

La'Chat

"Shawty Violating"

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Wup that hoe [x13]

[Chorus x2: Yo Gotti]Wup that hoe, Wup that hoe (she fucked yo baby daddy)

Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shit I aint mad at ya)

Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shawty violating)

Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shawty been hating)

[Verse 1:]There were two hoes, Yo Gotti, one couple hearin

Who be hollering look at that hoe fucking her friend

Knowing 'bout the beef and shit I gone tuck my eyesPop

My collar, hit my boy and let these hoes fight

Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee

Shawty got a right like she Laila Ali

That's just my baby mama

And her best friend

Coming out they stilettos to do these hoes in

U fucked the wrong nigga

Caught the wrong bitch

Hit the wrong club, and got yo ass kicked

I fuck wit hood hoes

Them hoes stay jacking

Look at shawty weave

I'm like dammmnnn what happened

[Chorus: x2]

Wup that hoe [x13]

[Verse 2: Lil' Chat]The hoe done fucked my baby daddy

Now the hoe is out here braggin'

When I see the hoe, through the door her ass I'm gone be draggin'

Bitch I be ya mad

What you did hoe is nothing

But I gotta beat yo ass cuz you think you did something

I aint fucked up bout no nigga

Niggas coming by the dozen

I be with da shit, my paper is thick, like niggas kill they cousin

Talkin shit now I can't go
Throw dem thangs on dat hoe
See you buckin in da club before you know you on da
floor
I be strapped like jab in the back
Beat dem killers that's gone attack
Hoe you know it's gone be on when you talking about
Fucking off with Lil' Chat
Bust these bitches with a bottle
Naw I'll bust you with my popper
Hoe you really don't want no problem cuz my 38 will
resolve them
Hoe you fresh straight out the mall
Brand new set, get staright, get dirt
Shit it's gonna help you get blazed up cuz you'll get
Smoked just like some perk
I don't play no games with these bitches
Lil' Chat straight gone let you know
If you disrespect my gangsta
Imma staright up wup you hoe! (straight up wup you
hoe)

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 3:]My main girl trippin', she think I'm fucking off
Ask me 'bout some bitches, I had to play it off
Told me if she catch me then she gone cut a shine
Found a couple rubbers but I told her they weren't mine
She checked my phone, she watched my home, she
searched my clothes
She asked me 'bout
Where I'm at and who I'm with
She tryna figure pimpin out
She cursed me out said I'm a dog
She sitting here crying and saying I'm wrong
Calling my phone all through the night and ask me
when I'm coming home
Rule number 1, if shawty from the projects
Niggas takin' care of, you hoes better respect that
Nigga got her pregnant, you hoes better respect that
Where I'm from hoes get guns and leave hoes wet

[Chorus: x2]

Wup that hoe, wup that hoe ['til fade out]

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