Bitches From Eastwick

The Lox

[Jadakiss]
Hey yo, I woke up in a daze wit' the slight headache.
You know the usual, the studio gettin' red late.
Serious jet lag when I get to bed late.
That why I fuck, 'cause I be weak when I get head late.
Today I got a session wit' Ronnie, I mean Veronica.
Met her last year, about a week before Hanukkah.
Sounds foolish, I mean, honey wasn't Jewish,
But she had a lot of dough and she was nice on computers.
She told me she was born and raised in Bermuda,
And came here to get a job as a tutor.
I pursued, make a long story short, screwed her.
She moved, and she came back, still on the same track.
Same wit' same chips, ass, it was still fat.
I ain't really think she was a freak,
But she did ask a lot of questions 'bout Stylez and Sheik.
She called me and said she was in town fo' a week,
The Westside, Manhattan, the Suite and the Marquise.
How I felt about gettin' up fo' old times sake.
I'm a bring Stylez and Sheik wit' me, datta be great.
Jus' have two friends, we gon' bring the truck and the new Benz.
Desert in the, stashin' the Sony cam, zoom lens.
All have ourselves one big hell of a weekend.
Eat at Puff's joint, an' catch a show at the beacon.
Twist a dutch blaze from Y-O to the Hudson.
Pass the tall one, two-five, we still puffin.
We got the heat on a cold night 'n the winter.
Stylez you remember, Sheik you remember.[Sheek]
Oh yeah, I remember them hos that night.
We was at the beacon, right?
Chris Tucker performing.
All of us was in der, outside it was stormin',
Cats and Dogs.
hey yo, dese hos wuz tough.
Besides the air condition on high, we wuz icy enough.
From my neck to the belt buckle, to our shoes, shall I go on?
Wit' five of us up front, he needed shades to perform.
Mose from the flow, up we inside, toe up.
I drink, they smoke, no coke.

Besides the shit he said on stage, the cash we had on us wuz no joke.
I slid fo' seats down, she sittin' there, smilin'.
Lookin' like she from an island, not them chicks that be out wilin'.
Told me that her name wuz Cindy,
Favorite show Mork and Mindy,
Favorite color, green, no kids, but plan to have plenty.
We chit den chat, 'bout dis 'n dat.
From what kind of whip she push,
To what bar she be at,
She played hard to get,
But we made it from the movie to the jacuzzi,
From the jacuzzi to the bed,
We fucked until we both got woozy.
Woke up, breath stinkin',
Yawnin' and shit.
I smelt breakfast in the kitchen, but where was the bitch?
I walked in there, it was cheese, eggs, and grits on the table,
Wit' beef sausages and orange juice, next to the cable.
Wit' a note saying sorry, I had to rob you, baby, but
I need cash like you, I ain't your ordinary slut,
Or dick teaser, please, I need food in my freezer.
And by the time you read dis note, I done been spent yo' Visa.[Stylez]
I remember Beatrice, but niggas like me call her B,
'Cause she like to fuck doggy style, plus hold the D.
But now I got to handle dis 'cause they skandalous.
Cindy robbed Shiek and moved to Los Angeles,
Like I won't kill a friends.
Went to bounce, stole a Benz.
Note in the garage:
Tu y'all entourage.
Y'all three rugged niggas, but y'all gotta get robbed.
Don't take it personal, we didn't finish the job.
Mnage trois.
We kill niggas wit' they dick hard.
They got me lookin' at the letta stuff.
Why the fuck they left the truck?
Three bitches in my house,
Probably try to wet me up.
Crept to the kitchen,
Seen Ronnie by the cabinet.
Tried the gun holster with the forty fo' Magnum,
Shot her in the heart.
Den caught the earchess fabanet.
Den I seen Cindy,
The bitch tried to end me,

Running out the living room,
Bustin' off Kissimee.
The bitch couldn't aim,
So I blew her out the frame.
Turned around to Beatrice,
Why you look speachless?
We could have lived it up and jus' fucked on the beaches,
And now you gotta die,
And the stupid bitch is reaching.
Be'fo I cocked it back
I heard tires screeching,
Saw Shiek and James,
Started motherfucking squeezin.

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