

# One Less Bitch

N.W.A

The world's most dangerous group  
Once again beatin' on your mothafuckin' ear drums  
Doin' much damage for all you slutty ass ho's

Yo, there was a bitch I knew on the avenue  
She was gettin' G oh for a nut or two yo  
I think her name was Clara  
and she was garunteed to give a Muthafucka whatever he needs  
to be perfectly honest she was a hooker  
So I took her - a 100 yards, to the blvd  
I told her "I'll take care o' you, you take care o' me"  
You've gott a P I M P and all I want is the money  
She went to work and the nigguz were fiendin' yo  
She had the biggest ass that you ever seen  
In fact she was like medusa  
Her tities fully grown  
A look and your dick turns to stone yeah  
keepin' on mind that she was the kind that would find the time to get mine  
because she knows I'm not to be fucked with  
She ain't crazy  
fuckin' with dre should be pushin' up daisies  
She was the perfect ho' but what do you know  
the bitch tried to gag me  
so - I had to kill her  
Yeah, straight hittin'  
Now listen up and lemme tell you how I did it  
yo, I tied her to the bed  
I was thinking the worst but yo I had to let my niggaz fuck her first yeah  
Loaded up the 44 yo  
Then I straight smoked the ho'  
'Cause I'm a real nigga, but I guess you figure  
I was soft and she thank me  
coughed to the boss and got tossed  
One less bitch you gotta worry about  
She's outa here and that's how it turns out

Now Vikky Vikky Vikky, she's very tricky  
She put her hicky on top of my dick  
Sick betsy - she told me she loved me  
And she wanted to keep me  
If only she can have the dick with me  
I said I wanted but baby you gotta hold up  
If I was happy with somethin' that I could fold up  
We can do this - she said her husband was rich  
Then I knew I had the bitch  
yo She wrote a cheque name me a cheque  
In the name of a bitch who was strugglin' at the same game  
All I wanted to do was get P-A-I-D  
Just a little somethin' for fuckin' me  
yo Everything was cool but Vikky concerned me  
Her husband was the District Auterny  
So, before he found out he was crossed up  
'Bout his bitch I was fuckin' I had to tossed her  
And put you slick - some nigga never forget  
A dead bitch can't tell a nigga shit  
One less bitch you gotta worry about  
She's outa here and that's how it turned out

One less,  
One less,  
One less bitch you gotta worry about!

(Muthafuckin' right!)

One less,  
One less,  
One less bitch you gotta worry about!

Thinkin' about money, and lookin' at a prostitute  
The bitch was cute, so now I had to execute  
And shoot game like a real nigga  
With a still trigga  
Convince her to move up to somethin' bigga  
I think I had a flashback though  
'Cause I said "fuck it"  
Loped and Choked and Smoked to the ho' like this :  
"Bitch, it's all about Dre  
The money money money and this all I gotta say"  
Of course she came with me  
And remained with me  
'Till the bitch felt lamed and ashamed to be  
Workin' that trick shit  
'Cause niggaz knew that she was someone  
A little later though she called 1  
In the chest and I knew that it was commin'  
By who and how the all act would be done?  
So what?  
One less bitch you gotta worry about  
But that ain't how it turned out..

Yo, there was a bitch named her out and shot her  
Straight to the Muthafuckin' trigger and said "I got her!"  
But I had better plans to give her the blues  
Like dumpin' her in the river with sea net shoes  
I knew my money was commin' up sho'  
And the thought that the stupid bitch thought she'd never get caught  
Came home early and straight bust her ass  
On the couch with the other nigga countin' my cash  
I should've known she was like the motha ho's  
I told the 2 Muthafuckaz to take off their clothes  
Butt naked nothin' left but the shoes  
I had up a 9 so they could'nt refuse  
I shot the nigga he was outa there  
And tied the bitch to the Muthafuckin' chair  
Now there's one less bitch I gotta worry about  
Everybody out, that's how it turns out

One less,  
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One less bitch you gotta worry about!

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.... MIX with Easy E sayin' :

In reality -  
A fool is one who believes that all women are ladies  
A nigga is one who believes that all ladies are bitches,

And all bitches are created equal.  
To me - all bitches are the same :  
Money hungry scandlist groopy ho's that's always riding on a nigga's  
dick.  
Always in a nigga's pocket and when the nigga runs out of money  
the bitch is gone in the wind.  
To me :

ALL BITCHES AIN'T SHIT!

One less,  
One less,  
One less bitch you gotta worry about!

One less,  
One less,  
One less bitch you gotta worry about!