

The Boss Hog Barbarians

"Hell No, Ho!"

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[C.T.] Beatminerz and the Barbarians BITCH
[Zone] Aiyyo Mr. Walt gimme some of that dirty
basement
[Zone] Beatminerz shit y'knahmsayin? Like
{*beat comes in*}
[C.T.] Uh-huh
[Zone] Yeah yeah that's dope, YO!
[Zone] Don't make me do "Q&A Part II"
[Zone] I'm sick of y'all askin me the same stupid-ass
questions
[Zone] over and over again, ay bitch don't worry about
[Zone] askin me all that, just fill up my drink
[Zone] and, do your damn job (check it)

[J-Zone]
Hell... no... ho!
I ain't no MySpace member, that's an impersonator
If I gotta use a laptop to catch a date
I'd rather call up my hoodrat ex and masturbate
Hell no ho! Can't have a free copy
of this album cause you cute, take yo' ass to the sto'
You can do me a favor though... no?
Well then you better check {?} gimme some dome or
gimme dollars
Hell no ho! I ain't sweatin Lucy no mo'
That's a rap, that crush died like four years back
Interviewers stay current, Old Maid Billionaires wasn't a
group
It was one album and that's that
Hell no ho! Michael Jackson ain't do that
Ehh, well maybe he did, that muh'fucker loves kids too
much
Fuck it, he's still my dog, and when I tell a bitch be
gone
"She's Out of My Life" is still my song, c'mon

Hell... no... ho! Negative, nothin, nada
Handouts, dumb-ass questions, don't bother
(Hey man, let me borrow a dollar) WHAT? Never
Here's some cents/sense, I'ma do you one better

[Celph Titled]
Hell... no... ho!
Won't spend a dime on you bitches unless it's Mickey
D's
Or maybe groceries, you need to cook me chicken
fricasees
Or should I say, fricase, freak-a-say, freak I say
You gettin on knees and please, kids outside of shows
and cyphers
Hell no I ain't spittin frees, bitch unless I'm gettin G's
Hell no ho! Me and Zone won't answer race questions
Faggots we in the detergent aisle, cause we far from
crackers
Ain't a producer, I'm a rapper who makes beats
I write my own lyrics, you talk shit you get your face
beat
Hell no ho! Never got beatdown in a fair one
Never got choked, never been punked, never ran from
Anyone believin those rumors keep thinkin 'bout me
My name ring bells in this rap industry undoubtedly
Hell no ho! I'm not from New York or Boston or CT
I'm from Tampa, got an issue come and see me
Demigodz, Army of the Pharaohs, yeah I run with them
Loyal to my family, Equilibrium, my next of kin
Hell no ho! Ain't from the projects or the suburbs
I'm from Waters & Armenia Ave, with Cubans and
Colombians
They speakin fast, creepin past, section eight when
heaters blast
My cousin's up the street on Florida Ave, involved in
that
Hell no ho! I ain't religious but I don't hate Christians
Told you in "Eat a Dick Up" I went to private school, you
didn't listen
And yeah I really got guns, won't pull mine
Until I find somebody worthy enough for the jail time

{*scratches: "Hell fuckin no you stupid
motherfucker!"*}
{*"Suck on that, you bitch-ass trick!"*}

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