

Cypress Hill "Stank Ass Hoe"

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[Sen Dog]

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Once again, ha ha ha

We back, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

[B-Real]

Now all these new nigas tryin to bust grips

Keep tryin, I'm shittin all over yo tapes

And yo CDs, you see these

Niggas wit the weed leaves, you need these

Hill biggas to bust trigga, sicka sicka

The rhyme spitter spittin over the transmittor

I got double platinum records on the wall

While you got double cheeseburgers in yo toilet stall

Cats wanna try me, you must be high

Cause you havin fuckin +Illusions+, no lie, what you usin?

Gimme some of that shit (shit), you fakin it

Any little tittle you got, I'm takin it

You can't have it, you didn't earn it

Spit on yo name, shit on it, and burn it

Suckas wanna floss and play the big boss

What movie you livin in and how much did it cost?

What role are you playin? I'm only sayin

You're the record gettin played and I'm DJ'in

Playin you, playin you, and playin you

Decayin you, I'm tyin and breakin you (ah ha ha)

[Chorus: B-Real (Sen Dog)]

You're a weak ass hoe

Punk slow yo role

You're nothin but a clone

With nothin to show

You're a weak ass hoe

Need a style of your own

You're a weak ass hoe

You're a weak ass hoe (Punk ass nigga)

Leave me alone (Carbon copyin muthafucka)

Punk nigga wit no flow (You ain't shit)

You're a weak ass hoe (Fuck your little record, punk)

You're a weak ass hoe (Eat a dick)

[B-Real]

Now look at her over there (damn), lookin all fine
Shakin her ass, tellin me to grab from behind
Please don't mind me, you'll find me
Rollin the pine trees, women askin to sign these
Well OK, but you're gonna get me in trouble
Nice ones, I gotta be out on the double
I'll be in that corner table wit my homies
Gettin stoney tryin to avoid the phonies
Huh, what you askin? Do I got plastic
To buy you and yo friends drinks? Do I have assets?

Do I got a big home? Do I live alone?
Can I use yo cell phone?, feelin my bone
She wanna ride me, she wanna tie me
Around her tiny little finger and ride me blindly
I don't think so, you stink, hoe
The chain in yo brain is missin a link, hoe
Please back up, I know you look good
But that ain't enough to get half of my stuff, bitch
(ah ha ha, that's right, you're a stank hoe!)

[Chorus: B-Real (Sen Dog)]

You're a stank ass hoe
Tryin to get dough
Leave me alone
Cause you can't roll
You're a stank ass hoe
Nut ridin pro
You're a stank ass hoe
A stank ass hoe
Leave me alone (Broke ass hoodrat)
You can't roll (You can't roll)
You're a stank ass hoe
A stank ass hoe (Stank ass hoe)
You're a stank ass hoe (Dick suckin tramp)
(Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha)
(Bring it back homie, come on, huh)

[B-Real]

Here goes another example to begin it
With a twist (yeah) like pussy I'm in it
When I look at me, I look and see
How long it took for you to throw the book at me
Damn that shit hurts, but I put in work
These niggas are like germs, over the counter they lurk
And smirk when you fall down, but I calm down
And put the anti-bacterial assault down
Kill germs that wanna test, they want the best
Comparin you to me is like a nigga to the cess
Never settle for stress, or wack rappers

I'm rockin the outta the West and rockin the East (?)

[Chorus: B-Real (Sen Dog)]

(Punk ass nigga)

You're a bitch ass hoe

Knockin on my door

Leave me alone

Cause you got no soul

You're a bitch ass hoe (Trick ass hoe)

Need to find a place to go

You're a bitch ass hoe (Punk ass niggas)

You're a bitch ass hoe

Don't touch the microphone

You're a bitch ass hoe (Eat a muthafuckin dick)

You're a bitch ass hoe

Leave me alone

Got no place to go

You're a bitch ass hoe (Trick ass hoe)

[humming]

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