

Sittin' at the stop light lookin at hoes
Peeping out this bitch in her black Girsauds
Windows rolled up tight, top was closed
Blowin swisher sweet smoke out my nose
Open up the door and asked the bitch what's up
Lookin' at me crazy, I'm like bitch what's up
She asked about my woman, I said my woman at home
I asked about her nigga, she said her nigga was gone
I got my pencil and got her digits and things
And after three or four days I gave that bitch a ring
We started talkin and I dropped some shit
Gave her some game and now I got that bitch
Now she wants to give your homie some ass
But there's just one question I got to ask

I called my homie, told my homie it's on
Gotta few hoes that wanna moan and groan
They on they way I just hung up the phone
And we gone be like Marvin Gaye, nigga, gettin' it on
But you gots to keep your head right
And make these bitches feel at home
Cause these Bitches got they head tight
And furthermore, they bringin' weed
Just kick back nigga follow my lead

Hung up the horn and the hoes arrived
Three tight young tenders, them hoes was live
Rolled herself a wooler, told her fade me true
Cock bustin at the seams of her Daisy Dukes
Ass fatter than a motherfuckin quota hoe
Ready to take one of these bitches to the slaughterhouse
Got my shirt over my dick cuz it's hardened to fuck
Cuz I get real daddy wantin to fuck
It's about time to put the game in attack
Tapped and told her what's her name in the back
Got em in my room about to hop in the tub
My homie walked in, "shit, brad, what's up?"
Told my homie put it down we spend to act a fool
The hoe said "cool, hop yo ass in the pool
I wanna polish up your tool."
But it's just one thing before you do