

Dougie D, Niggaz & Bitches

[Hook - 4x]

Where my niggaz at, let me see your fucking hands up
(where my bitches at, let me see your fucking hands up)

[Dougie D]

Where my niggaz at, bitch I'm throwing up the Southside
In a big body Denali, flipping and swanging it wide
What you looking at hoe, what you looking at bitch
Come on my side with that tripping, then you get your shit split
Dougie D I'm off of the chain, and I'm staining they brain
A guerilla that's raw and untamed, and I'm changing the game
Pistol packing and opening gauge, with a aim in my range
Motherfuckers they act like they strange, the game'll get slained
Well look here whoadie, I'm a rider boy
I could hot one up as fast, that's hotter than lava boy
Me and my niggaz, click up and pile up a lot of boys
Fucking with some bitches, they did this just rowdy boy
Kicking up dust bitch, with this country kicking calico
Dougie Deezy and Shano, it's simply it is you know
To all of my niggaz, that's tossing up your 24's
We real on this end, and we keep it live you feel my whoa you feel me whoa

[Hook - 4x]

[Shano]

Where my bitches at, toss it up cause I'm repping my side
All the way from BMT, down to the Southside of your town
Jazzy and sophisticated they hate it, wanna try but they can't fade it
Put that thang in your mouth, you taste it you like it you ate it
Now what you know about them bitches, that's clocking up dollars
I'm all grown up, and got no time for no girls and they problems
You see that big body Impala, on them corners cutting
Now where my bitches at, whoa y'all don't want nothing

[Tiffany]

You heard what she said, we bitches all about our bread
Ain't never been scared, my bitches keep a level head
You talking that shit, you bumping jumping fly on it
My name is Tiffany, so lil' bitch I get down on it
I'm fucking with niggaz, and bitches that be bout it bout it
Like Dougie Deezy and that Shano, and weed endo got me
Somebody better tell these hoes, how I work my jelly
Now where my bitches at, y'all wasn't ready

[Hook - 4x]

[G-Wis]

Where my niggaz where my bitches at, blowing on swishas
Backwood feeling touches, this G-Wis and Dougie
Don't touch me 'less you fuck me, matter fact don't even hug me
I'm on this drank feeling sluggish, plus a nigga been hustling
All day, running from the laws in broad day
Look left look right, jump down the fire escape
I'm safe at home, played another one for the team
Another gun with a beam, make a mother wanna scream
Good gracious hallelujah, when I put them hollows through ya
Nightmare on Elm Street, a motherfucking Freddy Kruger
Tight nigga, gasoline and light niggaz ask the lean in flight nigga
And let me take a flight nigga, iight nigga
What's the deal, tell me are you really real
Cause I feel I'm really real, about really making a mill for real
Can you feel a young nigga bout his scrill, popping pints by the seal
Niggaz put your hands up, bitch

[Hook - 4x]