

Hoe's Ain't Shit

Messy Marv

Yeah bitch, this aint only business bitch, this is all the way personal. Ya understand that? Ugh Ugh... my thug niggas sing!

Enough of you hoes aint shit
Especially a broke ass bitch from TLC
Hangin' out the shotgun side
Of my homeboys ride
Yellin' wont never have money

I heard you hoes went bankrupt
What happened to that?
Now yalls on fuckin scrubs and yallve been havin' scratch
You hoes are Atlanta hood rats
You aint know
Yall could gain a little weight if yall would stop fuckin wit dope
Im from Fillmoe
Bitch the land of the Scandalous
Thug livin' and drug dealin'
Pimpin' and Handlin'
What a niggas not understandin is how yall switched
>From bein' a broke hoe
To a top life bitch
But what game is this?
Me and my niggas mash on those
Ricky ass no class punk ass hoes
You know my stee low
Bitch kicks, shops
Bricks all broke down into twomp chops
And on my block
We've been through it all man
Like Paper we got handles in this game
With the ball man
After the club I heard you suckas could dip
And believe me, when I see you, Im a call you a bitch
BITCH!

See Im used to this
Bitch this is what i do
Drop off shit and collect chips in cancoon
Half of you hoes got issues fuckin, wit Mess
Still choppin' at the gap and boots at Nine West
You see nappy head niggas, like myself
Get a punk bitch, shake their hand and the scroll
Bitch you under-still
I keep it thugged out like yup boy
Whatcha wanna see me in the Lexus of the trunk boy
Im a ride on all you victicious'
Coward ass fashionable, low class bitches
When it gets specific
Hoe I seen you on the cut
Lookin' all fucked off bitch and lil as fuck
In yo back hoe
Bitch dont fall to tha Yay
Made a football playin' ass nigga turn gay
So what more could I say?
Bitch whos the scrub?
And when I see you at the club

Hoe it aint no love
BITCH!