

## Buck 65

### "Hens"

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After the show every rapper I know is like can I get a ho,  
an it so gross they wanna do wood work, hammering ,  
screwing like a carpenter. They will sharpen their pencil  
with any kind of sharpener. Don't matter fat or skinny  
serve it on a silver platter, skip the formalities get on to  
iller matters, squizzles and squirrels a miserable whirl  
winds, invisible individuals that usually have  
girlfriends, back home, obvlious when they are in the  
hotel boning, groping, slobbering, hoping for a blow  
job of some sort, its sports wear, short hair and certain  
secretions, slippery secrets, red meats and bed  
sheets, bending over stroking parts, sleepless nights  
and broken hearts racket from the best cds. Wilted  
flowers, STDs. The nameless women involved are  
shameless, spreading their legs for anyone famous,  
the flimsiest floozys, flaunting their inventory, its all so  
sorted and I don't feel sorry for them. Even though its  
sad, its throw away romance, disposable souls with no  
chance for salvation, instead salivation and heavy  
breating every eveing, theres always the same  
guessing game in the dressing room. What a waste  
now don't get me wrong, im not a prude. But im not no  
prostitute either dude.

After the shows done, I don't want no one pushing up  
on me just leave me be  
What do you expect, breathing down my neck  
Spreading out your legs, to lay some eggs

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