

C-Murder, Down 4 My Bitches

[C-Murder: talking]

F**k them bitches

Ladies, I ain't forget about y'all

I'm down for my bitches too you heard me

TRU Records respect us

I'd die for my bitches, f**k them other bitches

[Chorus x2]

F**k them other bitches

F**k them ragged ass hoes

F**k them other bitches

F**k them trifling ass hoes

F**k them other bitches

F**k them dirty ass hoes

Ole' nasty ass hoes

Ole' stank ass hoes

[Ms. Peaches]

Man f**k them bitches, you think I'm worried bout them hoes

All that mugging and bugging bitch I ain't bout no trouble

Now you done let your girls buck you up with all that yapping

Bitch I'm bout action if you ain't know who I am I don't give a f**k

You got it on your mind well bitch it's on my mind too

Whatever, whenever shit I'ma bring that f**king noise to you

You and your click hollin' I'm bout this and bout that

Well me and my girls bitch we gone show fa sho' we doubt that

Them hoes mad cause I'm down with TRU Records riding Excursions

DVD's on chrome interior leather but I bet you

Them hoes don't, want to f**k with me

I got a click of gangsta bitches that'll bust for me

If you ain't heard this and that I tell a hoe to her face

Don't give a f**k what you got on you from that blade to that mace

Cause if a hoe gone shake man that hoe better kill me

Cause if I'm still breathing I'ma make sure that bitch feel me

[Chorus x2]

[Traci]

Back up off me bitch, my time recognize

Get up off me trick 'fore I expose your insides

F**k you bitch, remix, we can take it outside

So these hoes can see, how real chicks ride

Where they at, there they go, can't stand no fake hoe

No stank hoe, no think she could when she can't hoe

Confronting me with that bullshit, liquor flow hoe

You slow, make me bugged and shit, but not no more

How many hoes wanna go, against this chick right here

Caps still and throwing this here with g-nice I'm right here

You bout to sneeze ooh, look bitch I'm right here

Go ahead and talk that shit I'ma still be right here

So how you think you posted up in your face, with your nigga

Think you need to step back so you could see a clearer picture

And girl, we here to let these bitches know (what Trac')

Girl f**k what you going and f**k what you stand fo'

[Chorus x2]

[Mia X]

F**k them other bitches looking hard in the club

Trying to bump cause they hating thinking to jump in the club

Trying to stunt in the club like y'all bout that shit

We spraying mace dead in your face straight run you out that bitch

Y'all hoes can pick if you want, but I'm not that bitch
What, headline gone read Mama popped that thug
And about my click, we so thick and we stay so fly
I guess that's why you chickenheads can bust a evil eye
Well please don't try, let the alcohol or the song bust you
Straight razor cut you bunch of messy ugly motherf**kers
Run up like we soft cause we pretty as mountains
You bitch you, we fin to remmy red bottles to hit you
You bitch you, and it ain't over till the paramedics come and get you
High beamed up on stretchers you and your bitch crew
We gone ride, we gone walk
Better know where you walk cause uh, we go fo'
My bitches don't start but they do wild out
We knock the gums out your mouth before we even get it out, f**k em

[Chorus x2]

[Chorus 2]

F**k them other bitches
Cause I'm down for my bitches
F**k them other bitches
I bust rounds for my bitches
F**k them other bitches
I'm gone clown for my bitches
F**k them other bitches
It's all about my bitches

[Chorus 3]

F**k them other bitches
Cause I rides for my bitches
F**k them other bitches
I just tore up your tire with my bitches

[Chorus 4]

F**k them other bitches
I gets money jump slides with my bitches
F**k them other bitches
It's all about my bitches