

Powda 4 The Hoes

Dre Dog

Check this out heffa I'm a ghetto star
69 Cutty is my favorite car
Chew gets rolled then here come the hoes
In the G-string panties and the sexy clothes
Snow white powda jets across the dash
It's all about dope man plenty of cash
Every fucking day man an ounce to smoke
Game from the brain keep the bitches broke
Money dope and pussy hits the corner don't stop
No time for the playa haters hoes come jock and I'm over
Spittin like I'm clean and sober
Indo got me feeling good hoes want cola
It's like that man it's just like this
These heffas can't have me so these hoes be pissed
All day everyday hittin them corners
All day everyday chewy aroma
When you gets out all night fucking with a fat rat
You rubber band g's coming brickhouse stacks
Check this out partna can you smell the skunk
Or the fine red scent from the honey blunt
Do the things I do to make the hoes wonder
But I'm dock in the cuts and I'm over on the under

Chewy for my niggas powda for the hoes
When they panties come down bitch anything goes

Mo powda Mo powda
Mo dank Mo dank
Mo hoes Mo hoes
Mo bank Mo bank
Chewy boy do me I still got tricks(?)
From Frisco to Flordia hoes ain't shit
I eat potatos over stuffing
Cuties.. heffas.. nothing..
Call down on the phone if you think I'm bluffin
I like money and pussy
You like pussy and money
Is it different motha fucker ain't a damn thing funny
And 30 dollar sacs make sexy hoes moist
Mary Jane and Pam is a cherries main choice
Cause these heffas they like smoking budda by the bay
Well stop talking bitch and fire up that J..
You's a hoe..
Cocaine came from the mo..
Mother fuckas try to get as high as they can go
Honey blunt stop..
New drop top..
Seatbelts.. look straight here come the cops
They gone.. mother fuck the chewys back on
I slept with cutty chrome I see hoes on the phone
Carmel and Butterscotch.. they both got ass
And I'm thinking to myself should I waste that gas
So I lit another fow one.. turned up the volume
Check the profile and the rear's quite handsome
Baby what's your name?
"Was that her or me?"
It really don't matter cause I'm thinking about a 3..

Some for the party..
Some for the rows..
Chewy for my niggas and powda for the hoes..

I'm over on the under at E and J.
Eating hashbrowns and grits served just my way
Cause the munchies in the stomach from the indo clouds
And these heffers get wet when the 15's pound
Like "Oh Rap Daddy.. Sugar brown patty"
Get with me and you will that I can make you happy but HOE
I got Mary Jane and Pam
Where the fuck you from do you know who I am?
A nigga that will melt in your mother fucking mouth
Without saying one word hoe check my clout
An ounce of that doja..
Eighth to the face..
Back up hoes cause a nigga needs space
I'm a con.. and that got to be right
With a mind like Don King to make punk hoes fight
It seems like you ready for the grind and bump
And this chewy got me fine and I'm thinking about fucking
Going to sleep and waking up and eat
And then I'm back in the cut with this zap code beat. (?)
The phat rat cat rat nigga why you do that
I'm over on the under but you sexy hoes knew that