

Be Gone

Juvenile

Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'

He told me number three was cheap
Wit a chick, wit a stick, yeah them girls be freakin'
Checkin' in motels every other weekend
Say brah - I can't picture lil' one eatin'
Boy you ain't know - fo' sho' she creepin'
While she been tellin' me dog, she goin' to meetings
Meeting Kitty wit her mouth
That's what yo' chick 'bout
Man, pass me my asthma pump, put lil' one out
Sometimes I be likin' - when seenin' chicks dykin'
Pissin' on each other, mud wrestling, and fightin'
Hair everywhere, sratchin' and bitin'
Pass me my asthma pump again man, this shit exciting
I be like, "let's get jumped" like a game of checkers
And I done cheat more chicks, than Nelly sold records
E.I, C.I, turn a chick out
Then give it to another chick and leave it up in her mouth

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There's a story about a bitch named Sally
A hot girl, lived in that rat-hoe alley
She stayed sharp, stayed rockin' Balance
And a fat pussy, laid down in the Cadi'
Back of the seat or back of the Palace
I'm a Hot Boy - it really don't matter
My brother K.C plays them tellers
That'll jump off, hit a stepper, whatever
Michael Kipper, James Peter got a big better
Dick gotta a bitch in Miami - a dick-sweater
Like Delores from A.T.L, "The Freak of the Week"
She did me, Slim, Joe, and Tiki
I don't care, bitch just ride
Shake yo' pussy, and shake yo' thigh
Get yo' hat, get yo' coat, it's time to ride
Baby girl lookin' at me like she surprise

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Let me tell you about another one of my lovers
I caught the ignorant chick pokin' holes in rubbers
Talkin' 'bout she late, sorry no wait
Girl you fucked me, Mike Tyson, and O.J

These hoes be pullin' they raw tactics
Baby makin' and jaw-jackin'
Mami suck dick like a lowrider
Ooh-wee, don't stop her

Thinkin' that I'ma claim that baby
Girl you coo-coo, stupid, dumb, and crazy
His eyes green, and his hair wavy

Thought you had me huh?, got me, playin' me

She movin' like a nigga hittin' switches
But I bet I'd hit that old shitty
She a popper, H.G non-stopper
She from Uptown, baby girl don't knock her

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Nah shawty, don't cry now
Get them old ass iron skates you left up under the bed
And them old ass pro cases that you had, and all them beta tapes
And get your old ass beeper
You know that beeper that look like a garage opener
The one that you had, get that shit up out my drawer
and get on out of here
Yeah you got to leave, got to go
Get that rat coat, that old ass coat that you said was a mink
Shit ain't nothin' but a big ass nutria rat
Oh yeah, and get your cell phone
That big ass cell phone wit the car battery hooked up to it
The one that be causin' Cancer, you know that big ass
football you wear on your face, hurtin' and shit
Get your old ass cell phone
And get them Chic Jeans, that Jamaica Joe shirt, and
them Hearochees that yo' ass was wearing when you came here
And them big fake ass "Salt-N-Peppa" earrings
You know them earrings Salt-N-Peppa had in the 80's
You better get them bitches up outta here too
And get them footy socks, the ones wit the balls in the back
That's yours too, you need to get that, get on outta here
You know what i'm sayin', I use to love you, I don't love you no more
Don't like you no more, none of that, you know what I'm sayin'
And get your Cutlass keys
Get your old ass Cutlass, the one that we parked off the block
You know what I'm sayin', 'cause I didn't want it in my driveway
'cause it was leakin' oil
Get your old ass Cutlass key's and get in your Cutlass and ride out
Yeah, you hood roach, you ain't even a rat, you a roach
Yeah!