

## Me & My Bitch

E-40

It's just me (it's just me mayne)  
And my bitch (and my biatch)  
She hates my guts (she hate my guts)  
And makes me sick (I can't stand her)  
I curse her out (HOE!)  
She cuss me out (sorry ass nigga!)  
Then we make up (we make up mayne)  
Fuck on the couch (on the couch) BIATCH! BIATCH!

UHHH!  
My main batch in the front yard finna fight my other  
batch  
Try'na grab each other by each other hair and pull out  
a patch  
Both of them got Vaseline on they face so they both  
don't get scratched  
My neighbors ain't trippin (why?) cause they use to  
that  
The police don't response cause they know they won't be  
right back  
Togetha, foreva, like that? Yup like that  
Never Chris Makin under? even though pressure bust  
sprints  
My bitch got my back whether I'm wrong or I'm right  
I'm a gangsta and not no little management psychosanian  
bad  
A lightway part time convenience she like when I make  
her laugh  
The other day we was jsut kickin it at powwowing and  
shit  
Have a breakfast at the waffle house, cheese eggs and  
grits  
Then all of a sudden come rushing some on mysterious  
bitch  
Talking and hooping and hollering bout she pregnant and  
shit  
I reached back as far as I can go I can get  
Then I slapped the shit out that hoe with the back of  
my fist

Seems like everytime a nigga get home (get home)  
A nigga done did sumthin wrong (sumthin wrong)  
Caught me sex texting on the smart phone (smart phone)  
I'm like "what the fuck is this bitch on? " (bitch on)  
Her parents don't really like her cause we know we be  
on that thug love  
And they don't get off in our business cause comments  
thicker than blood  
But her brothers be try'na to test me size me up and  
mean mug  
But they know that I pack that iron and I'm glued with  
the gloves  
For the most part we cool and I respects they gangsta  
I gotta baby by they sister we family I ain't no  
stranger  
Me and my bitch got one of them love/hate relationships  
we some fools

Break up to make up then fuck cussing arguing infused  
She don't wanna see me with her and I don't wanna she  
her with you  
But the problem with me and her is all we do is accuse  
But at the end of the fuckin day, I'm her man not her  
mouse  
She got mo money than me, but I wear the pants in this  
house (BIATCH!)

Can't live with em, can't live without em  
We put our trust in, but we still doubt em  
Me and my, me and my, me and, me and my bitch  
Me and my, me and my, me and, me and my bitch  
I love her panties my nigga she love my dirty draws  
I love her panties my nigga she love my dirty draws  
(UHH!)  
Can't live with em, can't live without em  
We put our trust in but we still doubt em

[Hook]