

Bitch Be a Ho (feat. Jermaine Dupri & R.o.c.)

DJ Clue

Dj Clue: Whaaaaaaaaat!!!

[Chorus 2X]

R.O.C. (J.D.):

Now all my niggas say what(what)

We don't give a fuck(uh-huh), gotta let a bitch be a ho(hoooo)

Now all my niggas say what

We don't give a fuck

Gotta let a nigga stack dough(money, money)

[J.D.]

All the niggas fuckin in between, be the the main man

Never get stuck on the scene without a game plan, understand

I went from pop lock into tops droppin

To one of the reasons why the day parties keep rockin

No stoppin niggas is like (wa-what?)

And shorty from the south keep fuckin it up

I'm the glitter and the gliss of this industry

Makin hits, is how ya'll remember me

Niggas dream to be like this one here

JD type cat don't disappear

I'm the J to the E, are to the M

A-I-N-E, got so many

Bitches I should set up shop

Bettin against me,

Please! my bank don't stop

I come through, bumpin Clue, with a 7-5-0

Screamin, I gots to have it, I love the dough[Chorus 2X][R.O.C.]

Nobody want to fuck with the R.O.C.

Young G from the streets

And he's banned from t.v.

Nobody said life was easy

Out on the block

I got shot

And nobody came to see me

Back on my feet

Packed my heat

Got back in the beef

Blazed it up

Are ya muthafuckas lookin for me

Raized it up

And now they see I'm makin rap songs
All I ask is my real doggs smash on...

I said yea and ya don't stop
'cause its a 1-8-7 when ya fuck wit R.O.C.!!

I said yea and ya don't quit
I'm comin live from the Bricks wit the gangsta shit
All my niggas on the corner at the end of the block
Infront of the stores, shakin my dick at the lady cop

Shakin my clip
Til the hatas drop
And I'm in a drop-top, bumpin down ya block
And I'm dumpin[Chorus 2X][J.D.]

I seen a lot of niggas go down the wrong path
And I learned from they mistakes, how to keep cash

In this world it's snakes,
I don't care,
I don't break,

Pushin Benz, 'cause a nigga know how to create
On and on like a jeep go

Any nigga standin in my way of my papers, automatically fonito
Suckin on the end of Rosco pico's

Trained to name
Deleted from the muthafuckin game
Ain't no mo shoppin throught the glass

Beggin for ass
If it ain't 1st class
I let it pass

Ya'll that don't got it talkin all that trash
Tryin to play tough ya'll when ya really bitch-ass

I'm the cream of the crop
The dream of the top

I'm the one they come and see when they don't want it to stop

I'm the bass,
The snare,
The one that don't care

Rip shit the fuck up then I'm outta here[Chorus 2X]

Songwriters

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