

# Bitch Niggaz (feat Snoop Dogg,

Dr. Dre

That's some good-ass weed Check it out Dawg, this game is a motherfuckin' trip man

Word on the streets

Everybody always tryin' to run up on me

Hollerin' about word on the streets is this nigga said this

Man I don't give a fuck about what that nigga said man

That's what's wrong with you niggas, you niggas is just like bitches

Ho-ass niggas, talk too motherfuckin' much (speak)

Study your own, get your own, you know what I'm sayin'?

Be independent nigga, beotch Yeah

Bitch niggas (bitch niggas)

Bitch niggas (bitch niggas)

Bitch-ass niggas (beotch)

Bitch niggas (bitch niggas)

Yeah I'm talkin' about you (beotch)

Bitch niggas

And you too (beotch) Hmm, Dogg

I meet mo' bitch niggas than hoes, look here

And I really don't know, but that's just how it go (damn)

Dogg, so many niggas like to keep up shit

And just like a bitch (beotch) niggas be talkin' shit (nigga)

Smilin' in my face and then they blast me in the back (ka-ka-ka-ka-ka)

Niggas stay strapped from way back, cause payback, will

Make niggas wanna pop that shit

If you ain't ready for the game (uh-huh) nigga stop that shit

We rock that shit, my nigga Dre, drop that shit (right)

No mo' talkn', I'm walkin' and I'm poppin' the clip

Glock on the hip, set-trippin', drippin' and shit

If you act like a bitch (nigga) nigga you get smacked like a bitch Bitch niggas, bitch niggas bitch niggas There

niggas don't know what the fuck is goin' on

Yo Dogg, check it kick back

Let me holla at these niggas for a minute Straight off the streets of chaos and no pity

The aggravated, makin' these punk motherfuckers hate it

Compton is the city I'm from

Can't never leave the crib without a murder wea-pon

Huh, I can't live my life on broke no mo'

And most of these fools ain't shit but cutthroats

They smile in a nigga face, and for what?

They got the game all fucked up, and want my thing fucked up

I done learned a lot, seen a whole lot

The top notch nigga, I'm fiendin' for that spot  
Now peep game on what Six-Deuce told me These niggas after yo' paper, Dr. D.R.E. (wha?)  
And these punk-ass hoes is lookin' for dough  
You gotta watch your homeboys, cause a nigga never know  
Oh, they'll be around, but when yo' paper get low  
Just like Master P said, "There they go, there they go"  
Bitch niggas uh-huh Bitch nigga, a bitch nigga  
Bitch nigga, hella bitch nigga  
You's a bitch nigga, motherfucker bitch nigga  
A bitch nigga, a bitch nigga I know yo' type, so much bitch in you, if it was slightly darker  
Lights was little dimmer my dick be stuck up in yo' windpipe  
Hmm, you'd rather blow me than fight, I'm from the old school  
Like Romey Rome homey yo, you owe me the right  
To slap you, like the bitch that you are, that wanted to cap you  
Every since you was mad doggin' me with that bitch in yo' car  
Fool, "Who do you think you are? Mr. Big Stuff"  
Man, you shit on Hitt, get yo' shit bust, plus  
Pistol-whipped, cover it up, use yo' bitch's blush  
Mr. Powder Puff yo', bark ain't loud enough, huh  
I know Chihuahuas that's mo' rah-rah, ha ha  
I have to laugh Dre, I bet he take bubble baths  
You don't want no trouble with the Aftermath staff, trust me  
Doggy Dogg, Diggy Doctor plus me  
No you's a busta slash hussy, soft as a hush puppy  
Must we break you down to estrogen most hated specimen  
A bitch nigga

Songwriters

BARRY RIDGEWAY BAILEY, MELVIN BRADFORD, CALVIN BROADUS, C. LONGMILES Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>