

Lirik Lagu Lagu

<http://liriklagulagu.com>

2Pac - Fake Ass Bitches

little kid* Tell me about these fake ass bitches

[2Pac]

Look here little nigga

Most of these niggaz be bitches too

but you'll never hear that side of the story

So uhh, we finna do this shit like this

It's like I tell my niggaz, keep your eyes on these bitches

They love to G a nigga young dumb and gettin riches

What the fuck you think a trick is nigga

Nigga done stick and wet his dick

and then get tricked out all his riches by a -- BITCH!

I'm here to school you to the rules of the game, it'll cost ya

Think you alla that just cause she let a nigga toss her

It's like a motherfuckin priveledge

So don't give up your conversation, give that bitch your 7 digits

When she call ya, ask that tramp whassup

And if she is the type of nigga hang up, worrrd up

And let that bitch meditate to the dial tone

And call me when you're ready to bone, and it's on

A motherfucking mack tonight

Stay that stay strapped cause my raps is tight

You fuckin punks, I hate you snitches

Went against the grain and the game to be fake ass bitches

(God, damn! You can't just hit them niggaz with that game

and expect them to accept it; girl your heard me it gets skanless.

But we gonna kick this shit like this here)

Chorus: 2Pac

I can't stand fake ass bitches

Lyin ass niggaz and you punk ass snitches

(repeat 2X)

Time to show these bustas who's boss

Run up on a real motherfucker and get tossed

The game is deep, and thicker than a motherfuckin jimmy

Broke hoes runnin round yellin "Gimme!"

I can't stand it, hoes talkin bout they got a man

Shit all I wanted her to do is suck my DICK

So how about hittin a motherfucker on my pager

Busy now bitch but you can give me the pussy later

Fly how I fade her, played her like a game of Sega

Fuckin with the player that done made her, huh

And I ain't sleepin caught you creepin for my money

Got the dick and now you get the pistol honey (bitch)

So get the bozack, knockin hoes back, keep my dough stacked

So where the motherfuckin hoes at?

Punk niggaz can't fade the mack, livin fat

Gettin paid to rap, it's like that, you motherfuckin bitches

Yeah, yeah that's my motto

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She educated a whole bunch of you old raggedy-ass niggaz
So y'all take that shit back to y'all camp and uhh
you sleep on that there, it's like
Chorus 2X
Oh you too nigga, don't think we ain't talkin bout your punk ass
You old fake ass nigga
Standin there wearin all them Pendletons and khakis and all that
You soft as a motherfuckin grape
Ain't this a motherfuckin bitch
I can see right through your flower ass
Some of these niggaz is bitches too, man I tell ya
It's gonna be harder and harder to be a Thug in ninety-fo'
but we gonna do this shit
Y'all take this shit and you play this shit for every single
fake ass bitch out there
And there's plenty of em
You probably got one sittin next to you right now
Bobbin his fake ass head to this, dope ass shit that he listenin to
Fake ass motherfuckin bitch, die in ninety-four