

Don't Sang It

La Chat

Mayne look uh hurr, I'm tired of all these micrphone killin' ass hoes
Yah know wha I'm talkin' bout'?
Da type of hoes das gon' run they mouth behind the muthafuckin' mic
But aint gon' kill shit and aint gon' let shit die
These studio gang-style hoes
Talkin' all dat muthafuckin' shit
Bitch bring dat shit on to tha doe' come on hoe
Come on let's go

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You gotta bring it hoe (hoe)
Now don't be sangin' hoe (hoe)
You gotta bring it hoe (hoe)
'cause' I'm da bitchy, da bitchy, bitchy
Da bitchy, bitchy, da bitchy, bitchy
Bitchy you love to hate
You think you know me bitch (bitch)
But you don't know me hoe (hoe)
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Da stout bitch, but I'm packin' da fat ass beer belly
Niggas wanna get in my shit, but they aint ready
If it's somethin' you wanna get den go get it
If I'm not strapped den I'm packin' da mesheti
I don't give a fuck cut chu' bitches up like spaghetti
Shootin' off 70 rounds so don't test me
I'm out hurr just doin' my thang, you gon' let me
I'ma keep keepin' it real, so don't sweat it
Fight a bitch over a nigga I aint petty
Put em' in da trunk wit' da bump of da chevy
Holla at my brother Big Steady das so heavy
He be droppin' pounds of dat shit wit' no waitin'
See yo' gurl den pushed it and she ridin' da big boi Expy
Hooked up wit' da Hypnotized Camp so don't hate me
Shall not play no games when it come to dat ghetty
I don't love none of you bitches, you aint steady

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{pieces of If You Aint From My Hood by Project Pat}
I got a fake smile, fake style for you bitches think you wild
Let me see you do some thangs, while you over hurr talkin' loud

Yeah, I hurr you talkin' bitch
But to me dat talk aint shit
Who gon' do da talkin' at yo' funeral when you in da ditch?
See I be roastin' hoes, but I will (?) fa sho
Hate to see yo' bitch to draw a crowd, I aint gon' do nothin' doe'
For dat shit I got some manners to take it to da highest level
We can fight or we can shoot dem thangs mayne it's wudeva
I be lookin' innocent waitin' for a incident
Soon some shit go down you betta know La Chat gon' be in it
I'm gon' gather up my crew, den we comin' after you
If my crew don't come dat mean I'm comin' wit' grenades fool
Aint no need in watchin' me you betta watch yo' back hoe
Tell yo' mammy to lock da doe' and keep da fuckin' curtains closed
Push rewind and listen good again before you get done in
Know'z you a hata in descise tryin' to be my friend

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I'm talkin' shit 'cause' it's you hoes dat always be hatin'
You think you know me, guess again 'cause' you got me mistakin'
I keep my crew mayne it's some cheese dat I gotta be makin'
Can't go to jail den it's my freedom dem bastards be takin'
You think you slick with it, you bitches I'm seein' you fakin'
And for you niggas I don't love you, your pockets I'm breakin'
You wanna war I got a friend dat I'm bringin' and datin'
A 9 rhuga with tha handle wrapped up in da tapin'
So tell me why you bitches always be tryin' to diss
If you aint heard dat I'm a bitch dat be handelin' fist
I hope you think before you think about fuckin' wit' dis
I know you wanna go and snuggle up wit' cha dick
No disrepect da way I tell it that's always gon' be
I got my book dat tell yo' address and where you gon' sleep
Go to yo' house I'm one of the bitches that be climbin' da beat
I'm tired of bitches startin' shit, hopin' they fuckin' wit' me

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