

Shyne, Fuck 'Em

(Verse 1)

Leave nigga layin' stiffer than my dick when it's up in a tight clit
return the Devils hate by fuckin' a white bitch
bitches ain't shit but some hips,
tits, clits, and some fat lips to wrap around my dick
check it, ghetto girl in designer type
she could get it 'long as the vagina tight
keep they nose numb, high off of china white
kinda like the quartz, I knock 'em down, runnin' through my system,
pussy ain't right hit 'em with a aww naaaw
if the head right get remanded behind bars bizarre
grand jury endigntment, lifetime sentence, stash my coke in they bra
the hustl-ar, ya'll custom-ar's
posted up on Broadway in a custom R
25 Mil' in the trunk
Nicky Barnes style on my way to the trunk
bitch lets bump.

Chorus (Shyne & Female)

No, (fuck these bitches, fuck these bitches, fuck 'em)
I don't love these bitches, fuck these hoes
No, (fuck these niggas, fuck these niggas, fuck 'em)
I don't love these niggas, fuck these niggas
(till the day that I die never get none of mine)
No, (fuck these bitches, fuck these bitches,
fuck these bitches, fuck 'em)
I don't love these niggas, fuck these scrubs
No, fuck these niggas (Four Karat thug niggas want some love)

(Verse 2)

I'm that nigga Priest from Supafly after he died
reincarnated, keep a bitch wide
on the bed tied
like "Uh! Uh! Uh!", stop I'm tired
besides my Moms a bitch' lips never touch my face,
maybe my girl, but I be watchin' her funny
like "Who dick you suckin' while I'm on tour gettin' money
tryin' to wash this crack money?"
I give a bitch nothin' but sperm
when you niggas gon' learn?
Discern queens from sluts, love from lust
The ones who ate pussy and take it in the butt
20 stacks in my pockets, I'm cheap
fuckin' treatin' a freak to eat
I got KY Jelly and grease
and a stick of bubble gum bitch, you want a piece?
C'mon....

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Never met a bitch I liked enough to love
and I share with my mothafuckin' nigga Buzz
let the Homies get up on it,
treat a bitch like a blunt, hit, hit, pass
head on my dick 'till she get whiplash
fuck it I'm cold, some bitches is colder
runnin' game just to get up in the Rover
Platinum R, Platinum Jehovah
not here bitch, fuck what they told ya'
Keys to the condo, Gucci ensemble
gaul streams in Santa Fe' doin' the Mambo
laid back where the shade's at
white sand, tan, how many bitches can say that?

you want that? we can do that...yeah right
not in your life
stay focused, get my money, every penny
fuck if your legs broke bitch, crawl on ya' belly

(Chorus Until Fade)