

## Kid Frost

### "Fuck These Hoez"

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[Mannie]

Yeah, yeah!  
Yeah, yeah!  
Yeah, yeah!  
Run it like this

[Verse One]

I don't sweat no bitches, I only issue dick  
I only dick in the splits, I never have been a trick  
I label hoes as hoes, you can't be my boo  
Bitch, I be home too, so how the fuck I'ma do for you  
Alize and Tanquerai had my dick ready  
The jelly heavy, greasy  
Cause when it's tight it tease me  
Cause I nut easy, bitch please me and suck  
Ya wanna be greedy, so catch my fuckin nut  
Hoes wanna be my ol lady, have my baby  
Bitch ya must be crazy, tryin to glaze me  
Wanna rep, lets see ya play me  
Ya get left under daisies ho, if ya tryin to fade me  
My old ho, I had to ex the bitch, she got grazed  
When a nigga sprayed, so get on ya way, good day  
I aint no good, I'ma dog anyway that's bout pimpin and  
livin  
Gots too much game to be slippin  
No trickin, just dickin, pussy, I gots to have it  
But before I get money, I supply my fuckin habit  
B.G. jockin? Never, bitch you cant handle  
Have fakes and they done, the bitch gets ass broke  
That's how it is, all my hoes get bounced  
I knock the pussy out, then I shoot straight for the  
mouth  
It's no doubt, I gets dirty, say bitch, how you figga?  
Call me a real ass, dog ass, dick servin nigga

[Chorus]2x

I don't give a fuck about a ho, cause da bitch ain't shit  
A ho 'gon be a ho, a bitch 'gon be a bitch  
Stay above da ho, don't love da ho  
If ya a thug, when it's over, you'll shove da ho

[Verse Two]

Nigga kill dat conversation bout yo ho you say I fucked  
She tryin to duck  
But I fucked and nigga what  
You trippin on my set and you disrespectin  
Nigga better steppin fo' I leave dat ass wet and  
You upsettin my fuckin nerve, I relent, that chopper  
leave you wet and  
Knock yo shit loose in a second  
Pussy protectin, I fuck baby mamas in this section  
Concert reckon, Bill Board chartin wit Black Connection  
In affect and chopper totin, put ya coke in  
Them niggas from China bringin it in on a boat and  
I snort that dopeman, but I ain't broke man, I thought  
you knew that  
I dress in black, who dat, gon' do dat  
Knock yo crew flat off the top, I get high and shoot back  
Knock yo crew flat off the top, don't know why I do that  
Tryin to get my loot fat, then I take it to the street  
Interrupt my paper chasin then I'll take ya to the street  
Ain't no fakin, nigga I'm erasin playa hatin  
Rapin ya for ya life  
Tryin to earn OG stripes  
You hoes know you be feelin me  
Trill nigga, real as can be  
Yo ??? get spilled nigga  
Cash Money Records representin to tha finish  
Beef we winnin, cause we stay spinnin a binn and  
No laughin no grinnin, no he-he, no bullshittin  
Respect my mind, I'll put ya life to a endin  
I don't like these messages through these hoes you be  
sendin  
Approach me bitch, we both supposed to be men and  
I got the Mac-10 and the Mac-9 and nigga try me  
Drama to Cash Money, Hot Boyz, that's a hobby

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I ain't lovin no mans daughter, I fuck a ho and ride  
I stay high til I die, I lay dat pipe down then bye  
You could try to get some snaps, but it ain't no haps  
I fuck white, black, Hispanic and japs  
My dick is made of iron, once it's rock, it's on  
Hit a bag of that bomb, break ya off then bring ya  
home  
BG and L.T. be teamin up and trainin  
I toss a ho, he toss a ho, Cash Money, weed, and  
drainin  
Stay in line ho, get ya mind right bitch  
Keep ya mouth shut, get smart, nigga off in ya shit

That's how real niggaz play it  
All these rookies can't take it  
Ya'll outdated, CMB can't be faded  
Take it how ya wanna, bring it how ya feel  
Hardest Hot comin, ho I represent the real  
Bat a bitch up, Smack a bitch up  
Get buck, try to rush me, I'll back a bitch up  
Serve coke by the pound, B.G. get down  
V.L. locked up, he'll touch down  
My motherfuckin round  
Uptown is where I'm from, V.L. is where we be  
A.K.s is what we pack, the title is B.G.  
Head bussin niggas, examples we settin  
All these fake niggas threatin  
Lettin these hoes disrespect 'em  
But I'm checkin 'em

[Spoken: B.G.]

Fuck these bitches  
Dick suckin hoes  
These hoes aint dishin nothin but some good mouth  
Off Top...  
These bow-lows, ho  
Droppin these bow-lows in these hoes mouth

[Mannie]

What, What  
What, What  
What, What  
Yeah

[the B.G.]

Some of these niggas is bitches too

[Mannie]

Don't love ya  
Don't need ya  
So why the fuck would I feed ya?

[the B.G.]

What's up?  
My nigga K.C. got 10 year for doggin these hoes  
76, William B. in this motherfucker

[Mannie]

Bet it, man  
Understand, bet it, man

