

**S.L.A.B. f/ Billy Cook, W.G.****"Stop Cuf'n These Hoes"**Visit "[Stop Cuf'n These Hoes](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hook: Billy Cook]

I ain't cuffing no hoes, I'm married to the streets  
Ain't no time to get mad, plus your bitch chose me  
She recognize the game, plus the G in me  
See playas get chose, so your bitch chose me

[Billy Cook]

Don't get mad, cause your bitch chose me  
Don't get mad, cause your bitch chose me  
Don't get mad, cause your bitch chose me  
Stop, cuffing these hoes - 2x

[Jay'Ton]

Don't get mad, cause your bitch chose me  
Never catch Jay'Ton, cuffing up in these streets  
Only niggaz in my slab, riding in the front seat  
Can't have the smell of perfume, on my Tall-Tee  
I'm a gangsta, I ain't tripping if you let my nigga hit  
I'ma call another bitch, and try and see what I can get  
Fuck a dime, I refuse to trick and cuff sluts  
Hop fly, introducing they feet to these cuts  
So swift, and plus I like to ride one deep  
Unless I'm with my niggaz flipping, 22's on a Fleet  
That's how it is, and that's the way it gotta remain  
I'm a nationwide pimp, ain't a damn thang changed

[Hook]

[Boss]

I can't be cuffing these hoes, I know how to fuck em  
Then it's off to the load, smoke a cigarette then I'm off  
to the road  
At the shack, with the next bitch  
Trying to get this hoe, to buy me this brand new  
necklace  
Running through these hoes reckless, never  
protectless  
I can't put shackles on a bitch, out here in Texas  
Niggaz get these dime piece hoes, and lock 'em down  
I take one look at these dog ass hoes, and knock 'em  
down

And keep going, cause I know a hoe gon keep hoe'ing  
I'm a gangsta, I can't gal that bitch y'all niggaz knowing  
I use to a nigga like you, fucking up my day  
I'ma let that bitch suck me up, in my rag Chevrolet

[W.G.]

Nigga please, playas get chosed off top  
These niggaz be loving bops, I just stop and watch  
I ain't tripping, cause the game I be spitting  
Be leaving these hoes sick, like they was bedridden  
Stop hating, and learn how to share these hoes  
These niggaz be taking classes, on cuffing these hoes  
I'm a G, and that's all I got to say  
When they see that candy red, they gon mind anyway  
Ain't no stopping and blocking, and mind game  
Representing for, the Slow Loud and the Bang  
Me, Boss, Jay be pimping these dames  
Knock 'em down fast, and pass in they lane

[Hook]

[Trae]

I'm a certified pimp, by the way I spit  
When I spit I spit it how my flow, my mouthpiece so sick  
Got game by the mile, and plus I like to block when I  
smile  
So boppers tend to ride my dick, like I been gone for a  
while  
Cuffing ain't in my vocabulary, I strut like a Don  
Run up on me bumping bout a bitch, you might get met  
with my palm  
The only thing I learned to love, around this bitch is my  
money  
When it come to hoes I run up in em, and I leave 'em  
for dummies  
Same rules apply to boppers, as these roach ass  
niggaz  
Take your roach ass and get the fuck on, you ain't  
touching my figgas  
I mean it and I put that on a G, who's stomping in  
Gators  
Don't try to cuff, and it ain't hard to see that I's a playa

[Hook]

[Billy Cook]

Don't get mad, cause your bitch chose me  
Don't get mad, cause your bitch chose me  
Don't get mad, cause your bitch chose me  
Stop, cuffing these hoes - 2x

(\*Billy Cook\*)

Stop cuffing these hoes, yeeeah

Stop cuffing these hoes, hoe-ha-hoe-ha-hoe

Stop cuffing these hoes

Hoe don't get mad at me, a G

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