

What Happened To The Groupies

Too \$hort

Short, Short, whats up man, this Captain man check this out
I know you and B-Legit finna get in here and get down on this song right?
But yall can't be talkin bad about broads, man, you know?
Yall in here talkin bout "suckin this" and "suckin that"
Aww shit, here come B pullin up in his 600 blowin big weed, yall be cool man

I blaze blunts all day get keyed all night
Be the one to take flight if the smoke aint right
I'm tight, nicknamed Ike for the drama
It's baby and her mama, naked in a sauna
Down with the gang cuz them flows be hard
Blue mink, Short, and my St. Brenard
Super bad man all around Hoo-J
Tell me what the fuck happened to the groupies

What happened to the groupies, I thought they was comin through
To do everything we want em to
Supposed to be all good when they get here
Break niggas off, bitch we real playas
Baby in the red said "It's coo'"
She gonna give me some pussy, and some head too
I aint trippin though, these bitches takin too long
I'm bout to call some other hoes on the phone

Tell em I'm a hog nigga, need a triple-X bitch down to stick
Turn tricks switched the dick
Theres hips outside and I'm fo' sho' dat
And the finest ho she know where mo' at
Gotta show that, nigga tuck my jewels
Can't be slippin with a bitch, niggas know that shit
Hit me at the room when the hoes come
It be at 301 we callin for some

Where they at B-Legit where they at? (where they at)
Let these bitches know theres some real playas back
Told her meet me in room 510 on the mattress
If you do it right then I'll be back bitch
Another showdown, in yo' town
Let everybody know you my ho now
I'm feelin way too cool off the gin and juice
I'm bout to fuck my bitch and her friend too (and her friend too)

Damn, see man yall niggas is trippin man,
Niggas this '98 yall actin like its still '88
Short cussin, and all this bullshit,
Check this out--see baby and them leavin see?
Baby come here, c'mon, baby don't even trip, just kick it for a lil while
You know what I'm sayin? I'll take you to Sizzler to go eat after awhile
I'll make em stop trippin, don't even trip baby its all good

I'm feelin good, everything hooked up right
Before its all over I'ma be in som'n tight
Looked down at my hip to check my pager
Tryin to find me a bitch, fresh off the stage
Nigga aint hungry, fuck the after party
Told a cute groupie "Bitch meet me in the lobby"
You know how we do it, told her bring all her friends

Next weekend we gonna do it all again

I said it out my mouth on the mic real loud
We at the Holiday-Inn, room 510
Bring all the bitches even if they dikes
We hyped, hoes eatin pussy tonight
Seen her in my mug, peepin my game
Lookin like she could take dick in the brain
We all champagne and Cali green
I need a bitch like that on a pimp team

It's after midnight, can't find the right women
Can't be slippin while you're late night pimpin
Way too many niggas got stuck like that
Waited too late then fucked a rat
Wake up in the mornin, mad as hell
With the wrong bitch in the wrong hotel
Shoulda gave up when you first struck out
Now you tryna get the fuck out

Man I was drunk when I went out, blow when I woke up
Didn't get to fuck cuz these hoes is ducks
Niggas like me need the head lay on
From bad ass bitches who prefer red bones
Rock microphones, later count G's
Could always spot a rat chasin niggas with cheese
Please, put it on freeze, it don't suit me
What happened to the muthafuckin groupies? (muthafuckin groupies)

What happened? nigga they all left, thats what happened
Yall muthafuckas gonna be sittin around all night talkin to each other
Oh thats cool, yall got some muthafuckin Playboy magazines
So I guess thats why yall aint trippin, check this out man
Yall niggas gotta understand one thing man
Bitches don't love to be talked to like that, yall gotta break down
Be cool with a bitch, ya know what I'm sayin?
Show her some caring and shit, understand me?

I remember when the shit first began
I used to fuck the dog shit out my biggest fans
Four in the mornin we hit the waffle spot
Then its back to the telly for some more cock
Shit was non-stop, don't choose too fast
Theres a gang of more bitches with way more ass
Up and down the hall with the bad-ass body
Groupies lookin for the after party

I used to be wild as fuck, get my dick sucked
On the back of the tour bus with two or three sluts
Check into my suite, order somethin to eat
Knockin at my door, its another lil freak
Right up the hall on the same flo'
You could stand in line and run a train on the ho
Top-notch or rat, skinny or fat
B-Legit, where all the groupies at? (groupies at)

In the room with the tricks gettin big faces
But they really wanna know how the dick tastes
I used to get fucked, fall asleep, wake up
Kick the bitch out and bump a freak
But nowadays, you gotta watch your route
Niggas savin hoes need to cut that out
So what they talkin bout, they shoulda been done came

I think they scared of a nigga with this real game

What happened to the groupies, don't point your finger
They're all backstage chasin R&B singers
At the other concert, on the other side of town
I seen a few hoes but they wasn't down
Where the groupies at, I'ma ask yall later
Probably out tryna fuck basketball players
Silly hoes, rappers got mansions
But we aint tryna get into these tramp bitches

Yall niggas is trippin man,
Yall need to sit down and re-evaluate your morals man
Yall niggas gettin too old for this shit,
Yall gonna be sittin around in the club
Tryna figure out who goin home with ya old ass
You need to find ya a good woman, snatch her up, get her a BMW
She got kids, only do what you do, tell her "I got you"