

Hiside

UGK

Uh no love
Now check this out
Bitches be gettin offended when uh they hear the word bitch
Well maybe that's cause they bitches
Know what I'm talkin bout

Stankin bitches say I hiside
Cause I pass by
Don't smoke my fuckin weed wit em
Don't let em sit on my plush crush
Three times gold, I'm a pimp ass nigga
So like a ball is how I roll
And I don't be paradin with them bitches in the street
Ho is you payin me?
Well if not ain't no need in you thinkin that you gon stay wit me
Bitch I'm a pimp cause that's the way you bitches force me to be
You say you broke well bitch you need to stop fucking for free
So when I ride by, I don't give the ho the time
Lil' girl you fine, but you must done lost yo mind
Thinkin you got game
Well bitch game is my middle name
Suckin on thangs, fuckin for fame
But bitch you plain Jane
Straight up and down
I hate silly hoes that talk a lot and try to clown
When she know that I know that she done fucked the whole town
And that I know that she a freak
Bitches say we hiside cause we pass and don't speak

Don't speak, don't speak

Bitches say we hiside cause we pass by and don't speak
I know they wanna freak (3x)

Bitches say we hiside cause we pass by

Sometimes there be a lot of shit I wanna do
But won't do, if I gotta do shit in front of you
Oh bitch don't act like you ain't nosy
I know exactly how you hoes be
Blowzy mad cause I declined when you chose me
But what I need a broke bitch for?
And how the fuck I look walkin around scratchin yo witch ho?
No keep them crabs keep that cock in that case
Cause bitch a pussy ain't nothin but my hand wit a face
And any bitch can take another bitch place
Now ain't that a foul taste
And it wasn't a fuck it was a waste of my mutherfuckin time
I coulda been somewhere flippin or smokin a dime
These bitches now a days out of they rabbit ass mind
Ho you gets no sunshine from me just because you fine
I told em I heard it through the grapevine
You ain't nothin but a freak
So now bitches say we hiside cause we pass by and don't speak

See bitches in P.A.
Get mad when they see a young nigga

full of that chronic havin it his way
But them hoes got us fucked up
The preacher got the clothes and the hoes wit his dick on swoll
Trickin all my people bank roll
I peep that shit, I read my Bible at home
Cause I ain't payin for that nigga's wrong
It's time to ride 600, picture me and Bun B
wit 4 million two drop top gold royces
Now we smokin somethin
Them bitches tried to set us up, but we
Butt-fuck the D.A, fuck the judge, and fuck the P.A.P.D.
I already gotta deal with the rednecks
And ho ass niggas in this rap game comin with that complex
But bitch this ain't no fuckin contest
And if it was we won
I'm a trill nigga live my life by the gun
I love smokin swisher sweets
Uh, now fuck them bitches that say we hiside
cause we pass by and don't speak