

# What Happened To The Groupies

## Too \$hort

Short, Short, what's up man?  
This Captain man check this out  
I know you and B-Legit finna get in here  
And get down on this song right?  
But y'all can't be talkin' bad about Broads, man, you know?  
Y'all in here talkin' 'bout, "Suckin' this" and "Suckin' that"  
Aww, shit, here come B pullin' up in his 600  
Blowin' big weed, y'all be cool man  
I blaze blunts all day get keyed all night  
Be the one to take flight if the smoke ain't right  
I'm tight, nicknamed Ike for the drama  
It's baby and her mama, naked in a sauna  
Down with the gang 'cuz them flows be hard  
Blue mink, Short and my St. Brenard  
Super bad man all around Hoo-J  
Tell me what the fuck happened to the groupies  
What happened to the groupies  
I thought they was comin' through  
To do everything we want 'em to  
Supposed to be all good when they get here  
Break niggas off, bitch we real playas  
Baby in the red said, "It's coo"  
She gonna give me some pussy and some head too  
I ain't trippin' though, these bitches takin' too long  
I'm 'bout to call some other hoes on the phone  
Tell 'em I'm a hog nigga, need a triple-X bitch down to stick  
Turn tricks switched the dick  
There's hips outside and I'm fo' sho' dat  
And the finest ho she know where mo' at  
Gotta show that, nigga tuck my jewels  
Can't be slippin' with a bitch, niggas know that shit  
Hit me at the room when the hoes come  
It be at 301 we callin' for some  
Where they at B-Legit where they at?  
Let these bitches know theres some real playas back  
Told her meet me in room 510 on the mattress  
If you do it right then I'll be back bitch  
Another showdown, in yo' town  
Let everybody know you my ho now

I'm feelin' way too cool off the gin and juice  
I'm 'bout to fuck my bitch and her friend too  
Damn, see man y'all niggas is trippin' man  
Niggas this '98 y'all actin' like it's still '88  
Short cussin' and all this bullshit  
Check this out, see baby and them leavin' see?  
Baby come here, c'mon, baby don't even trip  
Now just kick it for a lil' while, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I'll take you to Sizzler to go eat after awhile  
I'll make 'em stop trippin', don't even trip baby it's all good  
I'm feelin' good, everything hooked up right  
Before it's all over I'ma be in som'n tight  
Looked down at my hip to check my pager  
Tryin' to find me a bitch, fresh off the stage  
Nigga ain't hungry, fuck them after party  
Told a cute groupie, "Bitch meet me in the lobby"  
You know how we do it, told her bring all her friends  
Next weekend we gonna do it all again  
I said it out my mouth on the mic real loud  
We at the Holiday-Inn, room 510  
Bring all the bitches even if they dikes  
We hyped, hoes eatin' pussy tonight  
Seen her in my mug, peepin' my game  
Lookin' like she could take dick in the brain  
We all champagne and Cali green  
I need a bitch like that on a pimp team  
It's after midnight, can't find the right women  
Can't be slippin' while you're late night pimpin'  
Way too many niggas got stuck like that  
Waited too late then fucked a rat  
Wake up in the mornin', mad as hell  
With the wrong bitch, in the wrong hotel  
Shoulda gave up when you first struck out  
Now you tryna get the fuck out  
Man I was drunk when I went out, blow when I woke up  
Didn't get to fuck 'cuz these hoes is ducks  
Niggas like me need the head lay on  
From bad ass bitches who prefer red bones  
Rock microphones, later count G's  
Could always spot a rat chasin' niggas with cheese  
Please, put it on freeze, it don't suit me  
What happened to the muthafuckin' groupies?  
What happened? Nigga they all left, that's what happened  
Y'all muthafuckas gonna be sittin' around all night  
Talkin' to each other, oh, that's cool

Y'all got some muthafuckin' Playboy magazines  
So I guess that's why y'all ain't trippin', check this out man  
Y'all niggas gotta understand one thing man  
Bitches don't love to be talked to like that  
Y'all gotta break down be cool with a bitch  
Ya know what I'm sayin'?

Show her some caring and shit, understand me?  
I remember when the shit first began  
I used to fuck the dog shit out my biggest fans  
Four in the mornin' we hit the waffle spot  
Then it's back to the telly for some more cock  
Shit was non-stop, don't choose too fast  
There's a gang of more bitches with way more ass  
Up and down the hall with the bad ass body  
Groupies lookin' for the after party  
I used to be wild as fuck, get my dick sucked  
On the back of the tour bus with two or three sluts  
Check into my suite, order somethin' to eat  
Knockin' at my door, it's another lil' freak  
Right up the hall on the same flo'  
You could stand in line and run a train on the ho  
Top-notch or rat, skinny or fat  
B-Legit, where all the groupies at?  
In the room with the tricks gettin' big faces  
But they really wanna know how the dick tastes  
I used to get fucked, fall asleep, wake up  
Kick the bitch out and bump a freak  
But nowadays, you gotta watch your route  
Niggas savin' hoes need to cut that out  
So what they talkin' 'bout? They shoulda been done came  
I think they scared of a nigga with this real game  
What happened to the groupies? Don't point your finger  
They're all backstage chasin' R and B singers  
At the other concert, on the other side of town  
I seen a few hoes but they wasn't down  
Where the groupies at, I'ma ask y'all later  
Probably out tryna fuck basketball players  
Silly hoes, rappers got mansions  
But we ain't tryna get into these tramp bitches  
Y'all niggas is trippin' man  
Y'all need to sit down and re-evaluate your morals man  
Y'all niggas gettin' too old for this shit  
Y'all gonna be sittin' around in the club  
Tryna figure out who goin' home with ya old ass  
You need to find ya a good woman

Snatch her up, get her a BMW  
She got kids, only do what you do, tell her, "I got you"

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