

U's A Bitch

Compton's Most Wanted

One more man eater
but perpetrate like your sweeter
But I'm hip to the game, I know your nothing but a cheater
Always trying to game on my wallet
Fuck you or love you, how should I call it?
And its true, all you say is do
for you. and If you got a kid I guess I gotta do them too
Wrong, ain't no rings on your finger
You've mistaked Eiht as some punk love singer
Saying your down with me, and only me
but I'm hearing your fucking the neighbourhood G. Little Skee
Ain't nuthin popping
No snaps get spent until the panties start dropping
I guess a hoe is a hoe
but for you to gank me? Bitch, Eiht don't think so
Your nothing but a user
raised in the Compton streets girl you's a.....bitchI met you when I was rolling, you and your home girl strolling
Flagging me down, I guess I'll stop for this sorry clown
Another stupid one, here we go again
Cleared my throat and said "uhmmm where's your boyfriend?"
She tried to check me and say, "I'm independent"
I said "Girl Eiht ain't stupid, somebodies getting in it."
"And if you got a man" I said " he's shorter than a midget."
"So come on this side and rush the 7 digits."
I said "what's the plan?" She said "I don't know call me later"
I said "I'll call you later, you crooked alligator."
Spent all my snaps that night, just to make you holler
I come home with a dollar
So one day I decide to make a surprise creep
You and another nigga hugged up in the middle of the street
Damn...Girl...Shit.. You's a.....BitchNow what should I do? Keep my cool, step back and clown?
Or go to jail for like months for beating you down?
But I can't afford that bad rap
cause my rep is too big to be caught up in that crap
You stupid little skeezer
In fact I'll call you a bitch, in other words a dick teaser
And its my style you cramp
You say pay for the play. I'll pay for it with a food stamp, tramp
Geah, and that's a fact

Whatever I'm giving your ass bitch I'm taking it right back
And in this rap I'll kick it
about the girls that's sly, slick, and wicked
So no more getting over
Walk out on your hind legs rover, you lost your clover
I'm [huh?] the nigga uses
You know what I'm talking about girl you's abitchGeah, coming at you in the nine deuce.
Going out to all the bitches trying to gank, scheme on a nigga's snaps
Whut up?

Songwriters

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