

Greedy Bitches

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Theodore Roosevelt...

It's the Ed Sullivan Show, ladies & gentlemen

Here we go... come on, Theodore, Toney...[Hook: Ghostface Killah]

This one's for the boys and the girls on the streets

Make sure you listen careful to the words I speak

Before you get the drawers, and the bitch wanna eat

Make sure you let 'em know to sign the pussy receipt, and[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Greedy bitches, greedy, greedy, bitches (come on)

Greedy bitches, greedy, greedy, bitches (and you)

Greedy bitches, greedy, greedy, bitches (say what)

Greedy bitches, yo, the hoes ate the Oreo's[Ghostface Killah]

Word to my momma, yo, I hate ya'll greedy bitches

Ya'll greasy, after the club, want the piece of chicken

Hotel rooms, you better not touch the phone

Uh-uh, leave that roof service book alone

Don't ask me, for food, I ain't ask you

Cut through the bullshit, you can just pass the pool

And ya fat friend you brought, she can crash too

But if ya stomach growling hard, I'mma laugh, boo

No Domino's, Papa John's and Waffle House

Frontin' on the pussy, you can throw the dick in your mouth

Straight cock, we in the halls, yo there's other twat

In Trife room, where them other hoe bitches flock

Wigs got it popping, Du-Lilz went bird shopping

He got bird seeds, he's probably getting head whopping

Fucking with you, yo I hope you ain't cock blocking

I want some pussy now, if not, you can get to hopping

Bounce, muthafuckas talking about you ain't giving up no pussy[Chorus][Shawn Wigs]

Yo, this is for them greedy bitches, who wanna eat off my buck

Who get 99 bananas, 'cause you fresh out of luck

I wanna fuck, and you try'nna get a sirloin steak

Little money, backstage passes, and some Oreo cake

You better split if the legs don't spread like wings

This is Theodore, we more than just suicide kings

Super groupie, that G on your chest stand for greedy

Caught a contact high, 'cause we always bake ziti

Blow the gerder's, we just wanna puff and sleep

Not in my bed, I'm try'nna put nut in your cheek

Little squirrel, my twat team stay on alert
I pump iron to them pink panties under your skirt
Why try to scheme, my double stuff cream got 'em all
On a scavenger hunt, greedy bitch of the month
They want a table, when it's time to give pussy, they front
You can't play your boy Wigs, like I'm some kind of chump
That's right, get 'em out here, yo, Tone[Chorus][Redman]
Yo, I get butter, nigga, like Land O' Lake
When bitches see me, they be quick to pump they brakes
But wait, before we fuck, let's make it clear
If you ask me for a dime... get the fuck out of here
Aiyo, you broke nigga, no bitch, you got it wrong
I'm still spending, from Red & Meth sitcom
What you doing? Stripping, grabbing on groin
I bet your momma proud of what you become
I'm on the block getting it, hip hop, getting it
Blunts got piff in it, new five, whipping it
Shorty like "Redman, buy me a cigarette"
Try'nna get me robbed at the store where her niggas at
Greedy bitch, hoods up, hoes down
Get money like Barry, looking for MoTown
And if I'm in your hood, bitch, high as a fuck
Clock the flavor, audio one, your time is up, bitch...[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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