

Huffamoose

"We Don't Love 'Em"

Visit "[We Don't Love 'Em](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Y'know I'm sayin'?

Went from handcuffin hoes, to just fuckin the bitches
haha

Lil' Chris, yeah, check it out though

Now I'm suited and booted, it's just another hot day
Rollin around on a Brougham mackin to this bitch' way
who I been tryin ta fuck since the ninth grade
Now she's on the phone cos she knows a nigga's paid
The big payoff, I'm bout to pay this bitch back
Get her fucked up and then I'ma kill her cat from the
back

Cos I be showin no mercy to the cock
I'm bout to raid this motherfucker like it was a spot
So I tell a bitch, "Meet me at the mall
I be in the cut, callin ????? where they're sllin basketball"
So I meet fate, ain't even no competition
I'm already fuckin his bitch on the flo' in the kitchen
When it comes to the pussy like Michael (ooh yeah) I'm
Bad
The bitch was cool, I know the cock was mad
She said "There is it cool?", yeah baby don't trip no
doubt
then I told the bitch (BEEITCH) get the fuck out!

Chorus:

We don't love em', we don't need em'
We don't love em', we don't need em'
We don't love em', we don't need em'
"Break your shit and get up"
repeat

I gets a page from the homegirl Yvonne
Not just a homegirl but a freak in heat, like the sun
I want to call her off so I axed "What's poppin'
She want me to come over and have her fuckin room
locked
It's like a track, nigga cos I run a race to the ho
But before I fucked her axed the bitch for some doe
So she paid me (I fucked her), then she laid me (I stuck

her)

When she touched my ass (Mistake that bitch for a buster)

It happened so fast, don't remember what I saw
Bitch in the kitchen holdin an icepad on her drawers
My fault, y'know how it gets in that situation
Playin with these bitch' minds like some PlayStation
I heard the do' knocked then I looked at the ho
A nigga bout 7 feet, standin in the do'
So I threw the bitch across and cold knocked his ass out
Then I slid on my shit and I was out that bitch house

Chorus

It's '9-9, that's the way I see these hoes
I'm not buyin dem jewelery and brand new clothes
Fuck the dumb shit, it's time to get rich
And later on get a woman I wouldn't call a bitch
But for now, that's what I'm livin for
and favorite words to a bitch, is "Fuck a ho!"
But once again it's on with this bitch named Miss Dick
Holdin nuts in her mouth like some fuckin biscuits
Cos she say they melt in her mouth, not in her hand
That's the type of shit that makes me a one-night-stand man
Be bouncin on the cock, like I'm on switches
Huffin and puffin, fuckin and diggin up ditches
Girl went outta town, she went down south
In a town of unzipped jeans and dicks in her mouth
That's the shit I love to do everyday with a bitch
Fuck, get paid, then have em' dismissed

Chorus (x2)

Visit [Huffamoose](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.