

# Stank Ass Hoe

Cypress Hill

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Once again, ha ha ha  
We back, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Now all these new nigas tryin to bust grips  
Keep tryin, I'm shittin all over yo tapes  
And yo CDs, you see these  
Niggas wit the weed leaves, you need these  
Hill biggas to bust trigga, sicka sicka  
The rhyme spitter spittin over the transmittor  
I got double platinum records on the wall  
While you got double cheeseburgers in yo toilet stall  
Cats wanna try me, you must be high  
Cause you havin fuckin +Illusions+, no lie, what you usin?  
Gimme some of that shit (shit), you fakin it  
Any little tittle you got, I'm takin it  
You can't have it, you didn't earn it  
Spit on yo name, shit on it, and burn it  
Suckas wanna floss and play the big boss  
What movie you livin in and how much did it cost?  
What role are you playin? I'm only sayin  
You're the record gettin played and I'm DJ'in  
Playin you, playin you, and playin you  
Decayin you, I'm tyin and breakin you (ah ha ha)

You're a weak ass hoe  
Punk slow yo role  
You're nothin but a clone  
With nothin to show  
You're a weak ass hoe  
Need a style of your own  
You're a weak ass hoe  
You're a weak ass hoe (Punk ass nigga)  
Leave me alone (Carbon copyin muthafucka)  
Punk nigga wit no flow (You ain't shit)  
You're a weak ass hoe (Fuck your little record, punk)  
You're a weak ass hoe (Eat a dick)

Now look at her over there (damn), lookin all fine  
Shakin her ass, tellin me to grab from behind  
Please don't mind me, you'll find me  
Rollin the pine trees, women askin to sign these  
Well OK, but you're gonna get me in trouble  
Nice ones, I gotta be out on the double  
I'll be in that corner table wit my homies  
Gettin stoney tryin to avoid the phonies  
Huh, what you askin? Do I got plastic  
To buy you and yo friends drinks? Do I have assets?  
Do I got a big home? Do I live alone?  
Can I use yo cell phone?, feelin my bone  
She wanna ride me, she wanna tie me  
Around her tiny little finger and ride me blindly  
I don't think so, you stink, hoe  
The chain in yo brain is missin a link, hoe  
Please back up, I know you look good  
But that ain't enough to get half of my stuff, bitch  
(ah ha ha, that's right, you're a stank hoe!)

You're a stank ass hoe  
Tryin to get dough  
Leave me alone  
Cause you can't roll  
You're a stank ass hoe  
Nut ridin pro  
You're a stank ass hoe  
A stank ass hoe  
Leave me alone (Broke ass hoodrat)  
You can't roll (You can't roll)  
You're a stank ass hoe  
A stank ass hoe (Stank ass hoe)  
You're a stank ass hoe (Dick suckin tramp)  
(Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha)  
(Bring it back homie, come on, huh)

Here goes another example to begin it  
With a twist (yeah) like pussy I'm in it  
When I look at me, I look and see  
How long it took for you to throw the book at me  
Damn that shit hurts, but I put in work  
These niggas are like germs, over the counter they lurk  
And smirk when you fall down, but I calm down  
And put the anti-bacterial assault down  
Kill germs that wanna test, they want the best  
Comparin you to me is like a nigga to the cess  
Never settle for stress, or wack rappers  
I'm rockin the outta the West and rockin the East (?)

(Punk ass nigga)  
You're a bitch ass hoe  
Knockin on my door  
Leave me alone  
Cause you got no soul  
You're a bitch ass hoe (Trick ass hoe)  
Need to find a place to go  
You're a bitch ass hoe (Punk ass niggas)  
You're a bitch ass hoe  
Don't touch the microphone  
You're a bitch ass hoe (Eat a muthafuckin dick)  
You're a bitch ass hoe  
Leave me alone  
Got no place to go  
You're a bitch ass hoe (Trick ass hoe)