

# **Ludacris Feat. Snoop Dogg**

## **"Hoes In My Room Featuring Snoop Dogg"**

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Hey, thank all y'all for comin' out tonight  
It was a beautiful night tonight and The Shizznit  
Where pimpin' and dead, these hoes just scared  
Thanks Snoop Dogg, Ludacris, all the players from the  
LBC  
It was a beautiful night tonight  
Oh, look at these fools, security, come get these  
niggaz

Fresh off the streets, just finished the show in Long  
Beach  
Ready to relax, kick up my feet  
Maybe smoke a blunt or two, that's what I wanna do  
Broke out and called up the homeboy Snoop

What happenin' nephew?  
Oh, nothin' just called  
Lookin' for some women that can fondle my balls  
Well you hit the right Dogg, I can help you with that  
Gimme 15 minutes, and I'll hit you rite back

Off to the hotel, I was ready indeed  
Slapped the button in the 'llac to control the speed  
Put one up in the air, the cops just stared  
Waved my hands out the roof like I just ain't care

Got to the tele and I slid through the door  
On to the elevator, hit the penthouse floor  
And what would happen next only time could time  
'Cuz I got up to my room, and I was mad as hell  
(Damn)

Who let these hoes in my room?  
(These hoes)  
Who let these hoes in my room?  
(Oh no)  
(Did you let 'em in?)  
Who let these hoes in my room?  
(These hoes)  
Who let these hoes in my room?

Now it was five B.A.P. hoes and they look like trash

But one was midget, so we'll just say four and a half  
I was stuck speechless, couldn't believe my eyes  
What'd I do to deserve this unpleasant surprise?

And I was thinkin' to myself  
"This is just my luck"  
Then my nigga bust in like  
"What the fuck?"  
(Oh shit, it's Snoop)

Who in the hell let them booger bears out they cell  
(Not me)  
And what they doin' in ya' room? Nigga make 'em bail  
(Yeah)  
Got some fine bitches, dime bitches on they way  
(Okay)  
And told security, "Let 'em in, with no delay"

So when they get here, they'll probably be like half  
naked  
Don't mean to trip out, but bitch y'all got to dip out  
(Dip out)  
Catch the elevator up one floor  
Presidential with the slidin' key for the door  
(Oh no)

What the fuck goin' on?  
Shit, all around the world Luda  
Then it's the same song  
Them bitches was so ugly, I told 'em to go home

Who let these hoes in my room?  
(Man, who let these hoes in my room? Man)  
Who let these hoes in my room?  
(Oh no)  
(Did you let 'em in?)  
Who let these hoes in my room?  
(Well, who let 'em in then?)  
Who let these hoes in my room?  
(Get out)

Now, these chicks wouldn't leave, they was ready to  
clown  
One was 5'6 and weighed three hundred pounds  
No she didn't come through with a thong on  
She did for the hell of it, big fat whale of it

You can't separate me, I'ma separate you  
Bitch ya' pussy smell like Pepe Le Pew  
You filthy, nasty, sick in the head  
Sittin' in my dressin' room with dick on ya' bread

She said, "I want you to climb in this underwear, silly"  
But I was turned off by her tupper-ware titties  
Fake bitches, break bitches, make bitches  
Kick rocks, when they fucked up in they face

Tick-tock, you gots to get up out my space  
Hey Ludacris, let's get the fuck up out this place, let's  
bounce  
Then it got to my head, and somethin' reminded me  
I know who let 'em in, it was Bill O'Reilly  
(Faggot)  
Ya' white bread, chicken-shit nigga

Who let these hoes in my room?  
(Who let these hoes in my room?)  
Who let these hoes in my room?  
(Did you let 'em in?)  
Who let these hoes in my room?  
(I need to know, who let these hoes in?)  
(Oh no)  
Who let these hoes in my room?

Y'all gotta go  
Y'all gotta get the fuck up outta here  
Ugly ass bitches

I don't understand how these bitches always get in my  
dressin' room  
You know what I'm sayin'? Soon as I get off stage  
It's 7 or 8 ugly ass bitches posyed up in my dressin'  
room  
And security act like they don't know who did it

I know, I know you feel what I'm sayin'  
I'm my nigga around the whole world  
We need to form a society or somethin'  
Fat, gorilla, monkey mouth bitches  
Can't get in our mothafuckin' dressin' room or  
backstage

And if they do  
We kindly put our foot up their asses  
And re-direct them bitches to security's dressin' room,  
you dig?  
Sick of these ugly ass bitches bein' my dressin' room

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