

# This Bitch

## Philly's Most Wanted

[Mr. Man

Boobonic]

"Ayyo, I seen the bitch car over there, man."

"Who?"

"Let's shoot over there. Ya bitch! She over there with that nigga, man."

Let's get in the squad and shoot over there real fast."

"Yo, man, don't shit surprise me at this point, dog."

These bitches ain't shit, man."

"I know that's right."

"It always be those freaks though you fall in love with, man."

"Aw, they be havin' good-ass pussy that hiiit! That shit be..."

"The only... be crazy, man. Damn!"

"I know, that shit crazy as a mothafucka"

"Yo, I can't even explain that bitch, man." [Boobonic]

This bitch feel like wind from an angel, spreadin' his wings

I'm gettin' her things in Jacob's, gettin' her rings

She got me, y'all. False playa fell for a whore

I know it and she don't say she one. The bitch show it

how she give me head and how that slut throw it

Lick me wit' Halls in her mouth and then she blow it

I know I shouldn't like her, I know it's fucked up

thinkin' like this hood-rat bitch gets lucked up

'cause I'm trickin' her, hittin' her, watch how the dick gettin' her

Do alot a shit wit' her, never wanna split from her

I'm paranoid 'cause she had the nerve to ask that

if I die, could she get half of my ASCAP

Different girl of the world, that bitch want galaxies,

insurance policies so she can get apologies

when I'm outta here. Bitch, get outta here

Not a fear, remember the name and I'm sincere, bitch [Boobonic

Mr. Man]

"Hey, look. There go that bitch shit right there. Park right there."

"I told ya, man. I seen that shit when I ride. I rode up and backed  
up."

"That bitch think she the fuck, see, I know what I'ma do to her. I don't,  
don't even let her see us. Keep movin', keep movin'."

"No, we got the ten. Plus the squad, she don't know the squad anyway."

Ya-knaw-I'm-sayin'? Fuck that bitch, man."

"I'ma fuck that bitch UP."

"She a FREAK, man!"  
 "I'm tellin', I'ma gon' fuck her up. Yo, watch how I do this."  
 "You got a nice freak with you, man."  
 "I'm a, nah, I'm a playa. Watch how I get her."  
 "See, I ain't in to screamin' and shit." [Mr. Man]  
 All I hear is 'Mister, I'm sorry. C'mon, let's work it out!'  
 Nope, you know too many niggas, we could never share a house  
 Fuck, you tryin' to get me robbed? Stash cleaned out?  
 Three O' clock in the morning with a gun in my mouth?  
 Bitch, your pussy ain't worth it, head ain't either  
 Toss me like a salad and charge up my Visa?  
 Don't think so  
 From me, you see no nail, hair, clothes, minks nor dough ("That's right.")  
 7-4-O and drunk off Ma-mo  
 and I'm goin' to Cancun and fuck no, you can't go  
 and you wanna catch a tan and fuck my man too  
 Sayin', 'I ain't no, Boo, is that cool wit' you?'  
 I'm hip to this bitch. It's cool, I laugh now  
 While your girlfriends shop, you sit that ass down  
 Broke, ain't ya, and niggas just wanna fuck?  
 Yeah, I heard you givin' up head for less than a buck, what?  
 Skank[Boobonic  
 "This Bitch"]  
 "Yo! (Door knocks) Yo, open the fuckin' door, man."  
 "Yo, I'm comin'!"  
 "Stop playin' wit', open the fuck... bitch!"  
 "Baby, what's wrong? Don't... (Glass breaking)"  
 "Oh, you wanna be a fuckin' whore? Huh? You wanna be a whore, you dumb-ass  
 bitch? Huh?"  
 "Why you cryin' by me like that? What are you talkin' about whore?  
 Baby, what's wrong wit' you?"  
 "Get the fuck out. Man, get the fuck out, man! Get the fuck out now, bitch!"  
 "Yo, I can't take this shit! I fuckin' hate you!"  
 "Man, get my shit, man. Oh, you wanna get; bitch, get the fuck off the phone,  
 bitch!"  
 "Nah, I fuckin' hate you! (Phone dialing)" [Boobonic]  
 Oh, now you wanna call the cops? You scared? Well, you should  
 Say your name and I gotta hit high and hit good  
 Hustle just to buy you shit and take trips  
 while you pose ass-naked for niggas and takin' flicks ("What?")  
 And I ain't hate you, just tell me what it is  
 'cause I never had a problem wit' fuckin' your relatives  
 I fucked up happy homes but I don't need that  
 I can't fuck wit' you no more, bitch, I leave that [Mr. Man]  
 Look, bitch, pack your clothes and forget the couch

Leave the keys, call your mom 'cause I'm kickin' you out  
 This summer, no C-L-K and halter tops,  
 skirt, knee boots, hair blowin' in the drop  
 Uh-uh, you not  
 See, this shit gon' stop  
 Shoulda known the first night when I was hittin' the cop'  
 Week later, you dropped right back to Dime Rose and  
 I never been indeed out Cancun for posin', bitch[Billy Bathgate]  
 "Yo, 'Bonic. Yo, Mister. Listen to this crazy shit that happened to me with  
 this bitch. Remember that bitch I was tellin' you about? Yeah, I'm chillin'  
 at the label with another nigga that rap and he braggin' about how many  
 bitches he got and bring up this bitch name. I'm like, 'Hold up, I know that  
 same bitch.' I'm like, 'Nah, no, I don't.' But we got the same last PIN  
 number. Ain't that a bitch?!"Yo, yo, look  
 Our love is like Mary B. and K-Ci  
 and I don't wanna do anything else but make moms proud  
 Throw karats at your finger, trip down the isle  
 Forget playin' house, ma, let's make a child  
 Now she got me doin' herb shit, straight doin' nerd shit;  
 Charles Jordan, Lois Faton, those type of fur shit  
 Playas we splurge wit', my chain wit' ya gang  
 of skank hoes, no bank hoes  
 It's all the same  
 I brag about you, told niggas I'm mad about you  
 Now I feel like straight whoopin' that cash up out you  
 What you doin' in his contact? Bitch, you can't see?  
 What, if it don't work wit' us, quit? Is he plan B?  
 It's a small-ass world but smaller industry  
 I thought niggas do the pimpin' but shorty pimpin' me  
 Well, shit, I ain't let her go  
 I guess 'Gate dumb or 'Gate sprung but I guess what's done is done  
 Huh[Boobonic  
 Mr. Man  
 "This Bitch"]  
 "I can't even fuckin' take you nowhere, man, you run around fuckin'  
 everybody, man. 'Fuck is wrong wit' you, man?"  
 "I know, why you doin' this to me?"  
 "You gotta stop that shit, man. Straight up, man."  
 "I'm so sorry! You know I love you, fool, please!"  
 "You fuckin' can't do that, man. Straight up, man. You fuckin' it up, man. I'm  
 tryin', I'm tryin' to get this money and make it aiiight for me and you,  
 man, you runnin' around makin' me look the fuck stupid, man."  
 "Straight up, dunn."  
 "I'll do anything for you! Oh! I want do it again, I  
 promise!"

"You can't do that shit, man. Ain't no rehabilitation for whores, man."

"Fuck nah."

"You gone, man. I can't fuck wit' you, man."

"I swear to heaven, my life, please?!!"

"No, I can't, man!"

"You changed the game, B."

"I won't do it again!"

"I can't fuck wit' you, man. You fucked it up, man."

"It just happened!"

"Why?"

"Yo, c'mon, dog."

"Please, give me another chance!"

"Aiiight, just hit me later on, man. Aiiight?"

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