I Don't Chase 'em

Devin The Dude

Yeah, big Snoop Dogg
(Snoop Dogg)
Devin The Dude
A lil' sumn for the
(Something for the bitchez)

For the who?
(For the bitches)
For the bitches, yeah
Oh, in case you don't know

A yo, Devin
(Aha?)
Sing it to 'em nephew, come on
(Aight, let me do it something like this)

I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no
I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no

I don't chase bitches, I let these bitches chase me
They pop up at my shows, they know everywhere I be
Like big Snoop, we got all your CDs

And we'll do anything if you put us on your team
Well aight bitch, I sell a ho a quick dream
Then back on the road so fresh so clean
Pimps up hoes down, nigga that's the theme

And when they choose up, they get broke for everything
I ain't mad at 'em, they just wanna be seen
Flossin' witta boss a picture in the magazine
(Cheese)
The bitches all scream chasing down my limousine

And when I hit the hotel, they waiting at the wind
My down South southern bitches out in New Orleans
I can't forget my Texas bitches faded off that lean
I don't chase bitches, these bitches chase me

For my playa partner rest in peace Pimp C

I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no
I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no

It's like a 9 to 5 but I be high
I'm like the captain and my partner Curtis bout to come by
And beam me up, you don't see me much
'Cause I be in top this better believe ho when up in ya

Sluts don't get much, freaks I make 'em geek
Like dope fiends on this pipe, yep this meat
Hoes they want clothes and shit, expectin' me to unfold it
Oh no, no bitch

Off to work, I go to the studio or another show
Some people spend dough just to see a brother flow
So blessings I gotta get 'em and grind all the time
A piece of pussy be the furthest from my mind

Sometimes when I be traveling, niggas be asking me
Where are my bitches like I brought 'em all with me?
And some niggas be asking, can they go find me a bitch
But I have to dodge mo' pussy than they'll ever get, shit

I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no
I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no

She keeps on taxing me
She won't stop calling me, oh no, no
This ho keeps stalking me
That bitch won't leave me alone, oh no, no

I told this bitch that I was cool on it but she just wouldn't listen
And now she tryin' to blame me for her current condition
Hey bitch I ain't even trippin', I told you I'm into pimpin'
See I'm a hustle boy, baby and I don't chase bitches

All I do is check hoes in every city I visit
And put they number in my phone and later on I hit it
Bitch jock from a distance, quit burnin' my minutes

Either you comin' through or not, it don't make me no difference

I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no
I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no

I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no
I don't chase bitches, bitches chase me
I don't need to chase a ho, no no

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BELL, LEROY / JAMES, CASEY / COPELAND, DEVIN C. / BROADUS, CALVIN
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/