

## **Rick Slick**

### **"Treat Her Like a Prostitute"**

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Here's an oldie but goodie

Hit it

Excuse me

What?

Can I have your attention?

Mn hmm

There's just a few things that I've got to mention (Uh huh)

There's girlies out here that seem appealing

But they all come in your life and cold hurt your feelings

I'm telling you

As Rick is my name

I wouldn't trust not girl unless she feels the same

Treat 'em like a prostitute (Do What?)

Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop

'Cause all they do is they hurt and trample

Listen up close, here comes my first example

Now ya been with your girlfriend for quite a while

Plans for the future, she's having your child

Celebrate with friends drinking cans and quarts

Telling all your friends about your family thoughts

One friend was drunk so he sstarts to act wild

He tells the truth about the kid

It's not your child

Acting like a jerk and on his face was a smirk

He said, "Your wife went berserk while you was hard at work"

And she led him on and tried to please him

She didn't waste time, she didn't try to tease him

Treat 'em like a prostitute (Do What?)

Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop

'Cause all they do is they hurt and trample

Listen up close, here comes my second example

It's your wife

You buy the tramp jewels and clothes

You get sentimental and bring home a rose

Give her everything 'cause you swear she's worth it

All your friends tell you, "The bith dont' deserve it"

Love is blind, so there goes your wealth

Until one day, you see things for yourself

Came home from work early, Mr. Loverman

You had a card and some candy in your right hand

There's the mailman, he was short yet stout

He went inside your house and didn't come back out

Bust it

Just a friendly stop, come on, is it?

The mailman comes and he pays your wife a visit?

The thought alone makes your temperature boil  
You say to yourself, she might still be loyal  
You open up your door and stand in a trance  
You see the mailman's bag and the mailman's pants  
Came home to party  
At work had a hard day  
Look around your house and you say, "Where the hell  
are they?"  
Run upstairs up to your bedroom  
You look inside your room, you see something brewin'  
Cover your mouth because you almost choke  
You see the mailman's dick way up your wife's throat  
Treat 'em like a prostitute (Mm-hmm)  
Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop  
'Cause all they do is they hurt and trample  
Listen up close, here comes my third example  
Now your girl, she don't like to have sex a lot  
And today she's ready and she's hot, hot, hot  
As you open up the door she says, "Get on the floor"  
She wants to try things she's never tried before  
She takes off your drawers and works you over  
She calls you Twinkles  
And you call her Rover  
Next thing you know, the ho starts to ill  
She says, "I love you, Harold" and your name is Will  
That's not the half 'til you start to ride her

Take off your rubber and there's one more inside her

It's not yours-who can it be?

I think it was a slick rapper, his name is M.C. Ricky

Treat 'em like a prostitute

Don't treat no girlie well, treat no girlie well

Treat no girlie well, until you're sure of the scoop

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