Chitty Bang (feat. Juicy J & Ty Dolla $ign)

[E-40](#)

Ya baby momma love me, ya baby daddy hate me
Ya bitch wanna fuck me, I said ya bitch wanna fuck
And we gon' get it like
Chitty, chitty, bang, bang , whoa-oh!I made a detour out of the game when I was hustlin' crack
Made a couple of dollars, made a little bit of change, never looked back
You could find me at the shooter range, practicing bussin' gats
Or in the vocal booth, in this new studio, bussin' raps
With some gold on my body, out my body, off Carlos Rossi
I'm sloppy, I treat my luxury scraper like a Bugatti
La di da di, she like to party off molly, Bacardi
Love to get naughty, a hottie, up in the lobby, she stopped me
She said "40 Water, where you 'bout to be?"
I said "Follow me, follow me, follow me, bitch, room 223"
You got to pay me or pay me no attention, that's how it be
When you born and raised in the V, Northern Cali, Silicon Valley
Paid nigga, yeah, I make it happen, turnin' up, ratchet
Thick chick under my arm make your chick look average
Thick bitch, yeah, a big ol' ass, poke it like a cactus
And she got a face that belongs up in a beauty pageant
It's ya boy, Juicy J, trippy, I got realer pimps
Balling hard everyday, ratchet bitches can't resist
I stay laughing to the bank but my dough ain't funny
I run out of rap before I run out of money
When I pop a pill, that's foreplay
Now I'm all in her face like Olay
I'm like "okay", I kill the pussy like OJ
When I'm finished with ya woman, she gon' think we soulmates
You wanna be around the winners? (A winner)
Say you only had a few niggas? (A few of 'em)
Girl, I'm just being honest (honest)
I know what you want and he's not it (not it)
I'm off the shits and I'm wit' it (wit' it, mane)
They can't stop us, we gon' get it (get it, mane)
I'm just being honest (honest)
I know what she want and he's not it
That's why--

Lyrics provided by