

What Kinda Bitch Do You Want

La' Chat

What kind of bitch do you want
A bitch that's right by your side
What kind of bitch do you need
A bitch that's ready to ride
What kind of bitch do you want
A bitch that's packin
What kind of bitch do you need
A bitch that's ready to go Hanging out in the club and we keeping our mugs
Grilled out, thugged out and we full of them buds
I step away just for a second and my nigga got anna
Here I come crowning bitches, bustin heads over counters
It's going down (man what), when it's on then it's on
A couple of bruises and some scratches I can fix when I'm home
They done fucked up, I done made my way to the parking lot
And soon a nigga hit the door they going deaf by my shots
Cause I'mma shoot up the club, you bitches better run
Let my nigga go before I give you some
It's gon be some shit, a ho is bout to click
I shoot to kill, I'm aiming for your dick
An ex-con on the run, so I'm totin the gun
A down bitch bout the biz always get the job done
When you wrong, ho you wrong
Ain't no way you can hide
I'm gettin strapped up wit the fo-five's like Bonnie and Clyde(repeat 2x)
What kind of bitch do you want
A bitch that's right by your side
What kind of bitch do you need
A bitch that's ready to ride
What kind of bitch do you want
A bitch that's packin
What kind of bitch do you need
A bitch that's ready to go When we be sleepin, we be sleepin wit our backs to our backs
We got one leg on the land and got our hands on our straps
I'm like the bone to your spine, I'm like the clip to your nine
I'm like the thoughts in your mind, I'm like the face on your dime
When you was locked up in the pen, had you straight on dat weed
You sold more dope behind the bars than you did on the streets
A bitch be talking shit ain't no need in you fightin it ho
That ho was strappin out the frame and you know that for sho

You disrespected my nigga, that mean you fuck wit my pimpin
Fiddin to kick you dead in your face and give a mean ass whippin
I ain't got no problem wit you niggas choosin drop off your cheese
I'll set you up and have my nigga draped in all your jewelry
We hittin the block, we riding hot and I'm driving the car
He on parole, I got the gun and dough, I'm taking the charge
We gotta bust fuckin bank, 'fore our day'll go right
I love this nigga we together for the rest of our life (for real)

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