Be Gone

Juvenile

Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?
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Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?
He told me number three was cheap
Wit' a chick, wit' a stick, yeah, them girls be freakin'
Checkin' in motels every other weekend
Say brah, I can't picture lil' one eatin'
Boy, you ain't know fo' sho' she creepin'
While she been tellin' me dog, she goin' to meetings
Meeting Kitty wit' her mouth, that's what yo' chick 'bout
Man, pass me my asthma pump, put lil' one out
Sometimes I be likin' when seein' chicks dykin'
Pissin' on each other, mud wrestling and fightin'
Hair everywhere, scratchin' and bittin'
Pass me my asthma, pump again, man, this shit exciting
I be like, let's get jumped like a game of checkers
And I done cheat more chicks than Nelly sold records
E.I, C.I, turn a chick out
Then give it to another chick and leave it up in her mouth
Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?
Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'
There's a story about a bitch named Sally
A hot girl lived in that rat-hoe alley
She stayed sharp, stayed rockin' balance
And a fat pussy laid down in the Cadi'
Back of the seat or back of the palace
I'm a hot boy, it really don't matter
My brother, K.C. plays them tellers
That'll jump off, hit a stepper, whatever
Michael Kipper, James Peter got a big better

Dick gotta a bitch in Miami,

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