

Ratchet Heauxs

Crooked I

On the road to riches and diamond rings
Ratchet heauxs do ratchet things
Fucking all boners' the songs she sings
Groupie hoes do groupie things
And it make you wanna kill the bitch
Ratchet heauxs do ratchet things
I said it make you wanna kill the bitch
Groupie hoes do groupie things.

You a ratchet ass set a nigga up
Boys, money ass, groupie ass, no class
Low cash, broke ass, bitch

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Boys, money ass, groupie ass, no class
Low cash, broke ass, bitch
Steady shit talking, bitch get walking
You know I'm pissed off I don't talk like this often
You say I'm on a show over this tip
When it's 40 below snowing and shit
And still nothing cold as a bitch
She almost as low as a snitch
On a toad and pole of those who belong in the ditch
I had to give his mother the news
This chick set my home boy up
Niggas rushed in, whacked my home boy up
I'm fucking confused
She was in love with my dude,
Just my home boy's luck
He trusted the wrong hoe
50 thousands in jury, put his beautiful kids
On the funeral front row
And I'm 'posed to let it go, ok I feel you
But if I ever see you bitch, I'm a kill you

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You a ratchet ass reality show
Wanna star an ass,
Always looking pass a good hard working man
Ass bitch

See a broke nigga the hoe is laughing
Knowing damn well your account is over drafting
Fuck a regular nigga main she looking for a dry pick
Her goal is to marry him then divorce him on some half shit
If she don't get that far, with that star
She got some black mellon photographs to get that car
Or put them on media take out
He pulling the media cake out
Before the bomb drop in his back yard
And on facebook the bitch act hard
And soon as you see that groupie shit
Diss that broad
Don't be like me, you know how these girls are
They nuts over ours nuts kinds like squirrels are
I lift my problems, put my drama on the curl ball
Still my still my still my still my
Was on world star

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Yeah I put my trust in you
Ya know what I mean
I never would've thought you would do me like that