

## Hell Razah

### "Pimpoligy"

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F/ 7th Ambassador

[Intro: Hell Razah]

Yeah, G's up nigga, hoes down nigga  
Uh, yeah, g's up nigga, hoes down nigga  
You know how it is, she is connin' you  
Yeah, yeah, New York, California, wherever  
What the fuck is ya, H.B.D.?

[Chorus: Hell Razah & 7th Ambassador]

Chickens come, and chickens go  
We beat that pussy everytime we on the roll  
Ya need to stop, ho, protecting these hoes  
Just he I'm troopin, then, let the pussy go  
Cuz a ho could never ever be a housewife  
So don't try to do so  
You are better off livin' ya life  
On gettin' that dough

[Hell Razah]

She was ya main chick, the one you walked in the rain  
with  
The one you cooked up and chopped up ya cocaine  
with  
You depended on stickin' my dick up in the thong  
Could of been ya baby mom, if she didn't do wrong  
Started listenin' to snakes in the garden  
I beg ya pardon, had titties that'll triple the size of Dolly  
Parton  
Had the thuggish nigga broke and hardege, droolin'  
and starvin'  
Suckin' my dick while ya niggas was kissin' and slobbin'  
Batman and Robin, put her in a threesome, manage-a-  
trois  
She fuck niggas just to drive their car  
Bettin' that, smellin' like strawberries, the more the  
merry  
Even brought her best friend so I can bust her cherry  
They both came, baby oiled and ready  
Ass split like a machete, I had them tossed up in my  
telly

She knew Dreddy and the rest of the Sunz  
Three o'clock, swallowed my cum, my frankfurter laid  
in her buns  
Industry chicks, who bone niggas only with whips  
Gettin' open off the karats that was lit on ya wrist  
Straight groupie, who love givin' rappers the coochie  
Wanna be in video scenes strippin' for more C.R.E.A.M.

She addicted to the dick morphine, at eighteen  
This is for all the bitches and hoes who ain't queens

[Hook 2X: Hell Razah]

Hit the road, bitch  
And gimme back all my dough, my dough, my dough  
Hit the road, bitch  
And gimme back all my dough

[Hell Razah]

I thought I told you, never trust a chick that hold you  
It be the money that you get that make them wanna  
bone you  
When you hit it good, they wanna own you  
Get ya address, ya age and ya phone mobile  
And don't know you, lookin' fuckable, but gullable  
Butt naked, and loveable  
Same chick I hit, son, I seen huggin' you  
Never trust no, chickens or hoes  
Tryna find out my beeper code so they can put me in  
the sleeper hold  
Gotta stay on my tippiest toes, a sweet rose'll  
Put ya in ya grave clothes, if you outta ya zone  
She be the same one that get ya dick up on the bones  
Sticks and stones keep ya waitin' for ya chick to come  
home  
+Where My Girls At?+ like 702  
You spend ya money on daily, but still givin' head to my  
crew

[Chorus]

[Outro: Hell Razah]

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho  
My nigga Goldie, what what, Hell Razah  
Yeah, yeah, G's up nigga, hoes down nigga  
7th Ambassador, yeah, Baghdad, what  
Ah, yeah, that's how it go down  
Ghetto Government, ah

