

Salt Shakers

La Chat

{Chorus: repeat 2x}

They some salt shakers, they shakin' shakin' on your girl
They some salt shakers, they shakin' shakin' on your girl
They some hating ass hoes and they all up in your grill
They be smiling in you're face, but they smile aint real

{Verse 1}

At first it was the hatin' and the muggin'
But now you actin' like you got some lovin'
I know that you a snake bitch sneaky
Stay close so I won't see your weakin'
Do you really think that we is cool
Youz a damn fool
I'm on that out to make this loop
I be watchin' you
And I can tell you out to get me
But hoe before I go you got to kill me
You wanna kick it cause you know it goin' down
I ain't a weak bitch smackin' bitches out a crowd
While you be, be talkin' shit behind my back hoe
(ooh-wee) I just can't wait to let my cover blow
I said that I don't fuck wit hoes anyway
You ain't got to be in my grill bein' fake
I hate it when a bitch think that I'm dumb
Keep on kissin' my ass you don't want none

{Repeat Chorus}

{Verse 2}

I be fuckin' wit a bitch, cuz a bitch don't smoke
When we be ridin' I be askin' you to fire up that dope
I got no love for you hoe, just keepin' it real
I got no friends, mama told me that a friend will kill
I guess you don't believe bitch, shit you pull this thang
You try to imitate my style just to get you some wang
But did you know chat I really don't be givin' a fuck
A bitches hoe talkin' back and then you might get stuck
Cuz you do not see that I see you
Full of animosity but
It's not hard for me to teach you
How to be gone just like me bitch
You wanna war, then I'ma load up my nine
You wanna squash it, then my niggah it's fine
I got to show a bitch that I'm about mine
Can't let you slide hoe to many times (yeah)

{Repeat Chorus}

{Verse 3}

You hoes kills me
Why in the fuck you do that shit
Just stop the hating
That's why I can't fuck wit a bitch and that is fucked up
You better watch your every move or you'll get shot up
Aint got a damn thang to prove, you want my niggah
So then you tell him lies and shit that you had made up
A low down bitch you told him everythang you thought of

Can't drop no thought down on me bitch, we got some real love
Colaboration wit a thug, so I trick you
I know you know I can't be friends wit an ex-hoe
Have conversations wit yo' wanch, so we can stay close
We kick and talk, you tellin' me bout where you stay at
And mane that's good, cuz now I know just where to buck at
I know you hate me but you actin' like it's all cool
You wanna get me, I'm the one he's commin' home to
You need to stay the fuck up outta of my grill
Cuz you ain't real this shit is gonna lead to a kill

{Repeat Chorus}