

Corey F/ Lil' Romeo

"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 wan't 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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