

DJ Clue, Fuck A Bitch

(feat. Kurupt, Snoop Dogg)

West west yall.

William Holla with the S yall. Yall know what time it is.
Woof! Can't spell the west without the "es."
DJ Clue. Beyotch! Kurupt!

[Snoop]

I fall off into a party with a drink in my hand
Rocawear pants, but I ain't come here to dance
By any chance, has anybody seen DJ Clue?
Tell him I'm lookin' for him (What's yo' name?) Big Snoop
I'm in the big Coupe, I got that whoop whoop
I'm tryin' to get a chicken, I got that big loot
Let me slide to the hoop, regroup, and come through
I'll bag it up, and serve you and you too
I throw strikes like Andy Petite and Roger Clemens
Pitch a shut-out, the whole 9 innings
The bulletproof 'Lac with the windows tinted?
You mean the one with the pretty bitches sittin in it?
Please believe it, we gon' represent it
And we gon' bend it and dent it
Fuck what it cost, we gon' spend it
Buy it, never rent it
Now when you suckin my dick, baby girl put yo' face in it
Get it get it girl (get it girl), make yo' head swirl
Get it get it (get it girl), make my toes curl
And get it get it, go on girl, it's a crazy mixed up doggy dogg world

[Chorus]

And I know that you really can't believe what ya hear and ya see
Just put ya hands up and repeat after me
Get yo' money, fuck a bitch...and blow a gang of weed
And I know that you probably never thought that you could see a true G
A nigga like the D-O-double Gizzy
But like I said, get yo' money, fuck a bitch, and blow a gang of weed

[Kurupt]

Yeah, yall the type of suckers we straight through
When we skate through, with DJ Clue
Hoes gobble on something, swallow on something
Throwin' hollows like football passes and football practice
Off that dodo, look at the shine comin' off that fo' fo'
I want the ki's, the trees, the ice, and the g's
What's yours is mines, but you already know though
I'm young gotti desodo
Let's see how long a body can flow fo'
I got my Rocawear leather on, on swoop nigga
You know Damien and Jigga laced me and Snoop nigga
Them my motherfuckin' homeboys
See Beanie's from my hometown Memphis with the full pound
Tucked in Amil purse, all you bitches hatin' get a deal first
It's hard work, raise off the homegirl bitches

[Chorus]

Yeah, you know how we do.
Big Snoop Dogg, Kurupt Young Gotti.
Rockin these niggas. Rocafella, what?!? Fuckers!
Iceberg Slimmin' on these hoes. Doin it big.
Aight aight, I'ma take me a trip to Marcy, go fuck with my OG's.
And fuck you bitches and you bitch ass niggas.
We ain't fuckin' with none of you suckas in 2001.
On to the rest, you bitches.

