

[ Richie Rich ]

Yo man, what we gon' talk about next?

Man, you know what?

I think we should talk about these groupie-ass bitches

You know what I'm sayin'?

As a matter of fact, Jed, guess who I seen the other day?

[ Jed ]

Who?

[ Richie Rich ]

Man, remember that bitch we seen up at that picnic

the one who was campin like she was down with Bobby Brown?

[ Jed ]

You mean that punk bitch that wish she were like on your album?

[ Richie Rich ]

Yeah man, I seen her the other day, man, down on the track

And guess what, the hoe was jockin the gold kick spins

[ Jed ]

D-Loc, we need to put somethin out for these fool bitches

and let em know what time it is, man

[ D-Loc ]

Man, it's like this:

When a bitch fuck with a young vet like me I treat her shit

[ D-Loc ]

You know the silly bitches I don't like

The Michael Jordan-New Edition-get with a star-type

I used to have one, with ass like a whale tail

Wanted to get on my team cause a nigga had mail

For those that don't know, mail means money

But no, I don't pay for pussy, honey

I might do the pimpin if you can do the dishin

Cause stackin up dollars is my number one ( ? )

In this society in which we're livin

If you're gonna have a bitch, you got to be spendin

So to the ladies on the b.s. tip

Sing along, fellas: you're just a groupie-ass bitch

[ Richie Rich ]

Haha, that's it

Let them hoes know

D-Loc, peep this out

I got with a bitch about a month ago

She ain't called me yet

And I know when she peep the video

she gon' be tryin to get with me

But what would you tell a punk-ass bitch like that?

[ D-Loc ]

Don't even call, I played ya like a foul ball

In a month or two you'll be through

Schemin on my label for a story or a fable

You just caught the vapors and nothin can save you

We used to be together on the 9 to 5

But when I stopped spendin money, you stopped spendin time

It's sort of like a game, so the story goes

I was once told you reap what you sow

If that's true, let me phrase this statement:

Suck my dick, cause I ain't takin it  
The stories, the lies, the alibis  
You see, I'm only 19, but I'm livin the life  
So to the girllies out there I can't get with  
Men, let's come again: you're just a groupie-ass bitch

(Cause a bitch is a) (biatch)  
[ Richie Rich ]  
Haha, let them hoes know  
(Just another freak for the truz and vogues)

[ D-Loc ]  
The subject of this object, if you object  
Is to get my point across as clear and correct  
As I can get when I'm talkin this shit  
Therefore I must ensure explicit lyrics  
Like: shit, bitch, fuck with this  
Put your muthafuckin stankin-ass pussy on my dick  
Ride it like a jockey in a horse race  
You better get buck wild before I bust you in the fuckin face  
I ain't soft on a bitch, I'm quite mean  
Fuckin up the doggy style with no grease  
Peace to the homies if you know what I'm sayin  
And if you don't understand - you're not a man  
You're just a hound loungin around  
Waitin to sniff some dead presidents  
I know the sex was just a collect  
Men, I tell you, we gets no respect  
Things can change if we do it our way  
You see, in '89 a bitch was made to slave  
So homies, for the last time, use your mind  
Get a grip, boss, and like a pimp  
Tell her to back off, cause she's a groupie-ass bitch

(She's the one)