

# Handcuff Your Hoes

Luniz

Handcuff your hoes, the girl is yours  
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcu-u-u-ff your hoes

This rap here goes to all you player haters  
Hand cuff your hoes, that goes to all you Captain Save-Hers  
Me, my major industries gold teeth and diamonds  
Been grindin' for nine and half years now I'm rhymin'  
Reclinin' meal tickets couldn't be lookin' me in the eye  
I'm sigh now, clown that ass like Saturday Night Live (WHHHYYYY!)  
Because I'm all between they wife's thighs  
But all jokes aside I yoke the ride and roll the weed up at the same time  
While I drive I cross my heart and hope to die  
Hella high, it's the mobb blowin' greenery till we die  
So haters do me a favor, handcuff your briide  
I creep through when your husband's at the job  
Many hunners got players, baby mammas feedin' me all kinds  
of hibachi shrimp and I don't even rock Versacci pimpin dudes  
But when I'm through, you never knew I touched her  
Got her screamin loud as hell like Chris Tucker (aaaaah!)  
Handcuff your hoes

When I step in the house (niggas snatch they hoes up quickly)  
Niggas start breakin' out (cause they all wanna get with me)  
Cause they know they hoes ain't faithful (and my eyes is on them all)  
And I'll snatch them if I'm able (hey, put this lighter on the balls)  
Olly-olly-oxenfree, don't hesitate to give your hoes to me

Uh, I'm used to stabbin' top notch and border coochies  
Just big booty, firm casabas, preferably groupies (WITH BIG THIIIGHS!)  
Makin' em ride they self up the wall easy  
Off the expecting them, feel breezy  
Do me a favor, take your hoes (HOME)  
Before you find your breezy (GONE)  
It'll be for life, only players when I'm beerin' at  
I want the better things in life  
Nice, he ain't hearin' that  
I ain't the nigga to be buyin' bitches clothes  
they know that and still keep  
So handcuff your hoes (handcuff your hoes)

Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcuff your hoes, the girl is yours  
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcu-u-u-ff your hoes (your hoes)

Hey Mrs. Big Butt (why you always cry?)  
She fight all the time (Oh my, my, my)  
He's been cheatin' on you, but don't worry, please dry your eyes  
Just take a ride with smoke-a-lot, the master of high  
(HOW HIIGGH!), high enough to kiss the sky, on the real  
I wonder why beautiful girls date fat guys  
He must got his cape on tight, oh look up in the sky  
(WHHHYYYY!), now that's a Captain Save-Her fo' sure  
Me being like that no, no, no, no, no  
I know some hoes don't want to be a dumb-dummy

but don't play around and disrespect my money  
Like a gun I'll take you away  
And if you niggas act a fool, I'll spray you with the AK  
Just let me take the hoe (and go peacefully)  
Let me skip into the sunset (like tweed-de-lee-de-lee)  
I like to come and so do you  
If you can take one nut then you can take two  
And it's true, we likes to party (TO PARTY!)  
We likes to party

Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcu-u-u-ff your hoes (your hoes)  
Handcuff your hoes, the girl is yours  
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours  
Handcu-u-u-ff your hoes (your hoes), I'm breezy