

Poison Clan

"Put Shit Pass No Ho"

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Intro: JT Money

Yeahhhh wussup! It's that nigga! Uh! Nine Three!

Catch a record once again on them hoes!

Sendin' this one to all the negroes! Niggas with hoe problems ...

Niggas yo nigga is down over hoes! Shit is real!

Hoes ain't worth it money grip!

No bullshit 'bout them hoes them hoes is SLAMMIN'!

But I ain't got no problem with hoes

see my problem's with niggas! You niggas MAKE hoes like this!

That's why - yo, fuck that! Yo, check it out ...

Verse 1: JT Money

Check it, I make the hoes get butt-ass naked

Every time I wreck shit on a fuckin' record

But listen as I drop it 'bout today's topic

Soft-flow pussy-creep niggas need to stop it!

Wanna shoot another nigga 'bout a hoe

Just 'cause he fuck, nigga, let that bitch go

Now tell her how many niggas fuck before him

Guess you wanna grab a gat and go and try to show them

I ain't think so, not 'bout a stank hoe

Who like to fuck 'round head, tryin' to gain flow?

It's the '90s, you niggas better wake up

A lot of hoes out there's out to take stuff

Now this is not a record 'bout dissin' women

But all women got a little rob-and-givers in 'em

See, all them hoes wanna do is spend flow

With they friends and go dippin' in the Benz-o

Through the 'hood but you just couldn't figure

Your best hoe fuckin' 'round with some other nigga

Now you wanna clean your gun I'm gon' to

But that bitch gon' fuck who she want to!

So to keep that shit on the down low,

My nigga, put shit past no hoe!

Big Ram:

Yeah, don't put shit past NONE of them slimy-ass
bitches!

Chorus (4x): JT Money

Put shit past no hoe! (Don't trust 'em!)

Verse 2: JT Money

And to my niggas in the dope game

Who gettin' stuffed with cocaine and put it in they hoe'
name

Better hope you ain't givin' it to the wrong bitch

Make 'em (?) how you put out your own shit

And ain't a damn thing you can do about it

'Cause if it's in the bitch' name, she could put ya out it

So to save all the drama,

Go ahead and give the shit to your sister and your
mama

Let them be your main ladies

Give your mother the house and your sister the
Mercedes

'Cause if you end up in the pen,

You know that good-for-nothin' bitch is gone in the
wind!

With a phat crib and a couple of cars

And you lookin' like shit behind bars

I think back, when I was off in the system,

Used to see niggas cryin', 'cause they hoes dissed 'em

I remember, one hoe told me

She was gettin' lonely, so I had to let her go, G

'Cause that's just an excuse to fuck a nigga

Bitch, I ain't no sucka, nigga

I'll holler at ya ass 'cause you know I know how it go

And yo, I put shit past no hoe!

Uzi:

I'm tellin' you man, y'all niggas better not sleep on
these hoes,

these hoes ain't SHIT!

Chorus

Verse 3: JT Money

JT, a nigga on the prowl for the big butt

And guess what, I'm only lookin' for a quick nut

'Cause most bitches like to fuck like they ain't hoes
But fuckin' a nigga 'cause the nigga's got pesos
Hey hoes, you can stop sweatin' the funds
I got guns and I'm aimin' at ya slimy ones
And won't half step to shoot it
At a bitch or a hoe, but young ladies are excluded
So back up if you're a lady and you should know
'Cause last year I told them hoes "All They Good 4"
And this year I'll tell they ass Some More Shit
Why the fuck should I care about a hoe-bitch,
Or a bitch-hoe? Unless she rich, though,
She get this negro rollin' in a Benz-o
Or an Acura, Lexus, or BM
About the bitch-nigga? Wouldn't wanna be him!
He got problems that he need to straighten
I ain't got no problems; I'm B-izin' and hoe-hatin'
And gettin' caught up is a no-no,
So be like me, my nigga, put shit past no hoe!

Uzi:

Yo, so now you know, that's what you get for trustin'
them creep-ass hoes!

Chorus (2x

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