

## Leah Haywood

### "Prostitute"

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[ VERSE 1 ]

She's a price-tag prostitute, so I got to shoot  
And if my game is right, man, then I can knock her  
boots  
Because to me a girlfriend is of past tense  
They fucked me good, but broke me for my last cents  
I was a lemon treatin tramps like women  
Never understood the reason why I couldn't go in em  
Now a hoe will think twice before she choose on me  
Cause all I offer is my dick and my r-a-p  
But you new boys are simpin, and  
Thinkin that you're pimpin, and  
Wouldn't have a rat if you were starvin and limpin, man  
All you're doin is crossin a real player's game  
So you sling caine to get a name  
Know all the Lincolns and the Grants and the Jacksons  
Bitches at your door, a rich dude givin you action  
So you kick em down one, two, three, four hundred  
And when I saw you with the broad, boy, you sho'  
fronted  
Loud talker like a father figure  
But any punk can play her father if his pocket's bigger  
And you hoes get treated like a child again  
You don't work or go to school  
And get beat when you act a fool  
Go home to dada  
255 pounds for you gladly  
You know you hate the sight of him  
Damn, but you'se a tramp and if it pays you good, you  
might love him  
Don't you have any self-respect?  
Is the dollar that mighty that you trade him sex?  
Now tell me, what does that price include?  
Will you suck me and fuck me and dance in the nude?  
Well, now you got me trippin, baby  
I could buy your freak, toss her up, and call her my  
lady?  
Well, that sounds pretty damn reasonable  
I'll just pay her, if that's all that's pleasin the hoe  
What does that sound like to you?  
Well, for the right price, player, you got yourself a

prostitute

[ VERSE 2 ]

I once had a bitch named Anne-Marie  
Fucked her sister and her mother down her family tree  
She was just another prospect, a player had to test her  
Flashed my money, played dumb like Uncle Fester  
Make her think that I'm her sugar daddy  
She can lick me, cause I'm full of candy  
Man, I got her bitin, she thinks she found herself a  
sucker  
But I'm a pricer, let's see how much it is to fuck her  
And if she got a cheap price ring  
Cool, then I won't buy her nice things  
You see, her values are low, her self-respect is minimal  
30 dollars is a steal, makes me feel like a criminal  
10 for the movies, 20 for an entree  
Take her to the house and tossed her up the sautee  
Dip her, then I flip her on her tummy first  
Yeah, you know I gotta get my money's worth  
You see, the rule of the game is, you pay to play  
See, I call her up, and it's cool for me anyday  
All there is is an initiation fee  
Fronted one time, now it's always free  
But a sucker-punk mark keeps payin the freak  
Got sprung on the pussy cause his game was weak  
You better hope you can afford the hoe  
Cause if you miss a month the rate, she'll be out the do'  
Lookin for the highest bidder that wants to get with her  
Punks lease her with an option to buy, but I rent her  
30 dollars and I made you sin?  
It was cool for a night, now I'ma trade you in  
And let me tell you bout the trade-in policy  
You trade a freak in and get a woman with quality  
One with values and high standards  
Not a freak with no fuckin manners  
I need more than a piece of meat  
Most freaks can only fuck bare gettin sleep  
What does that sound like to you?  
Well, for the right price, player, you got yourself a  
prostitute

[ VERSE 3 ]

There's a fine line between a girlfriend and a prostitute  
But you'se a trick, you thought she loves you, but it's  
not the truth  
It's always odd when you're fuckin your lady  
That you always seem to fuck her on payday  
So when you're 200 short, you never trip  
A good fuck and 'I love you' is some bullshit  
It's a routine, not a new thing, every paycheck

She was bitchin last night, now she's alright  
You never tripped on her attitude adjustment  
On payday she be callin you her husband  
I got a plead with my homies  
Because when I was broke a lotta bitches didn't know  
me  
Shit like this occurs cause of punks like you  
Give em money, pay they rent, buy they clothes and  
buy they food  
The hoes get spoiled and sprung on the treatment  
If you step to her broke, then you're turned down  
frequent  
Yeah, you got your high-siders in the drop coupes  
Let her ride front seat, then you knock boots  
Girls try to play real sweet and innocent  
But what they really want is salary and benefits  
Damn, I ain't sayin I'm a stingy miser  
But if you play me like a punk, you'll be layin in kaiser  
Usin sex as a bargainin tool  
So you can get my credit cards and charge em up, fool  
Hoes posin as girlfriends tryin to get over on me  
Playin themselves just like a tramp, I do em like ???  
Now I got another victim, so let me get a quick one  
My pants on one leg when I pound and never kiss em  
Shit, you wanna act like a hoe? Then be a real one  
I'ma treat you like you ought, make you feel dumb  
When I'm fuckin I'ma yank it out  
Shove you in your ass, make you fall on your face so  
you think about  
How cheap and sleazy and trampy and stragglin you  
really are  
For some money or to ride in someone's silly car  
Don't you feel like a jackass?  
Man, on your hands and knees that fast  
A little dinner and a movie is a joke  
Cause when it's over, you're still goin home broke  
Now to all the homeboys, let me ask you somethin  
How many of y'all know you got a real woman?  
Try to analyze and think practical  
Cause if she's sellin you her sex, then you smack the  
hoe  
And stop callin her your girlfriend  
And treat her like she wants you to  
Just like a prostitute

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