

# Fuck a Bitch

## DJ Clue

West, West y'all  
William Holla with the S, y'all, y'all know what time it is  
Woof, can't spell the West without the 'E S'  
DJ Clue, beyotch, Kurupt, oh, what? I fall off into a party with a drink in my hand  
Rocawear pants but I ain't come here to dance  
By any chance, has anybody seen DJ Clue?  
Tell him I'm lookin' for him, what's yo' name? Big Snoop I'm in the big Coupe, I got that whoop, whoop  
I'm tryin' to get a chicken, I got that big loot  
Let me slide to the hoop, regroup and come through  
I'll bag it up and serve you and you too I throw strikes like Andy Petite and Roger Clemens  
Pitch a shut-out, the whole 9 innings  
The bulletproof 'Lac with the windows tinted  
You mean the one with the pretty bitches sittin' in it? Please believe it, we gon' represent it  
And we gon' bend it and dent it  
Fuck what it cost, we gon' spend it  
Buy it, never rent it  
Now, when you suckin' my dick, baby girl, put yo' face in it Get it, get it girl, get it girl, make yo' head swirl  
Get it, get it, make my toes curl  
And get, it get it, go on, girl  
It's a crazy mixed up doggy, doggy world And I know that you really can't believe what ya hear and ya see  
Just put ya hands up and repeat after me  
Get yo' money, fuck a bitch and blow a gang of weed And I know that you probably never thought that you  
could see a true G  
A nigga like the D O double Gizzy  
But like I said, get yo' money, fuck a bitch and blow a gang of weed Yeah, y'all the type of suckers we see  
straight through  
When we skate through, with DJ Clue  
Hoes gobble on something, swallow on something  
Throwin' hollows like football passes and football practice Off that dodo, look at the shine comin' off that fo' fo'  
I want the ki's, the trees, the ice, and the G's  
What's yours is mines but you already know though I'm young Gotti Desodo  
Let's see how long a body can flow fo'  
I got my Rocawear leather on, on swoop, nigga  
You know Damien and Jigga laced me and Snoop, nigga Them my motherfuckin' homeboys  
See Beanie's from my hometown Memphis with the full pound  
Tucked in Amil purse, all you bitches hatin' get a deal first  
It's hard work, raise off the homegirl bitches And I know that you really can't believe what ya hear and ya see  
Just put ya hands up and repeat after me  
Get yo' money, fuck a bitch and blow a gang of weed And I know that you probably never thought that you

could see a true G  
A nigga like the D O double Gizzy  
But like I said, get yo' money, fuck a bitch and blow a gang of weed Yeah, you know how we do  
Ya, Big Snoop Dogg, Kurupt Young Gotti  
Rockin' these niggas, Rocafella, what? Fuckers  
Iceberg slimmin' on these hoes, doin' it big, yeah Aight, aight, I'ma take me a trip to Marcy, go fuck with my  
OG's  
And fuck you bitches and you bitch ass niggas  
We ain't fuckin' with none of you suckas in 2001  
On to the rest, you bitches

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