

Bun B

"Some Hoes"

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[Hook: Bun B]

I done listened to your music and watched your videos
(eos)

You niggas ain't trill (trill), you niggas is some hoes
(hoes)

You fakin on the TV and frontin at your shows (ows)
You niggas ain't trill (trill), you niggas is some hoes
(hoes)

You niggas is some hoes (hoes), you niggas is some
hoes (hoes)

You niggas ain't trill (trill), you niggas is some hoes
(hoes)

You keep on disrespectin it, we kick it in your domes
(domes)

You niggas ain't trill (trill), you niggas is some hoes
(hoes)

[Verse 1: Bun B]

Wake up in the mornin, I turn on the TV
What do I see? Some pussy ass niggas starin at me
They got some big ass chains on with big ass rocks
A couple niggas standin behind em throwin up blocks
They claimin they whip pots, got the streets on lock
And they don't take no disrespect and keep their heats
on cock

And if they punch you in your face then some teeth gon
drop

Man I don't know where the fuck y'all thinkin that we
from at

But you niggas is keystone cops, laurel and hearted
Little rascals tryna be big, just gon fuck up the party
Thinkin that cause you drink a couple of fortys and
twist phillys (phillys)

That y'all is bout to take over the game, bitch really?
(bitch really?)

You goin broke tryna slang that crack
And you only gon fight a nigga that ain't gon fight back
And that's wack, they don't get you no damn props
You niggas is sheeps in wolves clothing and I eat lamb
chops, c'mon

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[Verse 2: Bulletproof]

{What it do? Teflon!}

Say Bun what's wrong wit em? They must be full of that
when they hit it

A sucker wit the semi, bet he run right when he hear me
His niggas masqueradin, faker than silicone

A bad apple in the bunch, now we figure your city foldin
Homie, I'm from street po, I know how to dish a clip at
you

Wouldn't you? Break wit em, a webster's permission
slip

Pimp said it best, these niggas transcript writers
Pathological liars, sad suckers, dick biters

It's Teflon biatch, knock you out them Reeboks

A cocaine key, but he only flipped three blocks

Blow your brain all over the ceiling like sheet rock

I bet he get to ya, take a fader to a T top

We hot, Rap-A-Lot and Maab, don't get shot hoe

Cappin at your show, don't even know what you got
shot fo

And next show, you hoe ass niggas squarin some rocks
Get some money, move out the hood but don't take
care of your block?

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[Verse 3: Chino XL]

These niggas is hoes on King's life, Chino is livin it
Jesus Christ is sewing me for copy write infringement
Ignorant bully belligerent, tearin out ya ligaments
So I deserve a certificate for thinkin up this killer shit
Arrogant, I'm like a Pharaoh standin on a pyramid
UGK tat on my heart, hopin Bun's enemies hearin this
Y'all ain't sellin nothin right (serious)
The only bricks y'all ever seen was your record sales
and when you pass a construction site
These rhymes that I write, if you could bring em to life
They could go in a cage and fight and knock out Kimble
Slice
I live by the gun, die by the gun
Just to get closer to heaven with Pimp C and Big Pun
This is Latin history in the making for trill title takings
Like taking the love of Bob Marley from a Jamaican
Y'all faking but for Bun B we will ride until our heart
stops
The success make me smile like TV Tego and Bankrock
I catch you popping champagne, chop it to your brain
Just for thinking outside of the Bun like Taco Bell's
campaign

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[Verse 4: Killer Mike]

Think you get it with Killer then sucker have a dick
I'ma take your funky breath like an asthmatic
Damn tragic how I got your momma shot before her
damn casket
I ain't talkin head bussin, I'm just talking rap battlin
See that was a metaphor, but just in case you really
want it
What you think the metal for? I hope you pussy niggas
get the point
I don't care who point it out when my laser on a point
Rest in peace to Pimp C cause that nigga had a point
Point 1, rappers act gay and dress like it too
Point 2, niggas greedy and they never feed their crew
Point 3, niggas cower to these crackers like some hoes
But always talkin bout what they-a do after their shows
Point 4, just some shit I gotta get offa my chest
I ain't scared to battle him but he say that he the best

Got a question for my trill ass Gs around the way
How you let these fuck boys make it cool to be gay?

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