

# Let Dem Hoes Fight

Trina

(Let them hoes die)  
Stop stressin' on me for the attention  
(Let them hoes fight)  
You're excused, you're no competition  
(Let them hoes die)  
Stop comin' at me, guns are a blazin'  
(Let them hoes fight)  
Hold up bitch, I could stomp your face in

I was lookin' hella good  
When I stepped off in the club  
She was jockin' on my Gucci  
'Cause her boyfriend want my cookie  
She just keep on lookin' back  
I keep throwin' her the bird  
I'm about to walk away  
I don't care what you heard

Watch me, watch me swing my weave  
I'm gon', I'm gon' fix my lip gloss  
I'm gon' stunt on them hoes  
With my hands up on my hip bones singin'  
Jealous bitches, jealous bitches  
Don't hate me, don't hate me

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He keep giving me the look  
Like he wanna make me holla  
I feel like I'm in the club  
'Cause he throwin' me them dollas  
He keeps sendin' me these drinks  
'Cause you lookin' like his grandma

I got, got, got it  
Pathetic if you're knowin' this is drama

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Let them hoes fight  
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One more time