

# Jeru the Damaja ft. Miz Marvel, Lil Dap, Bitchez Wit Dikz

Intro: Jeru The Damaja

Yes yes

Check it out right here now, knowwhatimean?

Henryville, the muthafuckin bitchez wit dikz

That's in the midst,

of the real brothers whose the true wonders

Knowwhatimsayin? Talkin all that shit about this and this and that

But fakin shit, I'mma drop it like this

(Jeru The Damaja)

Bad bitches and techs, and sound affects

Talk but skate like Tara Lipinski, when shit get hec-tic

Out in Brooklyn, too late you's a vick

And if spend major dough on a hoe, you a bitch ass trick

Pimps and players, no I'm not a hater

Cuz I smashed it off, she bust me down I ain't pay her

Shoutin youse a regulator,

soft like C3PO, but pop shit like Darth Vader

For Princess Leia, with flesh hard like Shaggy

Your booty, when shit get raw you Doo like Scooby

I'm snatching chains, mics and those platinum groupies

And let it be known, I eat ya'll pussies like a porno movie

Dutches, chins, and hips get twist

Drop that bitch with a dick, and get a nigga like this

Chorus: Jeru The Damaja (Miz Marvel)

You never see him the in the ghetto (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

Think they pimps, but they tricks (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

Turn to states evidence (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

When beef come they skip (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

\*bitch!\*

You never see him the in the ghetto (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

Think they pimps, but they tricks (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

When beef come they skip (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

Turn to states evidence (Bitchez Wit Dikz)

\*bitch!\*

(Lil Dap)

You niggas are like East New York waste, spit in your face

Open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace

It's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club

Spit it out, ya hoes know what this shit is about

Bitchez wit dicks, and make a nigga mad as shit

Cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of New York

Holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around

Cuz these whole motherfuckers, wanna round are town

Thinkin they down, but dont know BK grounds

\*bitch!\*

Chorus

(Miz Marvel)

The next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon

Against half steppin, niggas is fake,

I scope them first impression

Take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion

And quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection

Ya eyes cross like an intersection

You forget to count your blessings, all in the mix

Sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks

Bitchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks

Only talk with snares and tits

In the time of revolution, be the first to submit

Try to be God, but there mental seem unfit

Speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix

Won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited

Contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target

Thrown into the bottomless pit, bitchez wit dikz

Chorus

(bitch! scratched over and over)