

Bitches Aint Shit

Dr. Dre

Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
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Lick on these nuts and suck the dick
Get's the fuck out after you're done
And I hops in my ride to make a quick run Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
Lick on these nuts and suck the dick
Get's the fuck out after you're done
And I hops in my ride to make a quick run I used to know a bitch named Eric Wright
We used to roll around and fuck the hoes at night
Tight than a motherfucker with the gangsta beats
And we was ballin' on the motherfuckin' Compton streets
Peep, the shit got deep and it was on
Number 1 song after number 1 song
Long as my motherfuckin' pockets was fat
I didn't give a fuck where the bitch was at
But she was hangin' with a white bitch doin' the shit she do
Suckin' on his dick just to get a buck or 2
And the few ends she got didn't mean nothin'
Now she's suing cause the shit she be doin' ain't shit
Bitch can't hang with the streets, she found herself short
So now she's takin' me to court
It's real conversation for your ass
So recognize and pass to Daz Now as I'm rollin' with my nigga Dre and Eastwood
Fuckin' hoes, clockin' dough up to no good
We flip flop and serve hoes like flap jacks
(But we don't love them hoes) Bitch, and it's like that
This is what you look for in a ho who got cash flow
Ya run up in them hoes and grab the cash
And get your dash on
While you're chillin', with your homies and shit
And how my niggaz kick the anthem like this, bitch! Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
Lick on these nuts and suck the dick
Get's the fuck out after you're done
And I hops in my ride to make a quick run To the store, to get me a 4-0
Snoop Doggy Dogg paged, that must mean more hoes
So I head down the street to Long Beach
Just so I could meet, a freak
To lick me from my head to my feet
And I'm here, now I'm ready to be done up

Nothin' but homies around so I puts my gun up
 Bitches on my nuts like clothes
 But I'm from the pound and we don't love them hoes
 How could you trust a hoe? (Why?)
 'Cause a hoe's a trick
 I don't love them tricks (Why?)
 'Cause a trick's a bitch
 And my dick's constantly in her mouth
 And turnin' them trick ass hoes the fuck out, now I once had a bitch named Mandy May
 Used to be up in them guts like everyday
 The pussy was the bomb, had a nigga on sprung
 I was in love like a motherfucker lickin' the pearl tongue
 The homies used to tell me that she wasn't no good
 But I'm the maniac in black, Mr. Snoop Eastwood
 So I figure niggaz wouldn't trip with mine
 Guess what? Got gaffled by one time
 I'm back to the motherfucking county jail
 6 months on my chest, now it's time to bail
 I get's released on a hot sunny day
 My nigga D.O.C. and my homey Dr Dre
 Scooped in a coupe, Snoop we got news
 Your girl was trickin' while you was draped in your county blues
 I ain't been out a second
 And already gotta do some motherfucking chin checking
 Move up the block as we groove up the block
 See my girl's house, Dre, pass the glock
 Kick in the do', I look on the flo'
 It's my little cousin Daz and he's fuckin' my hoe, yo (Bitches ain't shit)
 I uncocked my shit, I'm heart-broke but I'm still loc'ed
 Man, fuck a bitch! Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
 Lick on these nuts and suck the dick
 Get's the fuck out after you're done
 And I hops in my ride to make a quick run Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
 Lick on these nuts and suck the dick
 Get's the fuck out after you're done
 And I hops in my ride to make a quick run (Bitches ain't shit) I don't give a fuck about a bitch
 But I and her know that they can't fade this
 'Cause I'm doing my own thing down with the swing
 I'm hangin' with Death Row like it ain't no thing
 I say you know can't deal
 'Cause I'm a bitch that's real
 Motherfucker need to step back, hell yeah
 They need to chill
 Because I don't give a fuck
 And I don't give a fuck

And I don't give a fuck
I don't give a fuck And now I gotta do some,
I gotta do some shit that's clean
But when I'm on a dick, hell yeah, I get real mean
Like a washing machine
I can wash the clothes
All the hoes knows
That I'm on the flow ho
But they can't hang with my type og swing
I ain't tryin' to say I suck every ding-a-lang
But just the juicy ones
With he tip of the tongue
And then their sprung
With the nuts hung Bitches ain't shit

Songwriters

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