

## Carly Simon F/ Lucy Simon, James Taylor

### "Ho But You Can't Help It"

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Beep!

Trick Daddy

I figure you're a ho but you can't help it  
'Cause being raised by a ho is kinda hectic  
Old material bitch  
Gold-digging for them tender dicks  
A real nigga never give you shit Biotch  
Born and raised in the motherfucking projects ho  
Getting money by at the pak Jam, by the back door  
Wearing them shorts up your ass with a tube top  
Letting niggas stick they fingers all in the cock  
Pussy all big and wet, looking good and shit  
Smelling like dead fish  
And every week it's the same shit you and that lil shit  
And every time I see you, you got to have dick  
You wants mo' respect  
You gets no respect  
And all you want is some hardcore sex  
1, 2, 3, yes you know  
4, 5, 6, 7 niggas in your hole  
Back-to-back from the back, head and all  
Doo-doo brown and licked his hairy ass balls  
In the streets late-night me, you, and all my boys  
What I'm thinking 'bout honey bun (honey bun)  
You got the nigga running up in you  
Shake it like "Naww, I'm not trying to do you"  
No good freak, is the same but I love you  
I'm off in you skin-deep motherfucker let's do it again  
sometimes you like that, huh?  
The next nut going out for your grandma

You're a ho but you can't help it 'cause you don't know  
it  
I figure you're a hoe but you can't help it, 'cause you  
don't know it  
Oh, Oh, Ho  
You're a hoe but you can't help it, 'cause you don't  
know it

Buddy Roe

Stupid bitch you done dropped out of high school  
But who's the fool?  
You're a prime example  
You met a nigga named Mike  
at the nice Lexus lane looking like grands for the night  
Times are hard, you scared, your rent is due  
It aint no limit to the shit you do  
You making records in the studio  
Telling me it aint who you know it's who you blow  
Sheit,  
I'll hit you up for a gangbang  
Have you doing strange thangs for some small change  
Keeping it real  
Fucking with the wrong pops  
Longshoreman on the dock  
Head, booty and cock  
You get what he got  
Shooting tech to his whole cat  
Took him home let him hit you from the back  
With tax because it's like that

I figure you're a Ho Ho Ho

You can't trust  
A bitch with a big butt  
You get the guts, then tell that ho to keep in touch  
Jimmy-up when I bust her  
Fucked her  
HIV can't trust her  
I got too much to lose  
Cash rules  
Protect the family jewels  
Yeah,  
And I ain't going out like Easy  
Believe me  
A nigga disease free

Chorus

Trick Daddy  
Had another baby, blame it on the same nigga  
Reason being is seeing that he's a dope dealin  
Bitch, you're a fiend you want dick  
You want much flow,  
But I can't pay you ho  
You dissed Trick,  
And now you on the hitlist  
I dogged you out, and now you getting dick shit  
I told my boys  
That you make much noise  
And you like getting off with those sex toys

A bunch of high school hos at the Goom-Bay\*  
They got they drawers in they hands like it's okay  
They got all the niggas jockin 'cause they cock fat  
The young hoes turning heads 'cause they got back  
Now, they finer than them hos off TV  
But, they fucking every nigga on fifteenth  
So I figgaaaaaaa  
You'se a Ho Ho Ho

Chorus

Ho Ho Ho

Chorus with variation untill the end

\* The goom-bay is a Carribean music celebration down  
in miami

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