

**Jermaine Dupri****"Jazzy Hoes(feat. Eightball, Mr. Black, Too \$hort)"**

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[Too Short talking]

[Chorus]

All I like is them jazzy hoes, the type that make a nigga  
spend all his dough  
Sho nuff a sight, anything ya like  
You know the ones you wanna make your wife, ya  
heard me?

[Too Short]

Little fast bitch, actin' sarcastic  
Need to get her ass kicked, tryin' to get the cash quick  
She be my last pick, I got a real hoe  
Take yo' ass back to class and buy a dildo  
Don't let the freak in you keep you up all night  
Gettin' fucked and sucked, you wastin' your life  
Before a real nigga ever kick a hoe down  
She gotta understand what I know now  
Ain't no broke down, lazy, gold digging, cute bitch  
Come around me gettin' credit cards and don't do shit,  
bitch  
I travel throughout the year  
I keep a woman with a house and her own career  
So when I buy her a diamond ring, it's just a gift (what's  
your name?)  
Too Short baby, don't need to trick  
I give her what she want cause I'm a real player  
Platinum after platinum, ask me how I feel later

[Chorus 2x]

[Young Bloodz]

See I ilke them crazy hoe  
Them straight, get down and pay me hoe  
I wouldn't mind no jazzy hoe  
Make my creep fall right out my clothes  
On the blow, can't let no hoe see my flow  
Tight jean and bra strap, girl that got to go (gotta go)  
Strip you on down like a shake-a-booty hoe (uh huh)  
Put you in the street, make me mo' money mo'

[Young Bloodz]

Now see, just the other night, I met me a ol' jazzy hoe  
Straight boozyabitch, ol' sassy hoe  
Who think she fly to death, so I ain't gon' hold my  
breath  
To let you skeezers know, just let you ask yo'self  
For as I cut one but two down the line  
But could it be yo' hoe that I'm cuttin' everytime?  
And I come to find she servin' every nigga in yo' clique  
To get in where she fit in, now she known to be a trick

[Mr. Black]

Quote for quote, who tote like this  
Hit the Club Jig, on some Wes Snipe shit  
Snatchin' all the hoes in your harem, indeed  
I mock turtlenecks while I'm bees and tweed  
Til I proceed, damn right, the spot's tight  
Nothing but dimes in sight, so just might  
Bag these bitches like groceries  
Player to player, you can't get close to me  
Now who you 'posed to be?  
Pullin' toast on the S-O double N-Y, girlfriend lookin' fly  
And I can tell she schemin' (why's that?)  
Cause she like the ice is gleamin' (okay)  
But that's cool though, cause I know how to stain golds  
I pimp tight without the kangol, niggas know  
I slang flow, east to west  
Available at anytime to put the pussy to the test

[Chorus 2x]

[Eightball]

Lay it down, lay it down  
You hoes lay it down  
When the real motherfuckin' player come around  
Shy, not I, some times I choose not to speak  
Surrounded by my real niggas drinkin' Hennessie  
Or Remy or Red Passion with champagne  
Chiefin' up some hay, gettin' at them hoes, man  
Trick, not I, trick be you, can you dig that?  
I got star hoes pickin' me up in Tahoes  
Fuck them at-the-bar hoes, tryin'-to-score hoes  
Mickey dropin' hoes, quick to drop they clothes  
I give those only funky weave wearin' bitches  
All made up, gettin' at a niggas riches  
I like women with they head on straight  
Pull your own weight and you can fuck wit' Eight  
Nigga think he a player with them old Girbauds  
Gettin' pimped by them space age jazzy hoes

[Chorus]

[Too Short talking in background]

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