

Monica "Sideline Ho"

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Ho, ho, sideline ho
You're a ho, you're a ho, sideline ho

When you called his phone, did he pick it up?
No 'cause we was makin' love
Did you meet his moms, have you met his kids?
No, did you know my kid was his?

Get your shit together
You're makin' a fool of yourself
It don't matter if he spends the night
His home's somewhere else

Ain't you tired of bein' on the sideline?
Tired of gettin' yours after I gets mine
Baby, second place don't get a prize
When you gon' realize you wastin' your time?

Baby, ain't you tired of him gettin' in?
Leavin', broken whip and rollin'
Tired of when you need a little change?
He lie about what he holdin'
Ain't you tired of spendin' all the holidays alone?
Tired of bein' his little sideline ho

Do he take you out, do he foot your bills?
No 'cause I know what his balance is
Have you been to his church, do he ask you to pray?
No 'cause Sundays' family day

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Do you got benefits? No, credit cards? No
House keys? No, then you'se a sideline ho
Do you get pillow talk? No, held at night? No
If you don't make his breakfast, you'se a sideline ho

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