

Checking My Hoes

Too \$hort

Hoes, hoes
Just checking my
Hoes, hoes
I like the way
I like the way she turn a nigga on
Put it in her mouth
She brings me paper
Takin niggaz home, turnin niggaz out

See I made up my mind when I was only a child
That I would hang with the big dogs, runnin wild
In the streets chasin cats, they lace these macks
Everywhere you go you know we take these gats
So they treat us like kings, they never try to play us
They wanna play with us cause they know why we players
I got it from my daddy, boy go tell your momma
I'm watchin cartoons man, I won't, I'ma just
keep it to myself, and when I'm grown
I'ma get a lot of women and get my pimp on
Like you, and now that's what I do
Got a bunch of broads just like the fuck I knew
I ride through with a few, only top notches
Hoes so fast you can't use stopwatches
Untyin 'em, so when you firin 'em
Bend a bitch over try to rip out the linin

It's the pimps of the pimps player
Went at hollered at \$hort, come pimp with a player beotch!
Baby girl, this our year
You see them Lexus Coupes, so mine don't fear
Gorilla pimpin, born hustlers
slash, the number one stunna
We them hood rich niggaz been ghetto bound
We worldwide hustlin, we ride Uptown
It's the same ol' nigga with the platinum mouth
If ye ain't got no food I ain't goin in ya house
A lil' nigga, freshly chilled
Ma, I don't drink no beer
I'm the big type nigga in that frozen weather
Chinchilla, rammin on that soft-ass leather
I'll fly in any weather, I pluck my own feather
Swine on the G9, pocket full of cheddar beotch!

Got new bitches, quite a few bitches
Too many hoes, that's my life, and you wish
it was just a bunch of lies, cause you know it's the truth
I stick and move cause these hoes'll do
just about anything for the low-low
Sometimes I daydream about my old hoes
But mostly I just look for a bitch like Stella
Do what I tell her, and get my mozzarella

I'll break a brick like I'll break a bitch
Run a hundred miles to put some wheels on a whip
Kool-Aid, candy bars, Cadillac, whip
Silver and gold, barbecue out bitch!
On them slab kitted out real slick

Mommy dressed up in her brand new fit
Tailor made Louis and she ridin on 23's
D-boy, Birdgirl, I know you know me

We ain't worried about how to treat a itch
Bitch better worry about how to treat us
Yeah, bitch, rub my back

Suck my dick, cook my breakfast bitch
Yeah, when you wash the dishes get your ass back in bed

Yeah
Pimp shit! Jazze Pha
Big Baby
Short Dawg, so real

You know we love it
Love the way these hoes treat us
Oh we so special!