

Field Mob, Bitter Broads (Interlude)

Gurl f**k that nigga sean he ain't bout shit anyway. Allwayz with them bitch ass friends. I don't know why yall f**kin with his lame ass anywayz. Smoke ain't no muthaf**kin' betta, every time call he ain't answering his muthaf**kin' phone. And bitch what's that telling you f**k that muthaf**ker, they out on the road on tour f**kin' bitches doin' this doin' that, them muthaf**ker's ain't got time for yall yall local bitches. OKAY. I can't hate 'cause when his ass come home I be ready to f**k the shit out his black ass. Playin' no games niggaz ain't never there, phone allwayz ringing, it's a nother bitch at all times. It's allwayz that's just my friend. Whatever nigga that bitch sayin' 'I'm on my way';