

# DJ Clue, Bitch Be A Ho

[DJ Clue:] Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat!!!

[Chorus x2]

[R.O.C. (J.D.):]

Now all my niggas say what(what)  
We dont give a fuck(uh-huh), gotta let a bitch be a ho(hoooo)  
Now all my niggas say what  
We dont give a fuck  
Gotta let a nigga stack dough(money, money)

[J.D.]

All the niggas fuckin in between, be the the main man  
Never get stuck on the scene without a game plan, understand  
I went from pop lock into tops droppin  
To one of the reasons why the day parties keep rockin  
No stoppin niggas is like (wa-what?)  
And shorty from the south keep fuckin it up  
I'm the glitter and the gliss of this industry  
Makin hits, is how ya'll remember me  
Niggas dream to be like this one here  
JD type cat dont dissappear  
I'm the J to the E, R to the M  
A-I-N-E, got so many  
Bitches I should set up shop  
Bettin against me,  
Please! my bank dont stop  
I come through, bumpin Clue, with a 7-5-0  
Screamin, I gots to have it, I love the dough

[Chorus x2]

[R.O.C.]

Nobody wanna fuck with the R.O.C.  
Young G from the streets  
And he's banned from t.v.  
Nobody said life was easy  
Out on the block  
I got shot  
And nobody came to see me  
Back on my feet  
Packed my heat  
Got back in the beef  
Blazed it up  
Are ya muthafuckas lookin for me  
Raized it up  
And now they see I'm makin rap songs  
All I ask is my real doggs smash on...  
I said yea and ya dont stop  
Cuz its a 1-8-7 when ya fuck wit R.O.C.!!  
I said yea and ya dont quit  
I'm comin live from the Bricks wit the gangsta shit  
All my niggas on the corner at the end of the block  
Infront of the stores, shakin my dick at the lady cop  
Shakin my clip  
Til the hatas drop  
And I'm in a drop-top, bumpin down ya block  
And I'm dumpin

[Chorus x2]

[J.D.]

I seen a lot of niggas go down the wrong path  
And I learned from they mistakes, how to keep cash

In this world it's snakes,  
I dont care,  
I dont break,  
Pushin Benz, cuz a nigga know how to create  
On and on like a jeep go  
Any nigga standin in my way of my papers, automatically fonito  
Suckin on the end of Rosco pico's  
Trained to name  
Deleted from the muthafuckin game  
Ain't no mo shoppin throught the glass  
Beggin for ass  
If it ain't 1st class  
I let it pass  
Ya'll that dont got it talkin all that trash  
Tryin to play tough ya'll when ya really bitch-ass  
I'm the cream of the crop  
The dream of the top  
I'm the one they come and see when they dont want it to stop  
I'm the bass,  
The snare,  
The one that dont care  
Rip shit the fuck up then I'm outta here

[Chorus x2]