

# Call It What You Want

WC

Here's a story  
About a bitch  
About a bitch I once fucked wit  
Now I want ya'll to listen real close  
Shit's a trip  
Peep game

Used to have a bitch that was true to life to me  
Damn near a wife to me  
The bitch was just right for me  
Stood by my side  
Used to help me wit my hustle  
Down to pack straps and a cap if we had a tustle  
I used to trust her wit my riches  
I be in the kitchen cookin chickens  
While she be washin dishes  
150,000 in the attic  
Pager blowin up all night, my bitch never gave a nigga static  
I used to make her mad enough to kill  
Lipstick on the front of my draws, man my bitch was real  
Cuz she never stole nothin  
Gaffled by the FED's 3 4 times and never told nothin  
But wait  
My bitch is gettin distant on me  
No more back rubs and kisses  
What's happenin wit my little misses  
Too sleepy for the sex play  
Now what's really going on the same shit the next day  
Damn I know she wouldn't fuck around  
Still I taps all my phones and records every fuckin sound  
Conversations wit her homegirl but nothin major  
I duplicates the cap code to her pager  
Now i recieves every beat  
Cuz I'll be damned if my bitch goin be playin me cheap

Call it what you want but I gotta know  
If my bitch fucks around then my bitch gots to go  
Week and a half flies by and now I  
Can't trust my bitch doin shit  
Track her through the mall, the cleaners, and the nail shop  
The grocery store, and the health food spot  
Dub you trippin I say to myself  
'Is she all that?  
I'm on my bitch ass like I'm lo jack'  
Just hold that  
I don't really like when she be callin her best friend  
Pull up on the lot in a black Benz  
I could smell it homie  
It's goin down  
These bitches bout to flirt wit some niggas and clown  
Followed they ass to the Mo-Mo  
Oh no  
Damn this shit's for real  
Now just imagine how a nigga feal  
Cuz I been livin wit a hoe  
And worse than that a muthafucka didn't know  
She got's to go

I hit the chronic cuz  
I'm on a mission  
I'm havin visions  
Of two dead bitches missin Christmas  
I can't take it no more  
I cocks my strap ?takes flight?  
And kick the fuckin hinges off the door  
I skimmed the room with the infared  
And finds my bitch and her best friend naked in the water bed

Now I'm confused  
I puts my heat down  
Mouth open like a muthafucka takes a seat now (?we's now?)  
How long you been fuckin her?  
I ain't know yo ass was on cock  
Got me thinkin bout ? ?  
She said I trust her like you trust me  
If you trust we  
Then us three could be livin in harmony  
I get's to thinkin bout the pussy and the riches  
Fuck it I guess I got two down bitches

Ha yeah  
Tell ya about these little stank ass scraggs  
Ain't shit  
I got two of em now  
Fuck em  
One for this braid right here  
One for this braid right here  
Gotta lick this middle one  
Fuck ya'll  
WC CJ Mac