

Brooklyn Bridge

"Beatin These Hoes Down"

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[Chorus]

Real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes down
Real, Real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes
down, push her
Real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes down
Real, real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes down.
push her
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Real, real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes
down, push her
Real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes down
Real, real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes
down, push her
Real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes down
Push her head into the wall until you hear that crackin
sound
Real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes down
Push her head into the wall until you hear that crackin
sound
Real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes down
Push her head into the wall until you hear that crackin
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Real, real nigga believe in beatin them hoes down
Push her head into the wall until you hear that crackin
sound

{Verse 1: Lord Infamous}

Sometimes I be wantin to take my fist and beat these
bitches badly
Check them tramps, I neva nap cause Scarecrow gotta
have the
Dividens, theres plenty ends for managin those
prostitutes
Kickin that black bitch in her big end so hard that she
pickin the skin up
off my boots
My brother has always said dont have no mercy on
these hoes
Make them walk the strip until they wearin out they
shoe soles
And ever since then I cant stand to see a bitch with a

dollar
It mess me up that funky bitch cause I'll a
Bitch you got to work, go to work, Do some dirt
Bring Lord Infamous back some money before you get
yo ass hurt
Bitch, You betta meet yo fuckin quota
Bitch you betta wise up
Fuck around and get yo ass put in the piledriver
Busta mother fucka pain hennessey across ya fuckin
head
Hit you in the knee cap with a pipe and try to break yo
leg
Man there's plenty money to be made In the M-Town
Niggaz betta learn you gotta beat a funky bitch down

[Chorus]

{Verse 2: Lord Infamous}
One day me and Paul was chillin in the cut dog, jus
glidin
A couplea bitches I knew ask for a ride
We just cruisin, jus a little pimpin
Rollin blunts and bumpin
Paul ask the bitch you wanna hit the hotel or
something?
The hoes were with it so we fell up in the La Corta
And we smokin mega blunts and sippin on that grape
fruit Gin
Now the bitches fucked up and the Scarecrow spittin
crazy game
Paul in the corner gettin his dick sucked by the otha
dame
Now I got the stallion comin on up out them draws
Oh lord now its type to bang the walls, bang the walls
Now we through but I still think the hoes dont get the
picture
Fired up the roach and hit the rest of the liquor
(So whats up where you want us to drop you off to?)
Next thing I know she comin out her purse with a
deuce, deuce
I started bustin, with the 80 out the ankle holster
Two wounded bitches in the hotel fuckin with LoCstaz

[Chorus]

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