Ying Yang Twins, Dispose Of Broadz

I don't give a fuck about these Nigga's or these hoes
Don't you ever, don't you ever
Make me spit on yo ass bitch!!! ahh-ha

Verse One:

Fuck them hoes, let 'em bounce
Known for kickin' bitches out, all they wanna do
Is sneak a blunt or two out yo house
Try to help us, with a plan guard yo grill and watch yo back
Bitches known for showin' other nigga's where you kick it at
Might be a hard head, might be a soldier thug
With a bitch got him sick, if he a sucker for love bitch
His nigga's better show him who unified
To get respect you got to play, watch them hoes step aside
Bitch! I'm just like you
Bitch! I smoke weed to
Bitch! I need gee'z so look
Bitch! I don't need you all y'all can suck my
I don't give a fuck! die! now bitch bye!
You blowin' my high!

Chorus:

I love myself, I hug myself an if
I had a pussy I fuck myself
See real ass nigga's don't fold to fold
Hit the mall buyin' clothes I dispose of broadz

Now who in the hell came here to stop me
I'm in the party ballin' with my posse ah-ha-ha
Now who in the hell came to get it started
I'm in the party ballin' with my posse ah-ha-ha
{2x}

Verse Two:

Fuck these nigga's who dropped me on my head
When I was younger, I did some wild shit
To make these nigga's wonder
Am I craze, or am I straight sick
Round with these fuckin' lunatic's
You talk shit! You get yo wig split!
If you wanna try me!
You must be ready to die bitch!
I ain't scared to die bitch!
Ya see it's just a hobby!
God gave me time, I was game from my birth
I couldn't let the shit go to waist
I had to put this shit to work
I'm just a ghetto ass nigga!
With the street knowledge I was gave!
You try to play! Run up on this 12-gage!
Hell nah! hit a tree, had to go help him up
You shouldn't have never fucked up!
Now you lookin' fucked up!
Blew his head clean off his shoulder
I was all ready gone, before anybody showed up
Got away clean, like some Jean's when you wash 'em
Trill ass soldier's ain't no way you can stop us Bitch!

Chorus

Verse Three:

I be bustin' nut's on yo baby mama, baby head
Why you be gangster, somebody got 'em keep 'em fed
When I fed to the point where I be bakin' bread
I mean fed to the point where I be servin' head
Now look, that don't mean I'm try'na sound bad and shit
When I stab that trick, you can have the bitch
Grab yo bitch, you need to try to train yo bitch
Tame yo bitch, cuz she be runnin' game ya bitch
Now you all in a nigga grill, lookin' all swole
Picturin' how ya slipped off, trustin' in them hoes
No damn well, that yo Mom taught ya better cuz
A bitch will get'cha killed if ya let her
That's why I love myself, I hug myself an if
I had a pussy I fuck myself
See real ass nigga's don't fold to fold
Hit the mall buyin' clothes I dispose of broadz

Chorus

Verse Four:

Punchin' got a long head
Ballin' keep my artillery
Gangsta so I'm a mission shit
Cap pilla I'm known for spittin' on bitches
Disrespectin' my mind, try'na play me soft and
At the same time bitch, you fuckin' with some ATL soldiers
Smokin' for free, and drinkin' for free nigga hell nah!
First ya got to take yo muthafuckin' draw's off
Cuz real player's bout to lay the law down
You better draw the straw now, you done
Fucked Up'ed Now!
This how we do it in the A-T-L
For them hoes who think they pussy fire ass hell
Got a game for that ass big dick's to match
Don't have time for them hoes, who be try'na act
Ha Do it! get 'em shorty get 'em we ain't playin' with 'em
If you clockin' nigga spit 'em Nigga Spit 'Em!
Stupid ass hoes, be try'na act
But they switch up, bitch up and call ya back
Say what?
Stuipd ass hoes be try'na act
But they switch up, and bitch up and call ya back
Say what?
Stuipd ass hoes be try'na act
But they switch up, and bitch up and call ya back
And We! shake them hoes off what!
Shake them hoes off! what! shake them hoes off what!
Nigga! shake them hoes off! what! shake them hoes off what!
Shake them hoes off! what! shake them hoes off! My nigga
Shake them hoes off

Nigga we ain't got no love for these hoes,
These bitches swtich dick's like outfit's
Hoes, ya need to find another route
Figure that a nigga be thugged out
And we off in the club