

# Bitchslap

## MC Hawking

Yo Ant, kick the beat you just kicked a little while ago...[ VERSE 1 ]

I bitchslap rappers so hard it give em whiplash

You fuckin with sleeveless t-shirts, where your tricks at?

Look left, look right, wait, where your chick at?

She findin out she walk and talk right, provide dick pipe

I'm a big baller, shot caller, all a y'all are runnin laps

Let me tell you little fuckers a story walkin out

You probably think you're somebody big talkin loud

You're transparent, I been starin through your Karl Kani

Art imitates life imitates art

Get it straight, slice through the mic, pourin out my heart

When it's late night we litter the landscape

Animate our dead opposition to get one last phoney handshake

I read a lot and write a lot, empty my pockets at the giro shop

Hit the cash machine for some green, maybe a ten spot

I said giro cause my Greek's a little broken

But my four-letter French works fine if you're provokin[ CHORUS ]

And we killers in the morning, killers in the evening

Wake up and we yawnin, happy we still breathin

Got one longin, that's to keep eatin

We here to stay and we ain't leavin(Rock y'all)

(Everything gonna be alright)[ VERSE 2 ]

I'm a cross between John Gotti and Mahatma Ghandi

Look between pimp and square, you probably find me

There, in vain I solemnly swear

I'm a Guardian Angel with gang signs in the air

I spent too much time fuckin with sorry sobs

Treatin beats like bitches, flippin m

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