

Knoc-turn'al f/ Slip Capone, Too \$hort

"Cash Sniffin' Noses"

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[Slip Capone]

Mac flossy Where you at? (aaah!)

I wish they all could be California

I wish they all could be California

I wish they all could be California hoes

[Too \$hort]

California bitches (Tim Dog)

Some bad hoes

Bitch you digging in the wrong dirt bitch

Ain't no gold in here

Fucking with the wrong niggas

Knoc-Turn'al, Slip Capone, Short Dog

[Slip Capone]

I knew a tight white bitch named Marianna

She lived right around the corner from Temecula

See I was bored, I fucked both of them whores before

So I called my other bitch Elsinore

She wasn't cracking so I called up Hesperia and

Monrovia and Valencia

I got some pussy from Pomona and her sister Corona

It ain't nothing like them hoes in southern California

I knew a bitch named Irvine

She had a cousin with the name Santa Ana, it was short
for Anaheim

I got high in Riverside with Receda and Rosarito

And Santa Clarita and [Rameda???

I'm pleased to meet you

I've been all around the world

And with over a thousand girls

And homeboy I don't know what you have been told

But eskimo pussy is mighty cold (brrrr!)

[Chorus - Slip Capone]

These hoes, these hoes, these hoes

Got cash sniffin' noses

All around the globe back to California

Everywhere I go they all up on us

These hoes, these hoes, these hoes

Got cash sniffin' noses

[Knoc-Turn'al]

You might be gold but lately I been doing the platinum pose

[Girl 1] Knoc-Turn'al's on 128 girl

[Girl 2] What? I'll be right over

Magazines choreograph me in photos

I put out with three dime pieces slamming four doors

And if I can use cities in relation to hoes

I probably fucked San Fernando's daughter, Santa Barbera

And her best friend Alameda and Sierra

And Ramona's little sister Covina

And I don't know what you thought

Whether you turned the cat in the night bitch

Still the only manipulation weapon you got

Knoc-Turn'al ain't the one to fall victim to your plots

Before I save a hoe from the block

Her great grandchildren's corpses will rot

Fuck a hoe

I'd rather have money and a multiple round spitting glock

Four mansions with multiple cars investing my chips in stock

Even if I can't spell dow jones I still pull out fat knocks

It don't stop

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort]

They say this is a man's world

Can't understand it girl

All you ever wanted was a man like Chante Moore

You know us ballers never have one woman

And when you need us we never come running

That's why now you think about your ex again

You want to page him just to have sex with him

But instead you better call your next of kin

And complain these ballers won't let you in

She don't love you she loves money and sex

Bitches shoot you in the head for a rolex

I know the bitch is a dick fiend

I fucked her one night when she was sixteen

I know it seems like a long time ago

But I fucked her again when she was twenty four

Bitch I'm an old school vet they call me Too \$hort

Look your woman in the eyes

What she do it for? Biyatch!

You know these hoes man

They'd do anything if they think it's for the money

That's why

[Chorus x2]

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