

## The Boss Hog Barbarians

### "Hog Luv"

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[J-Zone] + (female)  
(Hey daddy!) Hey beitch  
(I wanna be your BITCH. How can I qualify?)  
I mean, it takes a real special kind of lady  
to be with a Boss Hog, y'knahmsayin? I mean  
You just can't be any girl to be a Hogette  
You gotta be that kind of girl you can take home  
and show your grandmother, y'knahmsayin? I mean  
You know what? I'm-I'ma tell you  
I'ma tell you what kind of girl you need to be  
Check it out, heh

I need a girl with extensions in her hair  
Or she can be baldheaded, shit I don't care!  
A crazy nag with a bad attitude  
That's all I need to put me in a good mood  
She beat her kids with a switch and joined the street  
gang  
Start shit with other girls when they try to run game  
Standin at the bus stop, waitin for the Q3  
Settin metal detectors with her bootleg jewelry  
Or a rich bitch from Long Isle' that actin like Hilary  
Banks  
High as the national debt, straight whylin  
Bougie, yet she drinks 40's of brew  
A Yale graduate, yet she snorted all of her room  
Used to search for a regular girl like a ass  
But you got nuttin to lose when yo' hoe is low class  
Faith beat up her pops for sport, Jan's a klepto  
She can steal a 747 out an airport  
My new broad is neurotic with a slight mustache  
But somethin 'bout the crazy bitch won't let me quit her  
She went trick-or-treatin with her kids to rob the  
homeowners  
God damn nigga, maybe you should reconsider!  
Maaan fuck that, I got no love with the wife type  
I never met one, so I stick to the trife type  
Got fo' kids, low class, but I can spank her  
And got a trackin device, strapped to her ankle  
So she ain't in the club, flirtin with Pharrell  
She's home by eight o'clock cause she don't wanna go

to jail  
Met a Adrian Balboa bookworm type  
But on the low a coke sniffin snow blower had to let her  
go  
A grimy Far Rockaway thugmatic bitch  
Suburban-ass soccer mom drug addict bitch  
Every girl I date seems to be a nutcase  
And I'm the only dude that never been to jail the slut  
dates  
Lisa, Angela, Pamela, Robin  
I don't need 'em, them hoes got problems  
But I can't stay away, but if they ever need a place to  
stay  
Stay the fuck from around my way, ya crazy bitch!

[Chorus: Boss Hog Barbarians]  
Somethin about you - makes me wanna make you my  
wife  
But bitch you trife and baldheaded with no job  
Callin all hoodrats and psychos  
They always wanna fight hoes  
Drunk, high, about to do a bid  
You wanna be a singer and you got four kids  
Bitch you crazy, I should quit'cha  
Aww fuck it, I'ma stay wit'cha

[Celph Titled]  
Silky, filthy, her gold teeth like sunshine  
That's why I had to dedicate at least one room  
To all them gangsta bitches from the neighborhood  
Cause I'm the one to fuck you like no other brother  
would  
Type to go to Burger King, splurge on some onion rings  
Purple eyeliner, earrings the size of onion rings  
These are things I like in my girls, I ain't playin  
They the ones from junior high, skippin class,  
misbehavin  
Gettin fucked in the stairwell, pregnant at 14  
Runnin drugs back and forth in projects at Fort Greene  
Asked if she could use a gun - she said, "Which one?"  
I said the M-249 she said, "Yeah that's that shit son~!"  
Keep her pussy clean but bitch grimy as hell  
If cops find out she sell she'll be confined to a cell  
She don't write no love letters, she snuffin them thug  
heffers  
DipSet and D-Block, she only listen to thug records  
Perm in your hair or even a curly weave  
Buck fifty scar across the face as cute as can be  
I need a bitch that's a rider that's the one for me  
But she ain't gettin out of jail 'til I'm a hundred and  
three

And really most of y'all dudes is too soft for these  
broads  
Offerin cards and candy, asian nails and massage  
But I just pull out the garage in a hooptie, ready for  
action  
For girls with tats on they breasts that read "Thug  
Passion"

[Chorus]

[J-Zone]

Man fuck that, this is dedicated  
to all my flaky, psychotic, drama queen ex-bitches  
Doin time for stealin blank checks  
Got enough kids to start a fuckin Pop Warner team  
Doin more drugs than the cast of Different Strokes  
Jealous ex-boyfriend havin rap groupie tramp punk hoe  
Stop callin me, don't e-mail me, don't come to my  
shows  
Kill that I love you talk cause love went out with the  
Reebok pump  
I got nuttin for y'all but a case full of Bitch-B-Gon  
and a can full of Hoe Repellant, abra-cadabra BITCH  
DISSAPEAR!

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