

# 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 synopsis is  
All it takes is some exotic piff  
And all your conscience tap exclusively vodka and shit

[Chorus:]

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I don't trust these bitches  
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Slipping  
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