

What happened to the Groupies

Too \$hort

Short, Short, what's up man?
This Captain man check this out
I know you and B-Legit finna get in here
And get down on this song right?
But y'all can't be talkin' bad about Broads, man, you know?
Y'all in here talkin' 'bout, "Suckin' this" and "Suckin' that"
Aww, shit, here come B pullin' up in his 600
Blowin' big weed, y'all be cool man I blaze blunts all day get keyed all night
Be the one to take flight if the smoke ain't right
I'm tight, nicknamed Ike for the drama
It's baby and her mama, naked in a sauna Down with the gang 'cuz them flows be hard
Blue mink, Short and my St. Brenard
Super bad man all around Hoo-J
Tell me what the fuck happened to the groupies What happened to the groupies
I thought they was comin' through
To do everything we want 'em to
Supposed to be all good when they get here
Break niggas off, bitch we real playas Baby in the red said, "It's coo"
She gonna give me some pussy and some head too
I ain't trippin' though, these bitches takin' too long
I'm 'bout to call some other hoes on the phone Tell 'em I'm a hog nigga, need a triple-X bitch down to stick
Turn tricks switched the dick
There's hips outside and I'm fo' sho' dat
And the finest ho she know where mo' at Gotta show that, nigga tuck my jewels
Can't be slippin' with a bitch, niggas know that shit
Hit me at the room when the hoes come
It be at 301 we callin' for some Where they at B-Legit where they at?
Let these bitches know theres some real playas back
Told her meet me in room 510 on the mattress
If you do it right then I'll be back bitch Another showdown, in yo' town
Let everybody know you my ho now
I'm feelin' way too cool off the gin and juice
I'm 'bout to fuck my bitch and her friend too Damn, see man y'all niggas is trippin' man
Niggas this '98 y'all actin' like it's still '88
Short cussin' and all this bullshit
Check this out, see baby and them leavin' see? Baby come here, c'mon, baby don't even trip
Now just kick it for a lil' while, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'll take you to Sizzler to go eat after awhile
I'll make 'em stop trippin', don't even trip baby it's all good I'm feelin' good, everything hooked up right

Before it's all over I'ma be in som'n tight
Looked down at my hip to check my pager
Tryin' to find me a bitch, fresh off the stage Nigga ain't hungry, fuck them after party
Told a cute groupie, "Bitch meet me in the lobby"
You know how we do it, told her bring all her friends
Next weekend we gonna do it all again I said it out my mouth on the mic real loud
We at the Holiday-Inn, room 510
Bring all the bitches even if they dikes
We hyped, hoes eatin' pussy tonight Seen her in my mug, peepin' my game
Lookin' like she could take dick in the brain
We all champagne and Cali green
I need a bitch like that on a pimp team It's after midnight, can't find the right women
Can't be slippin' while you're late night pimpin'
Way too many niggas got stuck like that
Waited too late then fucked a rat Wake up in the mornin', mad as hell
With the wrong bitch, in the wrong hotel
Shoulda gave up when you first struck out
Now you tryna get the fuck out Man I was drunk when I went out, blow when I woke up
Didn't get to fuck 'cuz these hoes is ducks
Niggas like me need the head lay on
From bad ass bitches who prefer red bones Rock microphones, later count G's
Could always spot a rat chasin' niggas with cheese
Please, put it on freeze, it don't suit me
What happened to the muthafuckin' groupies? What happened? Nigga they all left, that's what happened
Y'all muthafuckas gonna be sittin' around all night
Talkin' to each other, oh, that's cool
Y'all got some muthafuckin' Playboy magazines
So I guess that's why y'all ain't trippin', check this out man Y'all niggas gotta understand one thing man
Bitches don't love to be talked to like that
Y'all gotta break down be cool with a bitch
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
Show her some caring and shit, understand me? I remember when the shit first began
I used to fuck the dog shit out my biggest fans
Four in the mornin' we hit the waffle spot
Then it's back to the telly for some more cock Shit was non-stop, don't choose too fast
There's a gang of more bitches with way more ass
Up and down the hall with the bad ass body
Groupies lookin' for the after party I used to be wild as fuck, get my dick sucked
On the back of the tour bus with two or three sluts
Check into my suite, order somethin' to eat
Knockin' at my door, it's another lil' freak Right up the hall on the same flo'
You could stand in line and run a train on the ho
Top-notch or rat, skinny or fat
B-Legit, where all the groupies at? In the room with the tricks gettin' big faces
But they really wanna know how the dick tastes

I used to get fucked, fall asleep, wake up
Kick the bitch out and bump a freakBut nowadays, you gotta watch your route
Niggas savin' hoes need to cut that out
So what they talkin' 'bout? They shoulda been done came
I think they scared of a nigga with this real gameWhat happened to the groupies? Don't point your finger
They're all backstage chasin' R and B singers
At the other concert, on the other side of town
I seen a few hoes but they wasn't downWhere the groupies at, I'ma ask y'all later
Probably out tryna fuck basketball players
Silly hoes, rappers got mansions
But we ain't tryna get into these tramp bitchesY'all niggas is trippin' man
Y'all need to sit down and re-evaluate your morals man
Y'all niggas gettin' too old for this shitY'all gonna be sittin' around in the club
Tryna figure out who goin' home with ya old ass
You need to find ya a good woman
Snatch her up, get her a BMW
She got kids, only do what you do, tell her, "I got you"

Songwriters

Banks Anthony George; Jones Brandt; Shaw ToddPublished by

BADASS PRODUCTIONS;UNIVERSAL MUSIC-Z TUNES;UNIVERSAL MUSIC-Z SONGS;B LEGIT
MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>