Bitch Please

Veerus, Maxie Devine

Yeah, time to bring yo' ass to the table y'all
It's X to the Z Xzibit, yeah
(Where you at?)
Snoop double-D, uh, O.G.
(West coast, Los Angeles)
What, bringin' it live, with Dr. Dre, what?
Throwin' up a BIG-ASS W, coverin' up the world right?
Yeah, hah, listen look
You ain't tryin' to hot box with me, I swing hard liquor
Goin' down by the second 'round, all hail the underground
How dat sound? Xzibit backin' down from a conflict
Fuck the nonsense, terrorist, hidden bomb shit
Glass and metal in every direction
Innocent bystanders taught a very hard lesson
I'm the reason there's no time to reach for that weapon
And reason why niggaz with problems keep on steppin'
Xzibit ready to scrap, like Mike Tyson with his license back
Nine to five, minimum wage, what type of life is that
For me? It's blasphemy, you fuckin' around
With the Sundance Kid and Butch Cassidy
You had the audacity to wanna tangle with the X
Strangle your neck, slap you like the opposite sex
Drunk drivin', tryin' to stack my loot
While other rappers gettin' treated like a prostitute
So check the soundscan
All I wanna be was a G, ha
My whole life, nigga please, ha
Breakin' off these motherfuckin' keys, ha
Let's get these motherfuckin' G's, ha
Nigga you don't wanna fuck with this
Hmm, aww nah, big Snoop Dogg
Back up in the heezee bay-bay
You jockin' my style, you so crazy
Dre say, "Ain't no limit to this"
As long as we drop gangsta shit
Look here, bitch, you fine and I dig your style
Come fuck with a nigga, do it Doggystyle
I'll be gentle, sentimental
Shit, we fucked in the rental, Lincoln, Continental

Hmm, coast to coast, L.A. to Chicago
(Yeah, nigga you know what's happenin' man)
I get this pussy everywhere that I go
(These bitches know what time it is)
Ask the bitches in your hood cause they know
(Hell yeah, hoes know about a nigga like me MAN)
I get the pussy everywhere that I go
(I pimp these hoes, nigga, ha ha)
Ask the bitches in your hood 'cause they know

Bitch please, get down on your God damn knees
For this money chronic clothes and weed
Look, you fuckin' with some real O.G's
Bitch please, bitch please
Get down on your motherfuckin' knees
We came to get the motherfuckin' G's
Yeah, you fuckin' with some real O.G's
You dick-tease
Bitch, please, now what you need to do is
Hem my coat and roll me some dough
Different strokes for different folks
Oh, you like settin' niggaz up and gettin' them loc's
A cute lil' bitch with a whole lotta heart
Shit gets thick when the light gets dark
She say she gots a lick for me
Worth about, two hundred G's and thirty keys
Now check this out Dre, now if I don't move
Then a nigga like me, shit I don't lose
But you know me, Dogg I'm movin'
Ain't nuttin' to it but to get to groovin'
You been, waitin' on a nigga like me
To take that chance and rob yo' man and beat up the pussy
A victim of the circumstance
That's the Devil, they always wanna dance
See we go out with a bang
I'm tryin' to work this cold thang and take this whole thang
I get the money everywhere that I go, I go
I bust a bitch and take her money fo' sho, fo' sho
I get the money everywhere that I go, I go
I bust a bitch and take her money fo' sho, fo' sho
Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo
You don't wanna step to me
Still claimin' D.P.G.
Till the day I D I E
Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo

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