

Is That Your Chick (the Lost Verses)

Memphis Bleek

R O C, Memph Bleek
Jigga man, Missy, Twista, Sho' nuff
Yeah, yo
Don't get mad at me, I don't love 'em I fuck 'em
I don't chase 'em I duck 'em, I replace 'em with another one
You had to see she keep callin' me Big
(And another one)
And my name is Jay-Z, she was all on my dick
Gradually I'm takin' over your bitch, comin' over your shit
Got my feet up on you sofas, man
I mean a hostess for my open hand
You comin' home to dishes and empty soda cans
I got your bitch up in my rover man
I never kiss her, I never hold her hand
In fact I diss her, I'm a bolder man
Imma pimp her, it's over man
When I twist her in the gold sedan
Like I'm goldie man, you're bitch chose man
Jigga man, Iceberg with the frozen hands
Weddin' bands don't make it rosy man
Oh, is that your chick, why she all in his six?
With her hand on his dick, keep lickin' her lips
Is that your chick? Why she all in his ride?
With her hand on his thigh, keep lookin' in his eyes
Oh, is that your chick? You better tell her chill
While you all in his grill, don't you know that man kill?
Is that your chick? Why she beepin' him?
Keep praisin' him? 'Cause that's Bleek and them, trick
Yo, check it now, yo, yo, your hoe chose I
I ain't gonna lie, what I look like turnin' down chocha
Drove by, smokin' lye, recognize a pimp, open your eyes
Hop in the passenger side of the ride, damn Bleek, can't speak
Uh, huh, okay, what's up, shut up and close the door
Act like you been in the drop top on the open road before
Fix your weave, then fix me, ever gave head doin' 160?
Ever seen a pair of kicks this crispy
How you love how the white wife beater fit me? M-dot, him hot, them not
(That's gangsta)
Oh, is that your chick, why she all in his six?

With her hand on his dick, keep lickin' her lips
Is that your chick? Why she all in his ride?
With her hand on his thigh, keep lookin' in his eyes
Oh, is that your chick? You better tell her chill
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Tha Jigga and Twista got 'em screamin' like a demon
Fiendin' for the semen, Chrome gleamin' like the dome off Keenan
Gone while I'm leanin' smokin', I'm whip it in the stomach
Your bitch on the passenger side of me flashin' your money
Why you acting so funny? You know she been flirtin' while your workin'
Behind the curtain knuckles jerkin' for certain
Poppin' that pussy, sweatin' till no fluid is left
When I come in the party with J we gonna do it to death
You gon' ruin your rep, trippin' while we pimpin' these hefers
Playa lectures got me shinin' like a new Gator stepper
Must have been mad
When your ho put my stuff in the dash, bust in her ass
To climax I come up with a nab, the game don't stop
Legit ballers bendin' up the block
Niggas rushin', comin' at us 'cause of status and props
Suckin' and fuckin', loving it when I put tha dick up inside her
Can't help it if she yellin' with a ridah
Oh, is that your chick, why she all in his six?
With her hand on his dick, keep lickin' her lips
Is that your chick? Why she all in his ride?
With her hand on his thigh, keep lookin' in his eyes
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Yo, yo, why you home alone, why she out with me?
Room 112, hotel balcony
How she say Jay you can call the house for me?
There's no respect at all, you betta check her dawg
She keep beggin' me to hit it raw
So she can have my kids and say it was yours
How foul is she? And you wifed her
Shit, I put the rubber on tighter
Sent her home, when she entered home
You hugged her up, what the fuck is up?
She got you whipped, got your kids
Got your home, but that's not your bitch

You share that girl, don't let 'em hear daddy Earl
It'll make 'em sick that his favorite chick
Ain't savin' it, unfaithful bitch
Oh, is that your chick, why she all in his six?
With her hand on his dick, keep lickin' her lips
Is that your chick? Why she all in his ride?
With her hand on his thigh, keep lookin' in his eyes
Oh, is that your chick? You better tell her chill
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Yo, how dumb the pimp? I heard he trick
Bought a new five, maybe six
Copped that for his new down bitch
And I was diggin' that down since '96 shit
Memph man I'll take your bitch
Let her do her thing, give brain in the whip
And you know how it go when it come to the hoes
She can do the same thing to the clique you know
Your hoe chose, don't get mad at me
Got your wife callin' me daddy
Put her out on the street let her get that cheese
My bad is that your freak
But you know how a thug do
When a nigga hit that, it's fuck you
Keep it snug, tre deuce in the boot
Niggas wanna act, get a motherfuckin' slug too
Oh, is that your chick, why she all in his six?
With her hand on his dick, keep lickin' her lips
Is that your chick? Why she all in his ride?
With her hand on his thigh, keep lookin' in his eyes
Oh, is that your chick? You better tell her chill
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Cool out homie, you betta keep her away from my ballin' clique
Keep her out of nightclubs all in the mix
From hanging out with chicks who be swallowin' dicks
From catz who order Cris play the floor with the Knicks
That can only lead to something unfortunate
Hot boy like Jigga man scorch your bitch
Play the floor dot Jigga man go first then we all rock 'cause we all hot
You know the boys from the Roc got them whores on lock
Got them bitches in the smash makin' yours drive fast
'Cause we get more cash than the average nigga

All dem hoes like damn, I gotta have this nigga
'Cause I'mma hot black, how in the hell can you stop that
You would fuck mine, how the hell can you knock that?
I'm just playing the cards choosenly Jigga man who ya supposed to be?
Oh, is that your chick, why she all in his six?
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Is that your chick? Why she all in his ride?
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