

Niggas and Bitches

Jayo Felony

I knew I was gone before they even put the handcuffs on
A whole chicken in the back of the Brougham
Rocked up, so I knew that I was locked up
Got a good lawyer but can't do nothin for ya
But they got chronic, I chills and get my puff on
Eat Ramen, hit my fifi, lift weights and get my buff on
These hoochies are trippin but I expect that, see
All on another fool's jock but they can't get a dime from me
But you my gee, see, and we supposed to be tight
So why the fuck you didn't send me no kite?
I been down for two and ain't heard a thing from you
See, that ain't the thang to do, let's keep this bangin true, blue
If it was you, you would want me to do the same thing
How you gon' slip and leave your homie on the hang?
I gots no time for you busters and you snitches
This is for the real - niggas and the bitches
I had a down one, she kept my books on fat
We used to do it like this, then we would do it like that
This is for the real, to hell with the faker
I was on my bunk bed bumpin Anita Baker
Wishin I was in a hot thub gettin my back rubbed
Instead of bein in here with 4'000 thugs
I remember all the letters you wrote and the cards you sent
And them ends when you had to pay rent
But you would always get yours and couldn't nothin stop ya
Tight Guess and K-Swiss lookin proper
And you were proud to be Ms. Bullet Loco
Fool, don't phantasize off my foto
Even though you knew I was mackin you still stuck with me
Remindin me to stay sucker free
And when I touched down you kickin in straight riches
This is for the real - niggas and the bitches
And now I'm fresh out, I was a C but they doubt me
Much love to the bitches that didn't forget about me
Because I surely won't forget about you
And everybody knows what the fuck I'm gon' do
Blow up from the flo' up, grow up and don't be to' up
The hoes that tried to clown, I diss them hookers like throw-up
I'm tryin to learn to keep my black ass on the streets

No more shackles on my feet
Makin funky hits like this I can't miss
Jam-Master Jay and T-Funk and my nigga Cool Chris
So when I'm at a picnic gettin my mob on
Don't walk up on me, we might have to get our squab on
And my female got a mouthpiece
Protection for the wicked streets of Southeast
My day is too short for you marks and you snitches
This is for the real - niggas and the bitches
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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