

# La'Chat, Salt Shakers

{Chorus: repeat 2x}

They some salt shakers, they shakin' shakin' on your girl  
They some salt shakers, they shakin' shakin' on your girl  
They some hating ass hoes and they all up in your grill  
They be smiling in you're face, but they smile aint real

{Verse 1}

At first it was the hatin' and the muggin'  
But now you actin' like you got some lovin'  
I know that you a snake bitch sneaky  
Stay close so I won't see your weakin'  
Do you really think that we is cool  
Youz a damn fool  
I'm on that out to make this loop  
I be watchin' you  
And I can tell you out to get me  
But hoe before I go you got to kill me  
You wanna kick it cause you know it goin' down  
I ain't a weak bitch smackin' bitches out a crowd  
While you be, be talkin' shit behind my back hoe  
(ooh-wee) I just can't wait to let my cover blow  
I said that I don't f\*\*k wit hoes anyway  
You ain't got to be in my grill bein' fake  
I hate it when a bitch think that I'm dumb  
Keep on kissin' my ass you don't want none

{Repeat Chorus}

{Verse 2}

I be f\*\*kin' wit a bitch, 'cause a bitch don't smoke  
When we be ridin' I be askin' you to fire up that dope  
I got no love for you hoe, just keepin' it real  
I got no friends, mama told me that a friend will kill  
I guess you don't believe bitch, shit you pull this thang  
You try to imitate my style just to get you some wang  
But did you know chat I really don't be givin' a f\*\*k  
A bitches hoe talkin' back and then you might get stuck  
'cause you do not see that I see you  
Full of animosity but  
It's not hard for me to teach you  
How to be gone just like me bitch  
You wanna war, then I'ma load up my nine  
You wanna squash it, then my niggah it's fine  
I got to show a bitch that I'm about mine  
Can't let you slide hoe to many times (yeah)

{Repeat Chorus}

{Verse 3}

You hoes kills me  
Why in the f\*\*k you do that shit  
Just stop the hating  
That's why I can't f\*\*k wit a bitch and that is f\*\*ked up  
You better watch your every move or you'll get shot up  
Aint got a damn thang to prove, you want my niggah  
So then you tell him lies and shit that you had made up  
A low down bitch you told him everythang you thought of  
Can't drop no thought down on me bitch, we got some real love  
Colaboration wit a thug, so I trick you  
I know you know I can't be friends wit an ex-hoe  
Have conversations wit yo' wanch, so we can stay close  
We kick and talk, you tellin' me bout where you stay at  
And mane that's good, 'cause now I know just where to buck at  
I know you hate me but you actin' like it's all cool

You wanna get me, I'm the one he's commin' home to  
You need to stay the f\*\*k up outta of my grill  
'cause you ain't real this shit is gonna lead to a kill

{Repeat Chorus}