

# X-Bitches

## Ice Cube

Damn, what you doing over here? Whassup?  
Yeah, I was thinking about you the other day  
And I was thinking I should have never fucked wit' your ass  
I should have left you right where I found you, my bed  
When I was with you all you ever do was bitch  
Talk shit but you could suck dick  
So I didn't sweat all the fussin' and cussin'  
On New Year's Eve, the night I was bussin'  
I would stress and strain to maintain  
And didn't need to hear your motherfucking ass complain  
About niggaz in the house, feet on the couch  
Talkin' all loud, yeah, blunt in my mouth, yeah  
Bitch, I got Fifty Cents on this genesis  
Talkin' 'bout niggaz got to vacate the premises  
She's dead, homie histor  
An' outta nowhere your ass got hard  
Poured out the pub then you got drugged  
We at it again, I tried to count to ten  
There's no end to your naggin'  
You can't treat me like I'm faggin', hoe  
You see, I'm saggin'  
(No)  
Why I gotta act like a motherfucking asshole  
(Why)  
To be king of my motherfucking castle  
You'll never be the missus  
(Never)  
Breakin' all my dishes  
And fuck all my X-bitches  
Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you  
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours  
Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you  
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours  
On an' off, off an' on, bitch, I'm grown  
So stop playing on my phone  
(Stop)  
It was a time we used to bump and grind  
And find heaven without a motherfucking reverend  
Managua twages and bomb-ass massages  
And dreams of three-car garages  
You say I'm cheating when I'm up at the studio  
Come to find out you the hoe, oh and you was way out  
Talkin' 'bout rap, was gonna play ya  
And I was wasting my time writing rhyme  
You made yourself loud and clear  
You wanted me to choose between you and my career  
(Bitch) Started fucking with this baller named Chris  
Couldn't resist the Rolex on his wrist  
I kept on writing my raps with profanity

Now, I'm on tour fucking bitches like Fanady  
You tried to diss this, now, you missed this  
And the first and fifteenth is like Christmas  
Send me naked pictures but give it a rest  
With Mrs. Ice Cube tattooed on your breast  
Now, you at the back door of my show  
Dressed like a hoe, axin' could you blow  
(No)  
Hell no but it's still delicious  
Went from rags to riches and fuck all my X-bitches  
Fuck you, fuck you, especially you  
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours  
Fuck you, fuck you, especially you  
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours  
Now, I hear you sayin' "Yeah, I used to fuck 'em"  
Not lettin' 'em know I was a young buck then  
Niggaz axin' me "Man, did you love her?"  
Loved her, stupid ass, enough to fuck her with a rubber  
(Bitch)  
Now, I hear, I'm your big brother  
(Who?)  
Second cousin, friend, bitch, since when?  
Incest ain't the way I swing  
(Nah)  
Never bought your ass a goddamn thing  
That I had to pay for  
I was hateful, ungrateful and never faithful  
Fuckin' everything that I could, get my paws on  
Walkin' through hell with gasoline draws on  
Now, I'm on the mic, music is my life  
Kids and a wife, heard you was a dite  
(Damn)  
It's your thing if you like the switches  
But it's my world and fuck all my X-bitches  
Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you  
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours  
Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you  
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours  
Fuck you, fuck you, especially you  
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours  
Never go down the same road twice  
Advice from the big homie Ice Cube  
Girl, you better get away from here  
I don't want that shit no more  
And don't be callin' at my mama' house neither  
I'm through wit' you, I'm through wit' you  
I done got smarter, I done got smarter  
I ain't fuckin' wit' your daughter

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