

Tela

"Sho Nuff"

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featuring Eightball & MJG

[Tela]

It was this bitch that I knew back from '86

Graduated and made it from the college of dicks

Now who the fuck you be, bitch you know me

Tryin to act solo, down low, hush-hush, and lo-key

Nah hoe I ain't po', where did my motherfuckas go

I remember this hoe, she used to do nails for
Rochelle's, well

How the hell you been since I had no job

Hum, why don't you give me some

Cause you know I flow and run for Suave

Nah, all of that was on the couch

No doubt y'all records spin, y'all shippin in gold

It's cold On The Outside Lookin In (Brrrr!)

You'd besta make yourself worthy

Cause I got a click of niggaz ready to get their johnson
very dirty

You heard me push these thirty dicks, inside your
pearly clit

Ain't this a bitch

I remember when you would not give me shit

Now you down for them habits

Put your numbers on them naturals

Make it snappy cause I got to go to the bathroom

Chorus:

Hoes with no clothes sho nuff

Shakin that ass in the club nigga what?

Hoes with no clothes sho nuff

Shakin that ass in the club nigga what?

Hoes with no clothe sho nuff

Shakin that ass in the club nigga what?

Hoes with no clothes sho nuff

Shakin that ass in the club nigga what?, Suave love

[Eightball]

No different from the rest

She's just an ordinary hoe

Hair extensions, long nails, ass thicker than gumbo

Make it fast, takin cash, shakin ass in the mix

Tens turn to twenties and twenties come from plenty
tricks

Niggaz in love

Can't stay out the club

All in the hoe's face

But at the end of the paper chase, whatever you had
will be erased

I see him in the back

Countin up that cheddar

Talkin' loud, smokin hay, makin clouds, gettin ready

for the crowd

I think I know one

I remember you, oh yes I do

Tryin to hide side from me and my crew, but ain't no
love lost boo

What time the club close, at 3

What's up, you comin with me

We can smoke up mad trees after you get up off your
knees

You want some cheese

Hoes don't stay at the suave house

Hoes around my nuts like knats

Real dogs don't pay for cats, dats

For real baby

Recognize and sho me love, dig that shit, sho nuff

Chorus

[MJG]

Well I be God damned, this shy ass hoe

Wants to get close to me

A few years back in the past, you wouldn't of even
noticed me

Quoting the, lyrics of the songs that you know I flow

Lookin for, confidants, and tickets to my next show

Check yo' bitch

In these short ass pants and blow up dresses

I can tell they freaky with out three guesses

Oh yes it's very true

Your bitches be needin me, leavin you

Hell, now what the fuck is a nigga like me supposed to do

Let her loose or let her remain

Cause all she be lookin for is some fame

A bigger name

Look, this thang with bigger game

And she claim she ain't heard my music

Tryin to trick me

So I told that hoe my name Bill Bigsley

She still hit me

Now she, killin my dick softly with her mouth and I

Really just don't plan on takin it out cause I

MJ fuckin G you needs to knows 'bout these hoes shakin

They ass with no clothes like some pros, sho nuff

Chorus

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