

# Bobby & Whitney

## Caprice

I know you hoes on a mission to steal my dick  
But Pimp Chad ain't goin' for the Georgia, bitch  
It wasn't nuttin' when I saw ya bitch  
She knew that I was on some millionaire shit  
Everythang I say is the truth  
I need five funky hoes for one prostitute  
Just 'cause you sell pussy don't make you certified  
You ain't in it to win it, I can see it in yo' eyes  
Www dot, wonder why I'm quickly gettin' exposed  
Breakin' tricks for they money like a female is supposed  
I'm not in Neptune on some space age shit  
All my diamonds got paper, Emmitt keeping me legit  
When the welfare was over, I be sellin' cocaine  
I'm out in Las Vegas, takin' over bitches' brains  
Tony Snow don't sniff no blow  
Pimp hard on a cracker but I love me a crow  
I gotta big truck on some big rims  
I get my dick sucked, when I pull out the bent  
These hoes jockin' me, they wanna ride with me  
They gotta be down hoe like Bobby Brown & Whitney  
I gotta big truck on some big rims  
I get my dick sucked, when I pull out the bent  
These hoes jockin' me, they wanna ride with me  
They gotta be down hoe like Bobby Brown & Whitney  
Life is a game of inches  
You move up little by little to the fame and riches  
Life be a game and a broad of visions  
Some niggaz is hoes and all women ain't bitches  
And your reach? Keep the heat near  
Games, I don't play, I'm tryna make it clear  
You don't hear me nigga? Open up ya ears  
If you movin' too fast, slow down and switch gears  
P.A. somethin', ya life give ya nothin'  
The streets ain't pokin', you can get shot bluffin'  
Cash rule everythang, keep that on ya brain  
Get rich quick, let pimpin' do the blame  
Midnight blue with the peanut butter ducts  
Chrome on my feet and bump in the trunk  
Ball cap popped up, raised to the back

Kush in my realer, rollin' big like Shaq  
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I'ma pimp, sellin' hoes to a chick on the track  
Make my money, bend her or over, slap the dick on the back  
They call me Young Jay, G, I'm the man in charge  
If you read this application, you'll change ya job  
I gotta order motherfuckin' rappers, teachers, preachers and athletes  
All make a personal visit or to the backstreet  
I even gotta hoe, play away  
With one rule, till ya gray, nigga stay away  
See I'm the reason why ya letcha girl stay at the house  
And beat her up 'cause my name couldn't stay out her mouth  
And I don't need to know if she just wanna join the team  
Get down and kiss all up on my ring  
I keep a Cadillac and I select a few in my car  
If you don't own one, then you ain't got shit in ya garage  
I go hard, you motherfuckas ain't breakin' a hoe  
You just flyin' bitches in, showcasing a hoe  
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