

Can I Get a Bitch (feat. Ant Banks)

Too \$hort

It's been a long time kickin' it and everybody knows this
Oak town still in the house, so, I suppose it's
Time for some more shit, so, yo, peep the flow, bitch
And I'll be the motherfuckin' host with the most dick
So, now you know it ain't a damn thang
changed up
Stayin' true to the streets since we came up
So, blame us for bringin' you the game plus
Much bass, now the name is just Dangerous
So, here we go, it's time for some new shit
From 94 to 95, we can do this
So nigga, just love this with no playa hation
'Cause we gets respect all over the nation
Still in this to win this, so you can pretend this
Beat this like my dick in yo' mouth until I'm finished
The shit goes on and on and on
But when you gets no promotion, that ass is gone
In the studio, all day puttin' in work
Hoes didn't give a fuck and man, that shit hurts
Used and abused, no pain no gain
Sure them hoes tried to play us but I'm still in the game
Still in the game, after all these years
Been bumpin' so long, I can hardly hear
Still got the same flow that I used to have
You can clown if you want but don't do it too fast
'Cause I'ma slow it way down, then shoot
your ass
And send you wanna be pimps, back to class
'Cause Ant Banks been making these beats too long
You trying to get with these funky songs
But the formulas patented, we ain't havin' it
Game is all we spit, keep on mackin', bitch
You can't make it hard
Can't tell a motherfucker how to play this part
Call me, Short Dawg, baby, from the Dangerous Crew
Talkin' on the Mobil Ant Banks came through
Ridin' in a brand new Benz
A nigga like that might have a few ends
No shit, bitch, stupid hoe
You spent your last 10 years in the studio
We ain't no punks, we can't be played
Still in the game, still gettin' paid
You know, we got all the hoes
More hoes than Swiss cheese, nigga
Ant Banks you wanna hoe? You wanna bitch?
Well, can I get a bitch?
(Bitch)
Nigga, can I get a bitch?
(Bitch)
Short, give me a bitch?
(Bitch)

Banks jump yo' fat ass in the mix
Yeah, the shit gets hectic but you gotta expect it
10 years chillin' in the game, well respected
But check this, some niggaz don't give it up
Never be givin' us props, see we don't stop 'cause we don't give a fuck
We gets paid, so tell me
what a nigga know
We hit him low with the bass, than we get more
Number one album, so, where the fuck you at?
Doing sit-ups, stay off my dick, still tryin' to rap 'Damn, we never ballin' out of control
We open doors for the motherfuckin' O, now, let's roll
Everybody up 'cause we all got to get it
And when you get your motherfuckin' chance, nigga, spit it
So, listen to what I'm tellin' G, come
with the melody
Or keep yo' skin tight, so you can have longevity
Like the Bad Ass, shit, I had to earn that name
Some love it some hate it but I'm still in the game
Say, bitch?
(Bitch)
Nigga, can I get a bitch?
(Bitch)
Short, give me a bitch?
(Bitch)
[Incomprehensible] Young nigga in the fifth grade, stealin' cigarettes
At ten years old, he was a real vet
Sellin' gold weed, makin' money like a star
Wasn't old enough to drive but he still bought a car
Ten years later, he was sellin' coke
Fuck with the nigga, he was killin' folks
Had to do a couple of niggas or he would've caught the chrome
Hopped on the plane, straight got gone
3 years on the run, still in the game
Bounce back through the town, ain't nothin' change
Caught a murder beef but the shit was weak
Charges got dropped in less than two weeks
Nigga went through a lot but his bank is fat
They tried to catch him up with them wiretaps
[Incomprehensible]
You can clown all you want but we still in the game
Somebody say, bitch
(Bitch)
Say, bitch
(Bitch) Say, bitch, bitch
(Bitch, bitch)
Say bitch, bitch, bitch
(Bitch, bitch, bitch) Let me hear y'all scream
(Hoo)
Scream
(Hoo)
Short Dawg and Ant Bank's in the house, bitch
And we mackin'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>