

Santana F/ Citizen Cope

"Walk On By"

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(Kid Capri)

Yes indeed, What the deal
This is the world famous Kid Capri
up here wit my man Joey Crack
Joey Crack got this new joint coming out
Yo Joey, tell 'em what the name of this joint is

(Fat Joe)

This is for the hoes and bitches

(Kid Capri)

A-yo what about all the young ladies, the positive
young ladies

(Fat Joe)

Like I said this is dedicated to the hoes and bitches

(Kid Capri)

Speak on it man

Verse 1-Fat Joe

This ain't for the intelligent civilized divas
for all the hoes and bitches who swallow nut by the
leiters
Two months pregnant madd dick pokin' the fetus
But she don't give a damn still suckin' dick for
sneakers
You know the type, Damn dirty is right she even did it
wit dice
And made a dildo of ice
A-yo it's like the hiest
move ya phat ass to gain
And if you love me baby girl give my friends some
entertainment (Yo that's
foul Joe)
Hey yo I treat 'em how they act yo
Behave like a hooker and played like a madd hoe
Rumor has it that you take it in the asshole
And wrap ya lips around my dick like a lasso
I love the way you hold that
Joe Crack bozak

While niggas bone that
My stomach's where ya nose at
Just another hoe in the midst
That does more than kiss when we start pourin' the 'cris

(Chorus)

All you bitches be fuckin' for money
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me
You ain't smokin' my lye
Pushin' my ride and if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by
All you bitches just walk on by

Verse 2-Fat Joe

I once knew a girl by the name of Savannah
met her backstage at a show in Atlanta
seemed like a nice girl, class and well-mannered
When I took her to the hotel the bitch went bananas
Did my eyes decieve me
Was she suckin' three pee-pee's
Caught it all on tape so I could watch it late on T.V.
Couldn't wait to beep me
Started in the car shorty caught the quick train from the
Trinity stars
Big Joe'll railroad
Any frail hoe
Have a bitch scream and yell throwin' elbows
Now who the hell knows
Why these girls fuck for cell phones
Turnin' tricks for material shit
Now bust it, You wanna hit it gotta pay top dollar
These chics is hott rodders
Wit grips like Rottwilers
But why bother
Picture me payin' a fee
I'll just play like Akinyale and fuck these hoes for free

(Chorus)

Verse 3-Charli Baltimore

Picture B-More on the floor on all fours
mind must've lost yours
never been tossed
Tour thats what I do for ones
Not whore baby thats what I do for fun
Now I dread that I gave you head
All because them four double A duracells went dead
My vibrator....Huh!! playa hatin' on me
Thinking you can hit this and get away scott free
Now you boomeranged....All I wanted was some ac-tion
Brought my own Branton
Got my own mansion

Now you off tryin' to front to yo niggas
Cuz I blew ya back out and got my own figgas
Please, you was just something to do
Had a camcorder too
How you like that boo
You madd cuz I hit that and vanished
Or cuz you on tape screamin' "CHARLI BALTIMORE" in
spanish

(Chorus)

All you bitches be fuckin' for money
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me
You ain't smokin' my lye
Pushin' my ride and if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by
All you bitches just walk on by

(Ad-libs til fade)

Just walk on by
See ya later yeah
You scandalous hoe

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