

# Bitches Ain't Shit

Yg

Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks  
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Lick on deez nutz and suck the dick  
Get's the fuck out after you're done  
And I hops in my [Incomprehensible] to make a quick run  
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And I hops in my [Incomprehensible] to make a quick run  
I used to know a bitch named Eric Wright  
We used to roll around and fuck the hoes at night  
Tight than a mutharfucka with the gangsta beats  
And we was ballin' on the muthafuckin' Compton streets  
Peep, the shit got deep and it was on  
Number 1 song after number 1 song  
Long as my muthafuckin' pockets was fat  
I didn't give a fuck where the bitch was at  
But she was hangin' with a white bitch doin' the shit she do  
Suckin' on his dick just to get a buck or 2  
And the few ends she got didn't mean nothin'  
Now she's suing 'cuz the shit she be doin' ain't shit  
Bitch can't hang with the streets, she found herself short  
So now she's takin' me to court  
It's real conversation for your ass  
So recognize and pass to Daz  
Now, as I'm rollin' with my nigga Dre and Eastwood  
Fuckin' hoes, clockin' dough up to no good  
We flip flop and serve hoes like flap jacks  
But we don't love them hoes, bitch and it's like that  
This is what you look for in a hoe who got cash flow  
Ya run up in them hoes and grab the cash  
And get your dash on  
While you're chillin', with your homies and shit  
And how my niggaz kick the anthem like this, beyach  
Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks  
Lick on deez nutz and suck the dick  
Get's the fuck out after you're done  
And I hops in my [Incomprehensible] to make a quick run  
To the store, to get me a 4 0

Snoop Doggy Dogg paged that must mean more hoes  
So I head down the street to long beach  
Just so I could meet, a freak  
To lick me from my head to my feet  
And I'm here, now I'm ready to be done up  
Nothin' but homies around so I puts my gun up  
Bitches on my nuts like clothes  
But I'm from the pound and we don't love them hoes  
How could you trust a hoe?  
'Cuz a hoe's a trick  
I don't love them tricks  
'Cuz a trick's a bitch  
And my dick's constantly in her mouth  
Turnin' them trick ass hoes the fuck out now  
I once had a bitch named Mandy May  
Used to be up in them guts like everyday  
The pussy was the bomb, had a nigga on sprung  
I was in love like a muthafucka lickin' the protung  
The homies used to tell me that she wasn't no good  
But I'm the maniac in black, Mr. Snoop Eastwood

So I figure niggaz wouldn't trip with mine  
Guess what? Got gaffled by one time  
I'm back to the muthafuckin' county jail  
6 months on my chest, now it's time to bail  
I get's released on a hot sunny day  
My nigga D.O.C. and my homey Dr. Dre  
Scooped in a coupe, Snoop, we got news  
Your girl was trickin' while you was draped in your county blues  
I ain't been out a second  
And already gotta do some muthafuckin' chin checkin'  
Move up the block as we groove down the block  
See, my girl's house, Dre, pass the glock  
Kick in the do', I look on the flo'  
It's my little cousin Daz and he's fuckin' my hoe, yo  
(Bitches ain't shit)  
I uncocked my shit, I'm heart-broke but I'm still loc'ed  
Man, fuck a bitch  
Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks  
Lick on deez nutz and suck the dick  
Get's the fuck out after you're done  
And I hops in my [Incomprehensible] to make a quick run  
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And I hops in my [Incomprehensible] to make a quick run  
(Bitches ain't shit)  
I don't give a fuck about a bitch  
(Bitches ain't shit)  
But I and her know that they can't fade this  
'Cuz I'm doin' my own thing  
(Bitches ain't shit)  
Down with the swang  
I'm hangin' with Death Row like it ain't no thing  
I say you know can't deal  
(Bitches ain't shit)  
'Cuz I'm a bitch that's real  
Motherfucker need to step back, hell yeah  
They need to chill  
Because I don't give a fuck  
(Bitches ain't shit)  
And I don't give a fuck  
And I don't give a fuck  
I don't give a fuck  
And now I gotta do some  
I gotta do some shit that's clean  
(Bitches ain't shit)  
But when I'm on a dick, hell yeah, I get real mean  
Like a washing machine  
I can wash the clothes  
All the hoes knows  
That I'm on the flo' ho  
But they can't hang with my type on swang  
(Bitches ain't shit)  
I ain't tryin' to say I suck every ding-a-lang  
But just the juicy ones  
With the tip of the tongue  
And then their sprung  
With the nuts hung  
(Bitches ain't shit)

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