

# Thas Wat Hoes Do

Nipsey Hussle

Bitch  
Marathon shit  
Young rich nigga shit  
Ten rack a show shit  
Ten racks, you kno, thas wat I mean  
Huhh, Check me out look..

Look,  
She know me ex bitch, she think she got next  
She fucked a gang of niggas, throw that pussy off deck  
She ain't no real bitch, that's why she talk shit  
She been a ho since middle school, why she ain't got shit  
She ain't the homegirl, she always getting punked  
She ain't a stripper, she just sit the club and get drunk  
That bitch a pill head, she looking sick huh  
I heard she got a STD, don't get your dick sucked  
That ain't her boyfriend, she gettin pimped huh  
'Cause she never keep her man, she always getting dumped  
She got her heart broke, when she was real young  
That hoochie special ed, bro I'm talking real, real (real dumb)  
Don't gotta holla at her, she gon approach you  
She got her county check, now she think she's so cute  
Them ain't her red bottoms, she borrow clothes too  
But I ain't mad on you bitches thas what hoes do

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But we not mad at you bitches  
Thas wat hoes do

She fuck on me then fucked the crew, thas wat these hoes do  
Young nigga, you woulda swapped from the old school  
Them last week bitches, man that bitch is old news  
She let me hit, now the only things she got was soul food  
This ain't halloween girl it ain't no tricking me  
We eat for free, cuz I took your bitch EBT  
Gave her the D, and then she ran and told her homegirls  
The next week she found out I fucked her homegirls  
She say get me, so I gave that bitch my cock to suck  
The dick was good, so now she at my house poppin up  
I got a bitch named Shelly, that bitch is hella messy  
And she fucked like it's a sport, she shoulda won an ESPY  
Hoe bitches always got more than one nigga to fuck  
Hoe bitches can't wait till the first of the month  
That's so true, yup bro thas wat these hoes do  
She let me hit, and the only thing she got was soul food

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Shout out to Pusha Inc, I'm yellin TMC  
One time for Blue Division, Top Dawg, and AOB  
We had a differences but they got handle in the street

So I'm gon keep it hood, and shot the homies from the Neek  
That's Willie Lynch shit, they wanna start up beef  
But it's enough money in this shit for us all to eat  
We got them cups going, we got them streets goin  
We got that World Star Hip Hop, and MTV goin  
And yeah we lost it for a sec, but now we repoint  
I took a trip out to Manhattan, now the East know it  
When I'm in ATL, I'm hollerin' duck tape  
Ricardo Alley born black, dem niggas nothin, fake  
I think I'm DJ Khaled, (ri, ri, ri) ricky ross  
That We The Best and MMG shit, screamin bitch I'ma boss  
I started on the block, out the trunk of my old school  
Still I ain't mad at my haters, that's what hoes do

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These hoes know me, but I don't know dem  
They unpredictable, just give em dick and I'm through  
Yeah she low key, but she get it in  
That's what these hoes do, she benefit, she old news  
She don't got a job really, but she love to fuck  
Go back and suck bitches, she will never get enough  
She be runnin game, 'cause she look good  
She a trick a nigga, set it up to lick a nigga  
She be going up she don't give a fuck  
She up for bang bang, and she getting drunk  
She fuck the whole squash, she wasting no time  
Blame it on your eye baby, you ain't even gotta lie  
She fucked the AM beat, she fucked the Pusha Inc  
No sleep, wash her coochie in the kitchen sink  
That's what she good at, hood rat, burnt cap  
Wore out pussy, I don't want that  
Hold that

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Me and my nigga Slim, was on the play right  
He laced my chucks, and told me "Hussle, get your game tight"  
Back when I thought and shit, they was gettin cake like  
We sent them bitches early morning til the late night  
to Figueroa and Sunset  
She'll give you money, if you tell her you don't want sex  
That fuck her mind up, tell her she just a fine duck  
Get out a pocket wit a piece, she gon get lined up  
I had this hoochie from the J, she was a go-getta  
She brought her friend, her friend went to, thas how you know nigga  
Bitch I'm from Tiny Lokes, I ain't no hoe nigga  
You broke and only fuck wit ballers, youz a gold digga  
This for the girls, rollin stressers, and tryna smoke wit you  
Lookin busted in the club, steady drinkin yo liquor  
Bitch, put the bottle down, thas for the bros boo  
But I ain't mad at you baby,  
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