

# Smack This Bitch

## Black Knights

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

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)

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?

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

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)

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?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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)

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)

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