

# Dirty Bitch

## Mr Explicit

[foul mouthed girl yelling at Bill on the phone]

[Bushwick Bill]

You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear  
Gotta start with the right material, to generate a useful idea  
In other words, you can't turn a ho into a housewife  
Try it, the bitch'll make you sock her in her mouth twice  
It started out beautiful, but you was playin possum  
To me, you was just a fuck, but our relationship blossomed  
Got attached to your kids, I loved 'em like my own  
Referred to your daughter as my daughter, your son as my son  
Called you my wife, even if it was common law  
Never saw a better creature in my life,  
How could the one who stole my heart, make me reach for my knife  
(Why you reachin for your knife?) Cause I'ma stab that bitch  
(What if they take your freedom Bill?) They can have that shit  
Now she wanna be friends - ain't that a bitch?  
Fuck you bitch, I hate you bitch!  
I wouldn't care if you burned in a fire  
Crashed in a plane or got hit by a motherfuckin train  
You make my life a livin hell, the sun's out but it's dark  
You're the devil, all you need is a pitchfork  
I'm too short to take shorts  
I'm havin seconds thoughts, the ride's too scary, I gotta get off  
I wish I never met you ho  
I wanna hang you from a fuckin cliff and let go, you dirty bitch  
[Chorus 2X: Bushwick Bill]  
Why you wanna bring me down  
Why you wanna bring me down, you dirty bitch  
[Bushwick Bill]  
I once believed that I could save you, emotion was squandered  
Now go back to that fuckin rock you crawled from under  
I did more fo' yo' kids, than they sorry-ass biological father ever had  
That's why they called me dad  
  
Your own momma used to tell me not to fuck wit'cha ass  
I messed around and got you pregnant, now I'm stuck wit'cha ass  
I gave you everything I had, didn't have to be forced  
Why the fuck you wanna take a nigga to court? You dirty bitch  
Tell me this, who paid the medical expense

When your kids was sick, suck dick you fuckin whore  
Burned my car and my clothes, like you were Angela Bassett  
I left town, you moved out, all you left was the mattress  
Now I'm hearin that you had another man all the while  
When I see you I'ma beat your ass, so go 'head and file  
I can tell by your tone you think it's funny bitch  
Where the fuck is my money bitch? You ain't runnin shit  
I'll hook you up like your kidneys failed  
You think I give a fuck about sittin in jail?  
You think I don't know the ghetto streets are bumpy?  
And you're the reason why them niggaz tried to jump me?  
At first I was cool with the split  
But you keep, callin my new bitch, bein messy and shit  
You can't stand to see me happy, with or without you  
Had to rain on my parade, it was all a charade  
You triflin slut, ain't worth a cigarette butt  
I shoulda left you where I found you, waitin on a bus  
Wanna drag you to a field and chop you up to the bone  
You ain't worth the fuckin ground I walk on, you dirty bitch  
[Chorus] - 2X  
[girl on the phone mouths off 'til Bushwick breaks in]  
[Bushwick Bill]Ahh! someone call the police  
Yeah, take this bitch, uh-huh, yeah motherfucker yeah  
Yeah, yeah you fuckin, yeah bitch!  
Yeah you fuckin..

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