

Mac "We Don't Love 'em"

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[mac talking]

Yeah klc dj wop it's all about them hoes
I know my nigga wop don't love them hoes
My nigga kl he ain't loving them hoes
My nigga cult definitely ain't loving them hoes
Y'all what's up with this mac nigga feel it

To all the bitches hoes and all that shit
Running around with them tights on trying to find them
tricks
Running behind that dick chasing niggas with brand
names
I see you tight coming you making it harder for the
right woman
Off in the club giving rappers a hug
Trying to get some love letting them put their hands on
your glove
Off in the limo you and that slim hoe
They hit the ass and let their partner and them know
So now you on they demo
They wrote a rhyme about cha
They told the world how they got that out cha
All up in the mouth too you with the groupie route boo
They made you famous your man has got to be your
bitch
He saw the video tape and said all man that ain't shit
Instead of ending it he defending it I'll give you that
much
Either he lame or your pussy is pure gold with diamond
clusters
But he a buster cause everybody fucked you
But he the only one saying he love you
Woo you's a

Hoes hoes you know I'm bout them hoes hoes
But I don't love them hoes hoes hoes hoes
Wop don't love them hoes hoes
Kl don't love them hoes hoes
Fiend don't love them hoes hoes
Coonts don't love them hoes
Check this out

I seen her in the house in blue shaking her ass
Winking her eye at every nigga who passed

Trying to fell that glass put his pants back
The ass fat but you asked backwards
A trip with a simple effect even don't have to
Simple things you be after you caught up in the rapture
Me and my nigga point at you with laughter
But get down or try to understand you world
And what it did to make you such a shallow ass girl
I know you laid with this nigga that you met last night
You fucking him because his white land cruiser's
looking tight
Stroking telling you that it was love at first sight
But you don't realize that it was love for the night
Now you at the crib crying you sick of all them niggas
lying
But you the one that's doing all the lying
Supplying the cat to all the niggas that be trying to
mack
On the celia you wants to be real familiar

Now back at the spot where the champagne pop
You in the club corner getting wet in some rain drop
It's common to you so you except it
It's unknown how many niggas you done slept with

Chorus
We don't love them hoes hoes
We don't love them hoes hoes hoes hoes
I'm bout them hoes
Check it hoes

My nigga slim I let them hoes know I'm from the 3rd yo
My name is macadon and I'll get all up in em' slow
I gives a fuck I get bucked nigga what
My nigga dj wop told me to let them niggas know
what's up
My girl storm she definitely in the house
I'm from uptown so you niggas know I got all the clout
Murder murder kill kill

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