

Bitch Niggaz (feat Snoop Dogg,

Dr. Dre

That's some good-ass weedCheck 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, beotchYeah
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 bitchBitch niggas, bitch niggas bitch niggasThere
niggas don't know what the fuck is goin' on
Yo Dogg, check it kick back
Let me holla at these niggas for a minuteStraight 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 meThese 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-huhBitch nigga, a bitch nigga
Bitch nigga, hella bitch nigga
You's a bitch nigga, motherfucker bitch nigga
A bitch nigga, a bitch niggaI 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

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