

## Soulja Slim "Wright Me"

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Chorus:

Write me bitch I'll write you back (uh huh)  
I'm locked off in my cell don't act like that  
Hoe accept my call I'll be home in a minute to fuck ya  
oh  
Write me bitch I'll write you back (uh huh)  
I'm locked off in my cell don't act like that  
Hoe accept my call I'll be home in a minute to fuck ya  
oh

What's up old girl with your big ol' thick ass  
As for me I'm just chillin'  
I'm waiting on my time to pass  
Right now, I'm writing ya from the hole, I got thirty days  
Can't use the phone, can't get no visits, that shit drive  
me crazy  
Who ya been fuckin' with since I've been locked down?  
You say nobody, but that's a lie  
Nigga prolly drown, in that pussy  
Cause anotha nigga hittin' it hoe  
But yo, it's cool, cause when you catch it yo, the hoes  
gets ghost  
But when you touch down, them hoes insist that they be  
around  
When I was back I tell ya they won't be down  
Or be down now  
Bangin' her once, sometimes I called  
I'm thinkin' bout fuckin' ya like a dog and leave ya  
hangin'  
You left me hangin', why I can't do the same thangin'  
Playa brawl  
Fuck ya best friend and make ya'll go to war  
Over this slim in the waist, cute in the face ass hoe  
You used to lay the hoe dick down, but I'd give it to 'em  
sober  
Them hoes don't know how to act  
They be goin' crazy  
Won't shake a nigga up, talkin' about they pregnant  
with my baby  
At least, that's what you told me  
Now you gave some other nigga the charge  
Actin' bad don't want jokes man

Chorus

Uh-huh

My boy told me that he fucked ya and ducked ya  
And bought ya pair a jeans outta structure, ya musta  
Thought you was playin' catch back  
Might as well give all my people the pussy  
If you gon' do it like that  
Cause I can give a lully mothafuck  
If you gon' give pussy, to discos, fever with dubs  
Just keep it in the family  
Like that dark bitch Dana did  
Ya understand me?  
We ran throught that hoe, like we used to run in the  
Millia  
Ya best a have ya vest on, that pussy there will kill ya  
But yo, she was a down bitch  
Not the ordinary clown bitch, that like to hang around  
bitch  
And smoke all ya weed up  
She get a buckle just for being her  
So we get dee'd up  
And she gon' break it off soon as I hit that world  
I want the money, don't gimme no pearl, don't gimme  
no girl  
And if I get in touch right now I bet she jokes a nigga  
Like what?  
Like she's 'posed to nigga  
So won't ya

Chorus

My fo-sho bitch  
She got me sick  
She way outta town gettin' full of that dick  
She's not jossin' me  
But I know, one mothafuckin' thing I throw that hoe  
She's comin' back, like a boomerang  
But, I'm gon' duck and dodge her  
Lookin' for some overshore pussy  
If I ever get caught in this situation, nig, she gon' joss  
with me  
Until I let it go  
She be a head over heel hoe  
Behind who?  
Behind Soulja Slim  
I wrote this rap for the niggaz doin' time  
But they supposed to be your lady on they mothafuckin'  
mind, now  
You know a hoe gon' be a hoe

And a nigga gon' be a nigga  
For sho so how ya figure?  
That your old lady keepin' it tight  
She told ya that she loved ya on the phone, and just got  
fucked last night  
Now how I know that self explanatory shits  
Elementary hoes been gettin' full of that dick soon as  
that nigga touch the  
pennitentry  
At random, cause I done slammed to say my man in jail  
Bitch I can't tell, cause you ain't give me the pussy yet  
And I'ma vet  
I got some violent conversation  
And I'ma hit because them tits a mothafucker

Well, why don't you, hook a nigga up, yeah?  
Write me bitch, I'll write you back

I'm locked off in my cell, don't act like that  
Yeah, think about a nigga, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Write me bitch, I'll write you back  
I'm locked off in my cell, don't act like that  
(fade till end)

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