

Wisemey "She's A Hoe"

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Artist: Wisemey

Album: Nu To Tha Game

Song: She's A Hoe

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You filthy hoe, you lying, filthy hoe
You lying hoe, you trifling, lying hoe
You stupid hoe, you dumb, you stupid hoe
You filthy hoe, you young, you filthy hoes...

[Chorus]

Every night, in niggaz rides
You swear up and down, that you look fine
But she a hoe, she's a hoe, she's a hoe, she's a
hoe, she a hoe
She a hoe..., she got no walls
Love to lick niggaz balls, for free and that's not all
A H-O-E muthafucka!!!! H-O-E gotdamn!!!!
A H-O-E muthafucka!!!! H-O-E gotdamn!!!!

[Verse 1: Wisemey]

Shorty young, I heard she only sixteen
She love to suck old niggaz up for free
At night, she out busy servin' on her knees
She drinks Hennessey, smoke's weed and pop's
ecstasy
Hoes play games, they always fuck with your mind and
Most of these hoes be out lookin' like dymes
They play you for your dough, your cheese, your paper
Then they go and lie to the cops, sayin' you raped her
They always go to the clubs, lookin' for the ballers
If she gives you her number, playa don't even call her
They wanna try to spend all of ya ins
The next thing you know, the tow truck is towing your
Benz
They wanna tell lies, sayin' they don't suck dick
Mo' pimples on ya face than a Overtown trick
Fuck these hoes (these hoes) they wanna act
Quick to sell they ass for cash, cash for crack...

Damn, these hoes be trippin', no love for 'em
They all bout games, fuck 'em - that's all we do

Fuck Â'em, now shut tha fuck up, trick

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 2: Wisemey]

Bitch, you just a hoe, all day & all night
Man we know you just a hoe, I see it in ya eyes
Bitch, you just a hoe, all day & all night
We know you just a hoe with them bruises on ya thighs
Sellin' ya ass (hey!) to get cash (hey!)
You spend the money all on crack (hey!)
Sellin' ya ass (hey!) to make cash (hey!)
But you don't make enough to last (hey!) now
Back, back, away from me (ahh!)
Get, get, away from me (ahh!)
Step, step, away from me (ahh!)
Get gone, away from me, bitch, now
Stop hoe! I'm sick of all ya lies, now
Stop hoe! You gone fuck around and die, now
Stop hoe! You fuckin' with the wrong one
Stop hoe! Or I'ma bust my, I'ma bust my gun

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 3: Wisemey]

Gimme my phone back, tryna call ya friends
Talkin' bout this nigga here, got dubs on his Benz
They only bout cash, when you broke, they leave ya ass
Soon as you turn rich, bitch wanna come back
All they do is nag and they never seem to finish
Quick to go off on another bitch, like she a menace
They lookin' at ya sister in the wrong kinda way
The next thing you know - the bitch done turned gay
They always havin' babies, but don't know the baby
daddy's then
Wonder's why they child's growing up unhappy
They blame it on the nigga that got the most cars
She the reason, ho is said three times by Santa Clause
They always play games, that's why they can't keep
a man
On the radio stations, claimin' niggaz they use to
have
Wisemey ain't lovin' these hoes
I'm only fuckin' these hoes, when I'm done, that's
it - I let em go

[Repeat Chorus]

Godamn!!! Yall hoes can't trip, it's all true
Niggaz, I know yall feel me, but hold up - I ain't done
yet

[Verse 4: Wisemey]

If you let niggaz fuck for free or ten bucks
Girl, don't front - you's a hoe (she a hoe)
If you love to play games, you never serious, man
Stupid bitch, don't front - you's a hoe (she a hoe)
Go clubbin' every week, find a nigga on 23's
Let him fuck for free, you's a hoe (she a hoe)
If you love to tell lies, love to play wit' niggaz mind
and
You swear you a dyme, no - you's a hoe (she a hoe)

[Repeat Chorus]

Straight up, I had to make this shit, yall hoes be bout
games
Don't get offended if you not a hoe, if you is, well...
I'm just keepin' it real but ladies don't trip cuz we
all know
Most of these niggaz is hoes, too, ha-ha...

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