

My 3 Wives

Lil' O

[talking:]

See Willo, I ain't even trying to be fly on this one
I'm just being real wit ya (just being real baby)
One bitch, just ain't gon cut it for me

[Hook x2: Chad Jones]

I got my main bitch, I got my mistress
I got my young hoe, uh-oh
I know, it sounds cool
But that's how us playas roll, uh-oh ay-ay

[Lil' O:]

Now from the halls of Manu Zuma, to the South of the seas
You ain't never met a playa, like Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze
And I don't fucked some of the baddest hoes, you niggaz done seen
I'm a pussy beating ass slapping, cot wolverine
Cause a fiend I mean pussy, on a regular basis
And have her sixty-boeing, with the regular faces
I like to switch it up, when I go different places
So like a true playa man, I keep me three aces
My main bitch is the shit, with her chocolate ass
That's why I go get a mill, she'll stop and smash
She treat a playa like a king, she don't talk no trash
And she been down for the longest, so I drop some cash
She get Manolo boots, and sole whole suits
Baby tell bottom B's, girl you so so cute
A real playa know a woman's worth, you know O do
So anything that you want, you won't hear no boo

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

Now you can say that I'm tripping, even out of my mind
But niggaz been having hoes, since the beginning of time
And I ain't trying to condone it, like sinning is fine
But my daddy was a playa, so it's in my bloodline
And this life of mine I lead, filled by money and weed
Moving a hundred miles per hour, a nigga pumping for greed
And this game'll stress you out, cause the niggaz you feed
So it takes a special girl, to understand all my needs
And my mistress understand, that I'm a man with power
That's why she rub me on my back, while I stand in the shower
Whisper sweet things in my ear, body smelling like flowers
Then she lick me on my navel, then attend to my tower
Our relationship is sour, cause sometimes she get hurt
Then I wanna leave her 'lone, cause I don't think that'll work
But everytime I see her ass, my jaw drop to the dirt
Cause my boo one of the baddest, yellas walking the earth

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

My young hoe 20 years old, out of control
She ain't old enough to drink, but she swallow me whole
That's my pretty young flower, man the blossom is cold
And everytime a nigga see it, they stop dropping and roll
And she go to TSU, but she love skipping class

I gotta threaten her, and say don't make me get on your ass
You come home if you want, with some brains at the pad
You thought Ike was a fool, watch how I put down my last
She acted like trash, talked wild and loud when I met her
But fuck it that's my young hoe, she don't know any better
I introduced her to class, rolling on chrome and leather
Told her baby be a lady, you'll get treated much better
She like to reach for my baretta, I say no it's no game
Baby sit your young ass down hoe, soak up some game
You think this street life is cool, nigga slanging cocaine
You better stay your ass in school bitch, and go fix your brain
Cause that pussy ain't paying, like it use to baby
And we ain't really big on tricking, you in Houston baby
Will I keep you maybe, if you keep your flare
But at least you could say, you got raised by a playa

[Hook x2]