Chyna Whyte

Chyna White

Y'all know me right?
I'm that same bitch y'all niggas want for half price
Same bitch y'all niggas was blamin' all y'all problems on
I'm the reason why half of y'all niggas can't
Even go in your moms' crib no more
I'm the type of bitch that leave a nigga nose stiff
And get his hoes hit, make his toes shift
'Tl the demands in all, yo can call me have shit
'Till y'all motherfuckers switch and smoke this shit
The reason mike fucked around and moped with this bitch
And his Jones, little son Troy float this shit
I ain't causin' niggas with nines to tote this shit
'Cause when you spit
'Cause niggas came up real short with they shit
Know one nigga like Novacane, straight to the brain, shoot it up
Thinkin' both his nose and his toes are the same
Nigga gimme your nickname, Chyna, last name, White
Guaranteed to have your ass open first night
Bad bitch, slanted eyes, powdered with white
Somethin' special, not too average, baddest little thing in sight
I knew this dude Ritz that fucked with a bitch
Get you right, matter of fact, you could get it half price
Shit, she got a crew that ain't nothin nice, dime shit
Have ya motherfuckers believin' ya tryin' to find shit
Matter of fact, Mel, used to fuck a girl, Trish gal
Unique hit, little E and bomb bags Heroin
Now they assed out and the hood massed out
Even Rex and Tim's fucked up with they gats out
No love

{Nana, Nana, I need ten dollars ,Nana
Baby, I can't give you no more money
What you mean you can't give me no money?
Man, boy, where's my TV?
Nana, I smoked the TV}
Uh, no love, change a few thugs, new drugs
Niggas started stashin' things on Mother Gasten
Hottest shit to hit the streets, divide peeps, divide crew love
Fuck trees, and that was OZ

Slow leaks and niggas with false leads and nosebleeds
Vein popped, pop shells with close sales
Bitches, they noses frail, got the word that coke sells
Huh, tip it once you could match a nigga bail
Huh, flip it twice you officially on, have the richest niggas fucked up
Kissin' your thong, mystery's on, huh, flip it three times, you straight
Trip on a lake, Cristal and cheese cake
Cock sucker, D shake, niggas flake
Huh, flip it once more you're leary, huh
Feds on your ass, hit money don't make money
What happened to get money, the bitches, the cars and brick money?
The spot on Bay bridge, y'all niggas ain't clamin' shit now huh
Y'all know me now, fucked up in the game, no love, no love
Chyna white
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