

# Bitches Brewin'

## Ace, The Creator

Bitches brewin'  
You're at an all time low, you're givin' in  
I've got some blood to spill, it's simple kid  
Come on, come on, now back that smack up swing  
Oh oh, talk the talk  
Oh oh, mean old dog  
Oh oh, bitches brewin'  
Oh oh, bitches brewin'  
Hey, I'm at your beckon call and I'm dressed for sin  
Yes, I've got some sick shoes on, let's get it swingin'  
Oh it's too hot for pop must be that fuckin' yo  
Oh oh, talk the talk  
Oh oh, walk the walk  
Oh oh baby, I want you to answer me  
Come on  
Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed so sleep in it  
I saw you comin'  
Hey hey, talking shit won't fix this bitch  
She's cold and you'll never win, you will never win  
You're at an all time high and you're slinging shit  
If you had an inch of soul, baby, you would benefit  
  
Fess up or unrest in peace you'll know  
Oh oh, talk the talk  
Oh oh, walk the walk  
Oh oh baby, I think you should  
Fuckin' scream, come on  
Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed so sleep in it  
I saw you comin'  
Hey hey, talking shit won't fix this bitch  
She's cold, you will never win  
Oh, mama, mama, mama so  
Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed so sleep in it  
I saw you comin'  
Hey hey, talking shit won't fix this bitch  
She's cold, you will never  
Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed get in and  
Hey hey, I saw you coming  
Talking shit won't fix this bitch now

Some say, it's your motherfuckin' bed, won't you get in?  
'Cause you will never win

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