

Judy Torres

"Tramp"

Visit "[Tramp](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me?

Home girls, attention you must pay

So listen close to what I say

Don't take this as no simple rhyme

Because this type of shit happens all the time

Now, what would you do if a broke nigga came by?

Would you fuck him or would you deny?

Shit, it ain't like he don't know what we like

Just a little bit of ice, carats straight for life

Then maybe we could talk about us 'fuckin' tonight'

69 no change, in the back of the range, calloway

edition

Is ya'll muthafuckers still pushin' expeditions?

Won't catch a bitch like Na Na rollin' in 'em

Small thing, bitch we own things

Give a fuck if my ice colors orange or sky blue

I fuck with you

(Tramp, tramp, tramp)

1 - Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me?

(Tramp, tramp, tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me?

(Tramp, tramp, tramp)

T-R-A-M-P, get the fuck away from me

Cuz if you get too close I'mm have my folks

Put ya'll in emergency

Gimme some room, all ya'll niggaz wanna dig in my
womb
Don't even know me, wanna fuck my friends?
Give me head, drive my Benz
Spendin' lately make me wanna fuck yo' friend
Smack yo' bitch, take yo' 6, crash yo' shit
Leave you numb, make me come, five more times
Need five mo' bottles to get my shit wet
You ain't even suck the tits yet, shit
Break me off, clothes come off, show me love
Let me hold somethin', freak you off
Fuck you right, then sneak you off
Now I'm straight, (bein' broke), I'm 'bout to breeze off

Repeat 1

And these broke niggaz got some nerve
They be frontin' in the club with they man furs
Five niggaz on one bottle of Cris'
Then he talkin' me to death, fuck you takin' this
Whether he friend or foe', gotta stone my lobes
Matter of fact, fuck that, nigga ice my toes
And whatever bitch you fuck, bet I'm twice them hoes
And I want my pussy licked, after all my shows

It's not a game, that I does my thing
And if it ain't light gray, betta be on ya way
And if my stones ain't blue, no ass for you
And if my ice ain't red, then you deaded some head
All you tryin' to do is take Na Na to the Telly
Phattin' up my belly, then lock me down, never that
I ball till the day I croak, bet that, gimme that

Repeat 1 until fade

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