

# 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

Don't sang it hoe (hoe)  
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  
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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 disrespect 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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