

Ice T, Bitches

(woman)

Yo, all you nigga just because you make records and shit, you got it goin' on and shit, you know wh

(man)

Yo, shut up, bitch!

(woman)

Yo! You don't call me no bitch! Who the fuck you think you is, callin me a bitch? Who the...

(man) Shut the fuck up, bitch!

Ice-T:

Yo yo yo, baby, don't get mad. Don't get mad, you know what I'm sayin'

Let me tell you what really, what a Bitch really is...

I once knew this brother

Who I thought was cool with me

Chilled out together

Even went to school with me

Fly nigga, my ace boon coon

Used to low ride together

Shot dice in the bathroom

Ya want trouble?

Well trouble ya found

Cause we diss ya, then issue

The critical beat down

He needed money

I would always come through

Needed a car? He could use mine too

But bust this!

Out on the street

People say he was riffin'

Callin' me a sucker

Talkin' bout how foul I'm livin'

Someone heard him

Poppin' that shit last week

Frontin' for some pussy

From some big butt freak

Sayin' I'm his worker

I was on his dick!

Talkin' that crazy old weak assed shit

and after all of that

She still walked away

How ya gonna diss your boy

To get some play?

And when I stepped to him about it

He said, "Who snitched?"

Yo, how did he go out?

He went out like a bitch!

So ladies

We ain't just talkin' bout you

Cause some of y'all niggas

Is bitches too!

(You ain't nuttin but a Bitch, nigga.

Some of you niggas are bitches, too) 4x

I knew this brother named Mitch

Stone player

He meet a girl, in five min. he lay her

Trucked crazy jewels

Hands smothered in ice

Been to prison not once, but twice

Kept a stupid thick posse

Made of thugs and

Crooks and hoods

and vet hustlers

Who were up to no good
But they all stood behind him
and watched his back
That's the only way
To roll on the track
But yo,
Mitch got rushed by feds last week
The snatchbared the runk
Of his white Corniche
Took a look inside
And what did they see?
Two keys, and a gallon of PCP!
Oh shit! The thought crashed
Mitch's subliminal
Three strikes, that's called
Habitual criminal
So insted of goin' under
He snitched on his whole posse
Maxed at the crib
And sipped Martini and Rossi
Sold out his whole crew
That rat named Mitch
Yo, how did he go out?
He went out like a bitch!
So ladies
We ain't just talkin' bout you
Cause some of y'all niggas
Is bitches too

(You ain't nuttin but a Bitch, nigga.
Some of you niggas are bitches, too) 2x

I knew this guy
That was never that fly
Couldn't act cool
Even when he tried
When we played rough
He always cried
When he told stories, he always lied
A Black brother
Who was missin' the cool part
He had the color
But was missin' the true heart
When we would fight
He would always go down quick
So he took karate
and he still got his ass kicked
But now he's married
And he kicks his wife's ass
Says it comes from problems
That he had in the past
Doesn't like Blacks
Claims he's upper class
Joined the police, got himself a badge
Now he rolls the streets
and he's cut to jack
Doggin' young brothers
Cause they usually don't fight back
Got a White partner
And he asked for that
and every night
Another head they crack
So now he's big man
But he really ain't shit!
Yo, how did he go out?

He went out like a bitch!
So ladies
We ain't just talkin' bout you
Cause a lot of these pigs
Is bitches too

(You ain't nuttin but a Bitch, nigga.
Some of you niggas are bitches, too) 2x

Out one night with my crew
and some new kid
I didn'T know homeboy, but Evil E did
So I thought he was cool
We rode in his ride
Rag top tray on Daytons
Lifted side to side
We hit the party deep
Niggas was hawkin' me
You could feel the vibe
Of thick artillery
Parliament was on, some O.G. shit
I put my back to the wall
And felt my pistol grip
al of a sudden
Niggas started trippin'
Flippin', the record started skippin'
Wildin', fools started locn up
Gats cracked
The room started smokin' up
Me and &"E&" hit the floor
And then the back door
My boys let off an automatic encore
But when we made it out to the ride
It was gone, we had to shoot it out
Side by side
Punk left us there to die in a ditch!
Yo, how did he go out?
He went out like a bitch!
So ladies
We ain't just talkin' bout you
Cause you scary-ass niggas
Is bitches too

(Some of you niggas are bitches, too)
So if you wonderin' why we lookin' at you funny, it's because
(Some of you niggas are bitches, too)
You always tell a brother you gonna loan him money, but you don't, 'cause
(Some of you niggas are bitches, too)
Yo, Aladdin, you know why they be frontin? I'm-a tell you why. 'Cause
(Some of you niggas are bitches, too)
You act like you can fight, but when its a real fight you find out that
(Some of you niggas are bitches, too)
&"Yo, I'm-a do it, Ice. I'm-a do it, Ice.&" No, you ain't, man, no you ain't
(Some of you niggas are bitches, too)
A brother think he's got back-up, but he really don't. You know why?
(Some of you niggas are bitches, too)
I wouldn't even hit you with my fist, I'd just smack the shit outta you
(Some of you niggas are bitches, too)

I know the Real brothers.