

X-Bitches

Ice Cube

Damn, what you doing over here? Whassup?
Yeah I was thinking about you the other day
And I was thinking I should have never fucked wit' your ass
I should have left you right where I founnd you
My bed

When I was with you all you ever do was bitch
Talk shit, but you could suck dick
So I didn't sweat all the fussin' and cussin'
On New Year's Eve, the night I was bussin' (wow)
I would stress and strain to mantain
And didn't need to hear your motherfucking ass complain
About niggaz in the house (mm), feet on the couch
Talkin' all loud (yeah), blunt in my mouth (yeah)
Bitch I got fifty cents on this genesis
Talkin' 'bout niggaz got to vacate the premises
(She's dead) Homie histor
An' outa nowhere your ass got hard
Poured out the pub, then you got drugged
We at it again, I tried to count to ten
There's no end to your naggin'
You can't treat me like I'm faggin', hoe
You see I'm saggin' (no)
Why I gotta act like a motherfucking asshole (why)
To be king of my motherfucking castle
You'll never be the missus (never)
Breakin' all my dishes
And fuck all my X-bitches

Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours
(2x)

On an' off, off an' on, bitch I'm grown
So stop playing on my phone (stop)
It was a time we used to bump and grind
And find heaven (ahh)
Without a motherfucking reverend
Managoua twages and bomb-ass massages
And dreams of three-car garages
You say I'm cheating when I'm up at the studio
Come to find out you the hoe, oh
And you was way out
Talkin' 'bout rap, was gonna play ya
And I was wasting my time writing rhyme (hahaha)
You made yourself loud and clear
You wanted me to choose between you and my career (bitch)
Started fucking with this baller named Chris
Couldn't resist the Rolex on his wrist
I kept on writing my raps with profanity
Now I'm on tour fucking bitches like Fanady
You tried to diss this, now you missed this
And the first and fifteenth is like Christmas
Send me naked pictures but give it a rest
With Mrs Ice Cube tatood on your breast
Now you at the back door of my show
Dressed like a hoe, axin' could you blow (no),

Hell no but it's still delicious
Went from rags to riches
And fuck all my X-bitches

Fuck you, fuck you, especially you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours
(2x)

Now I hear you sayin' "Yeah I used to fuck 'em"
Not lettin' 'em know I was a young buck then
Niggaz axin' me "Man, did you love her?"
Loved her stupid ass enough to fuck her with a rubber (bitch)
Now I hear, I'm your big brother (who?)
Second cousin, friend
Bitch since when?
Incest ain't the way I swing (nah)
Never bought your ass a goddamn thing
That I had to pay for
I was hateful
Ungrateful (uh) and never faithful
Fuckin' everything that I could get my paws on
Walkin' through hell with gasoline draws on
Now I'm on the mic, music is my life
Kids and a wife, heard you was a dite (damn)
It's your thing if you like the switches
But it's my world and fuck all my X-bitches

Fuck you, fuck you and fuck you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours

Fuck you, fuck you, especially you
The world ain't yours, the world ain't yours

Never go down the same road twice
Advice from the big homie Ice Cube
Hmm, girl you better get away from here
I don't want that shit no more
Na,na ahem, and don't be callin' at my mama' house neither
I'm through wit' you. I'm through wit' you
I done got smarter. I done got smarter
I ain't fuckin' wit' your daughter