

Funky Ho'\$

Joey Bada\$\$

[Intro:]

Light fuck that, word word
Lord Finnesse, Jay O it's been my jail since a day old
Yea this ones for the ladies who be tryna have my babies

[Verse 1:]

Words to my mother
Two things I never do
Is leave the crib without some rubbers
Or tell a funky ho I love her
These broads be trying to get
A brother caught up
In this sticky situation
Missing menstruation
Cycles, they all psycho
Ask Michael
Before you give a note
For Billie Jean's and the nice clothes
Like woo don't let them trap you
On the tight rope with spike holes
In the condom to form a zygote over night
Ask Quan he know what it's like
He wore a hat but it exploded twice
But fuck a bad bitch
I knew this rap shit
And put it over life
On the coldest nights
And shine like the solar strike
And I swear I got the weirdest cases pipe
Chicks in to weirdest places
From roof tops, to staircases
Like get a load on their faces
Face it if you fear hate it
You get put it on this girls face

[Chorus:]

I don't trust these bitches
They would never catch me slippin
I don't trust these bitches
They could never catch me slippin
I don't trust these bitches
They would never catch me slippin
Slipping
They would never catch me slippin
I don't trust these bitches
They would never catch me slippin
I don't trust these bitches
They could never catch me slippin
I don't trust these bitches
They would never catch me slippin
Slipping
They would never catch me slippin

[Verse 2:]

Hey yo, I'm attached too, to the cash rules
Bout to go nuts niggas get their attitudes
To these cash you

Who you know that cool that they drip swagoo
And I'm here to stay like tattoos on statues
Check your mirror nigga that's the second time
I passed you, eating my gas fume
Got me thinking I could gas you
And your girl got gas too
She let me tackle before I touch and I staple
And as you decide to put her shackle
I'm that dude, fuck values
Pump up the volume, all up in the cut
No alchool just bad booze
Tryin to find the path to bring him back too
Like a taboo, that poo, got back chicks
That I feel bad for
Loosing 'til they back bones
Look it at my cock tip
Down and doin' all no matter what the synapsis is
All it takes is some exotic piff
And all your conscience tap exclusively vodka and shit

[Chorus:]

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They would never catch me slippin

[Outro:]

Ey yo It's PE leaving no hope for these hoes
We leaving no hope for these hoes
My nigga Jay Steve leaving no hope for these hoes
Leaving no hope for these hoes
My nigga Eliah-So leaving no hope for these hoes
Leaving no hope for these hoes
My nigga Kirk Knight leaving no hope for these hoes
Leaving no hope for these hoes
My nigga Cj Fly leaving no hope for these hoes
Leaving no hope for these hoes
My nigga Pal P leaving no hope for these hoes
Leaving no hope for these hoes
My nigga Jay Lee leaving no hope for these hoes
Leaving no hope for these hoes
My nigga Dam Louis leaving no hope for these hoes
Leaving no hope for these hoes