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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