Warcloud, Smack This Bitch

(Intro: Kurupt)
All you despicable bitches
It's Kurupt Young Gotti, man
And I got somethin' to say to all you
Despicable, bitches, Black Knights
What ya'll think about them hoes?
What ya'll got to say about all these hoes?
Bitch, Kurupt Young Gotti, Black
Knights

(Chorus: all (Kurupt)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Bitch, make me rich)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Bitch, you bitch, you bitch)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Yeah bitch, won't you make me rich?)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Yeah, yeah, bitch, bitch)

(Crisis)
Could it be, I'm pissy drunk wit Monk, comin' home at sunrise
Wit a reputation of fuckin' hoes the first night
Plus ya first page came at 12:35
Never returned a call, so duplicate 'bout 30 times
So now you talkin' loud, actin' wild, showin' out
Hoppin' all in my face,
talkin' bout it's goin' down
You got the game fucked up, you better slow it down
Or catch an open palm, you better get it calm
I don't know what you been smokin' or sippin' on
That got you trippin' on, a nigga, but you flippin' on
A nigga at the wrong time, cuz I ain't on one, I'm on nine
Shots of Henny straight, no rocks, look I know it's your spot
But I ain't in no mood for attitude, bitch, where's ya gratitude?

(Doc Doom)
Trick, I'm tired of you always flippin' the script
Every time a nigga out, you think I'm trickin' my dick?
I kick ya ass if catch you keyin' my whip
Trick, I'm not of the niggas that you used to fuck wit
Like the nigga Reese you burned wit a pot of hot
grease
While he was 'sleep, you would of been dead if that was me
That's on the Black Knights Gang, it ain't a small time thang
I got a wife at the tilt, you just my part time game

(Chorus: all (Kurupt)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Yeah bitch, bitch, make me rich)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(I'm quick to tell a bitch to eat up a dick)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(I'll slap the shit outta goofy ass bitch)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(A goofy, stupid, groupie, bitch)

(Monk)
It gotta be, she always stirrin' up an attitude for nothin'
Frontin' like she mad
and shit, on some stupid shit
I hear the hot shit, pump ya brakes, I'm not in the mood
Relax bitch, you trippin', losin' ya cool
For the price of an argument, to fuck up my high

Fuck up my day, it ain't goin' down that way
Cuz something's gon' make me smack yo ass (bitch!)
Mad cuz our splashed don't trick cash
Don't give a fuck, roll wit my niggas, Bar Mitzvah slut
Phones stay off the hook, now ya ass is fed up
Disrespect my click like we don't keep it crunk
Stay in ya place and keep ya ass outta my shoes
Hit the road bitch, if you can't follow the rules, so what you choose?

(Crisis)
It might be the P.M.S., it might be the alcohol
It might be the fact that
the Black Knights about to ball

(All (Kurupt)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Bitch, bitch, make me rich)

(Monk)
It could be the naggin', it could be the braggin'
It could be the fact she hatin', cuz the nights splashin'

(All (Kurupt)
Something's gon' make smack this bitch
(There bitch, you gots to skitz kadaf, it)

(Doc Doom)
You short on chips, runnin' her lips
Don't wanna share the pussy wit the rest of the click, but

(All (Kurupt)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Yeah I know that bitch, that bitch
ain't shit)

(S. Man)
I fuck hoes for the squirtin' any season
African, Korean, European, Polynesian
No further reason to lessen my capacity
From the scrotum, cuz the nut gush it gradually
I'm S-man, tastefully delicious
Spittin' my game, gracefully, the bitches
I meant to step, the ladies pimp, the Don Peter
380, concealin' 'Gnac, pussy beater
Bitch bring a heater if it's cold outside (bi-atch!)
You better walk if I want at to ride (bi-atch!)
Fly like a bird if you wanna be free
Cuz I hate hoes, and hoes hate me
Lately, I've been watchin' you, watchin' me
Ain't no stoppin' me, from gettin' this pussy for free
Cuz
pussy's made to be poked, don't be afraid of the stroke

(Holocaust)
Now I'm big Warcloud from the L.A. streets
Swing a timepiece, last name: Concrete
I crack a crystal coconut, cruising with a silly bitch
Smelling like cigarette, high, we drove by
Apple martini's and tic-tac, forget that
She's wearing so much make-up, if I slap her, her face will shatter
Riffraff fiddle sticks, hug thin Lemoya
I make her paint the fence like her name was Tom Sawyer
Dirty, Becky Thatcher, I'm great like Joe DiMaggio
I used to write books, buy a soda pop and 'The Cosby Show'
I push a girl down real hard and watch them laugh

Their smile's so twisted the world will feel the draft
Young and the racketeer shooting at tin cans
Goofy bitch said something that made me mad (bitch!)
Grey jackrabbit, black boxing gloves for luck
I smack you like a toucan, swatting a turtle dove (goofy bitch)

(Chorus: All (Kurupt)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Yeah, I'mma end up puttin'
somethin' in this bitch right here)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Oh man you see that bitch over there)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Say bitch, don't you owe me some bread)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Yeah, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, give me some head)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(I ain't got money for you, nigga)
Something's gon' make me smack this bitch
(Bitch, shut up, shut up, bitch)

(Outro: Kurupt)
I know you bitch, you ain't nothin', ain't never been nothin'
If you was a quarter, bitch, you already broken down to a penny
You bitch, yeah, yeah, now go out there and get by bread
'For I slap the wig off of ya