

Be Gone (feat. Big Tymers)

Juvenile

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?He told me number three was cheap
Wit' a chick, wit' a stick, yeah, them girls be freakin'
Checkin' in motels every other weekend
Say brah, I can't picture lil' one eatin'Boy, you ain't know fo' sho' she creepin'
While she been tellin' me dog, she goin' to meetings
Meeting Kitty wit' her mouth, that's what yo' chick 'bout
Man, pass me my asthma pump, put lil' one outSometimes I be likin' when seein' chicks dykin'
Pissin' on each other, mud wrestling and fightin'
Hair everywhere, scratchin' and bittin'
Pass me my asthma, pump again, man, this shit excitingI be like, let's get jumped like a game of checkers
And I done cheat more chicks than Nelly sold records
E.I, C.I, turn a chick out
Then give it to another chick and leave it up in her mouthBag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'There's a story about a bitch named Sally
A hot girl lived in that rat-hoe alley
She stayed sharp, stayed rockin' balance
And a fat pussy laid down in the Cadi'Back of the seat or back of the palace
I'm a hot boy, it really don't matter
My brother, K.C. plays them tellers
That'll jump off, hit a stepper, whateverMichael Kipper, James Peter got a big better
Dick gotta a bitch in Miami, a dick-sweater
Like Delores from A.T.L, 'The Freak of the Week'
She did me, Slim, Joe and TikiI don't care, bitch, just ride
Shake yo' pussy and shake yo' thigh
Get yo' hat, get yo' coat, it's time to ride
Baby girl lookin' at me like she surprise?Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?Let me tell you about another one of my lovers

I caught the ignorant chick pokin' holes in rubbers
Talkin' 'bout she late, sorry no wait
Girl, you fucked me, Mike Tyson and O.J. These hoes be pullin' they raw tactics
Baby, makin' and jaw-jackin'
Mami suck dick like a lowrider
Ooh, wee, don't stop her Thinkin' that I'ma claim that baby
Girl you coo-coo, stupid, dumb and crazy
His eyes green and his hair wavy
Thought you had me, huh? Got me, playin' me She movin' like a nigga hittin' switches
But I bet I'd hit that old shitty
She a popper, H.G., non-stopper
She from Uptown, baby girl, don't knock her Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'? Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'? Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?

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