

W.C., Walk With Me

(Talking)

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

(Chorus)

Call it what you want but I gotta know

If my bitch fucks around then my bitch gots to go (Repeat 2x)

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
(Chorus)
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
(Chorus)
(Talking)
Ha yeah
Tell ya about these little stank ass scrag
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