

Harpo

"Ho"

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[Pete Nice]

Picasso the easel crusty crusty weasel
I shiggedy-shot, I shiggedy-shot the needle for the
measels
If the record company's a pimp, you're a cheap slut
Pump the loot illzno, till you bust a big nut
Flex if you wanna, wanna flex
If you think you got the wrecks, yo
We be bustin necks, so
Daddy, Daddy Rich, Pete, Pete Nice the master
Father knows best, he knows best, you little bastard
Will he, will he plug ya and play ya like a fiddle
Or meddle just a little like the monkey in the middle?
It's time to fill the donut, but yo, I won't seduce ya
Word, I whip your ass from the Bronx to Tuscalusa
The big, big, big beat catcher need a big rat
Riggedy-rat bastard, can I get a soul clap?
A-clap, clap on, yo, a-clap, clap off one
Step to the rear if your material's the soft one
Yo, you got the drama class
Yo, you hit the drama fast
I vic your stash, your flag is wavin half-mast
Pete Nice, Daddy Rich, the agony defeat
(Slammed the child on the hard concrete)

(To the ladies screamin aw
The brothers yellin ho) (Repeat 8x)

The riggy-riggin slippin, not Scottie Pippen
The drippin jheri curls like Steve Miller slippin
To the future, a moocher named Minnie vicked my
ducats
Schmock as a schmock, I got your girl in a bucket
The primo, the celo, the 125th street
Beating up the herbs with the Nikes on my two feet
My head's up, I'm feds up, I'm fillin you with the diesel
If it ain't the legal, the scenario's illegal
So hey, Mr. Kincaid, when are we gonna get paid?
Punch you in the ass, sip the forties in the shade
You see, I'm real like the butts that ain't the silly-
silicony

Homie don't play with the booty if it's bony
I push the rhymes like the fiendish Dick Dastardly
What's my fee? 10 g's cash, please
Hit the pawn shop with the rings, and you're hikin it
A tree grew in Brooklyn, and Dad Richie chopped it
If you got beef, get the grill and the charcoal
Hold it, now hit it now, cause yo, I know you got no
(soul)

(To the ladies screamin aw
The brothers yellin ho) (Repeat 8x)

Puffin, swigin, friggin-friggin A-1
Top of the heap, king of the hill, steppin it up to get
some
Now what I know because I freak, I freak the flow
Hit you with the potent if you wanna, wanna throw
I'm Peety Weety Wheatstraw, the X watching Hee-Haw
I see-saw the open sesame is on a trap door
Peter Piper, picture pocket full of presidents
New York, New York, a hell of a town, yo, I'm a resident
If you wanna get me, I'm afraid you better shoot me
I'll do ya my way - bababui
Minister the Prime one, a butter like the parkay
Hey, hey, the Constipated Monkeys on a parlay
Switchin up the picture like the Doctor Gooden packin
heat
Sweet Daddy Cream it ain't the _Krush Groove_ or _Beat
Street_
Rock, rock the body rock, the truer to the hip-hop
Drop, drop a jewel, and never singin for the pop

(To the ladies screamin aw
The brothers yellin ho) (Repeat 8x)

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