

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

Do do thas wat this 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,
Thas wat hoes do