

Bitches (feat. Domo Genesis & Hodgy Beats)

Odd Future

Bitch

It's the 5-9 taper fade, sideline Laker game
High time save a page, they already know the name
Doms in this bitch I mean it's real sh*t taking place
Money still the motive and I'm clocking it like Flava Flav
(Hodgy Beats)

Let me take my scarf off.

Five, four, three, two, one bitch.

Hodgy bout to barf logs, I be spitting fire campin makin s'mores
My flow be trampling like you whores, I'm suicidal, fuck the door.
I'm and, if, but and or.

(Domo)

Bitch what the fuck is you talking bout if you ain't gettin no money huh?

Broke n*ggas is talking loud I swear you n*ggas is funny bruh.

We what the fuck is up 2012, clutch as fuck.

Fast lifestyle, slow me down, double cup.

(Hodgy)

Old school visions, rhyme ambidextrous

I switch hands five o' clock, when your bitch lands by six.

She will be quicksand better than the next n*gga, this man

Pockets swell up like a sick gland killing your whole ambition

Bitch.

(Domo)

My hat says high cause that's exactly how I feel bitch,

All I need is green grass and gold on my real bitch,

Watch me get it n*gga, I'ma sell it real quick

Hodgy drew the master plan and Domo hit the kill switch.

(Hodgy)

I'm young fellow guy peddle by reppin' MellowHigh

Girlfriend never settles, why? Too busy in the meadows high.

Out to dena, I'm fresh like I'm out the cleaners.

Hardwood like an angry beaver, I'm nuts like my fucking t-shirt.

Get it?

(Domo)

A phantom you never hand a random rapper eating cannibal

She can't refuse so I let her drink it like it's Danimals.

Handsome dude she wanna be with standing by camera crews

I let her snooze and dream cause none of them wishes tangible.

(Hodgy)

I'm ballin' like a Benjamin, it's all about the Benjamins

That's why people acknowledge me and I ain't even friends with them.

Call a ho then stall a ho, I'm also dope across the rope

Catch my fate, I bang grenades and beat your face til it's off your throat.

(Domo)

Please shut the fuck up let me put this shit to sleep.
The shit he speak got him all ansty like his Christmas week.
Silly me, riding with several bitches with slim physiques.
And I'm tryna see lights, camera, action like Mr. Cheeks.

(Hodgy)

Army fatigue, Bape boxes for the league
No ghetto barrettes and weaves down to the sleeve, for the fees
If packaged she'll be petite know how to roll up my weed
Her doing's doing the deed and she don't really need shit.

(Domo)

They asking Domo "Where you been?" They feel they got ditched.
Just look for the influence, I be under that bitch and
It's a headlock when it come to that grip
You ain't never met a motherfucker done in that sick.

(Hodgy)

I'm the best thing yet the I'm the best thing next
I bet I'll mess with presets and jet around all these vets.
That don't know how to let go; this game is filled with a bunch of grey hair
dead souls. Promise 90 retro, Ho.

(Domo)

Hey y'all get out of the way cause i'm going AWOL
Bitch lay off the gas that they giving your head tank dog,
Thinking that you better than me will get you taked off,
You either gotta win or go home, bitch it's the playoffs.

(Hodgy)

More luxurious that a throwback with no low Jack no driver but it got doormats,
Zero to sixty in like 4 flat; you know any nigga that own that?
I ain't stuntin I'm a youngin, me and my n*ggas we be thuggin
At our shows that we be bugging groupie loving and we buzzin.

(Domo)

So meet me in the trap; it's going down.
MellowHype leaning like the jaw of Bobby Brown.

(Hodgy)

Cops arrest me for a DUI prohibition
We don't need you motherfuckers to stop and listen.

Golf Wang Bitch.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>