't no pussy warm as mine  
Long as mine, ain't no love as strong as this  
When I sucked ya dick, it's like smokin' a roach  
Uhh, I go from first class to coach  
What do ya do when yo' bitch is untrue?  
You cut that hooker off and find someone new  
I need another bitch, another bitch in my life  
What do ya do when your man is untrue?  
Do you cut the sucker off and find someone new?  
I need another man in my life  
What do ya do when yo' bitch is untrue?  
You cut that hooker off and find someone new  
I need another bitch, another bitch in my life  
What do ya do when your man is untrue?  
Do you cut the sucker off and find someone new?  
I need another man in my life

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