

Patra

"Treat Her Like a Prostitute"

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Here's an oldie but goodie
Hit it
Excuse me
What?
Can I have your attention?
Mn-hmm
There's just a few things that I've got to mention (Uh-huh)
There's girlies out here that seem appealing
But they all come in your life and cold hurt your feelings
I'm telling you
As Rick is my name
I wouldn't trust not girl unless she feels the same
Treat 'em like a prostitute (Do What?)
Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop
'Cause all they do is they hurt and trample
Listen up close, here comes my first example

Now ya been with your girlfriend for quite a while
Plans for the future, she's having your child
Celebrate with friends drinking cans and quarts
Telling all your friends about your family thoughts
One friend was drunk so he starts to act wild
He tells the truth about the kid
It's not your child
Acting like a jerk and on his face was a smirk
He said, "Your wife went berserk while you was hard at work"
And she led him on and tried to please him
She didn't waste time, she didn't try to tease him

Treat 'em like a prostitute (Do What?)
Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop
'Cause all they do is they hurt and trample
Listen up close, here comes my second example

It's your wife
You buy the tramp jewels and clothes
You get sentimental and bring home a rose
Give her everything 'cause you swear she's worth it

All your friends tell you, "The bith dont' deserve it"
Love is blind, so there goes your wealth
Until one day, you see things for yourself
Came home from work early, Mr. Loverman
You had a card and some candy in your right hand
There's the mailman, he was short yet stout
He went inside your house and didn't come back out
Bust it
Just a friendly stop, come on, is it?
The mailman comes and he pays your wife a visit?
The thought alone makes your temperature boil
You say to yourself, she might still be loyal
You open up your door and stand in a trance
You see the mailman's bag and the mailman's pants
Came home to party
At work had a hard day
Look around your house and you say, "Where the hell
are they?"
Run upstairs up to your bedroom
You look inside your room, you see something brewin'
Cover your mouth because you almost choke
You see the mailman's dick way up your wife's throat

Treat 'em like a prostitute (Mm-hmm)
Don't treat no girlie well until you're sure of the scoop
'Cause all they do is they hurt and trample
Listen up close, here comes my third example

Now your girl, she don't like to have sex a lot
And today she's ready and she's hot, hot, hot
As you open up the door she says, "Get on the floor"
She wants to try things she's never tried before
She takes off your drawers and works you over
She calls you Twinkles
And you call her Rover
Next thing you know, the ho starts to ill
She says, "I love you, Harold" and your name is Will
That's not the half 'til you start to ride her
Take off your rubber and there's one more inside her
It's not yours-who can it be?
I think it was a slick rapper, his name is M.C. Ricky

Treat 'em like a prostitute
Don't treat no girlie well, treat no girlie well
Treat no girlie well, until you're sure of the scoop

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