

## **Crooked Fingers**

### **"Ratchet Heauxs"**

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On the road to riches and diamond rings  
These ratchet heauxs do ratchet things  
Fucking all boners' the songs she sings  
Groupie hoes do groupie things  
And it make you wanna kill the bitch  
Ratchet heauxs do ratchet things  
I said it make you wanna kill the bitch  
Groupie hoes do groupie things

You a ratchet ass set a nigga up  
Boys, money ass, groupie ass, no class  
Low cash, broke ass, bitch

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You a ratchet ass set a nigga up  
Boys, money ass, groupie ass, no class  
Low cash, broke ass, bitch  
Steady shit talking, bitch get walking  
You know I'm pissed off I don't talk like this often  
You say I'm on a show over this tip  
When it's 40 below snowing and shit  
And still nothing cold as a bitch  
She almost flow as a snitch  
On a toad and pole of those who belong in the ditch  
I had to give his mother the news  
This chick set my home boy up  
Niggas rushed in, whacked my home boy up  
I'm fucking confused  
She was in love with my dude,  
Just my home boy's luck  
He trusted the wrong hoe  
50 thousands in jury, put his beautiful kids  
On the funeral front row

And I'm sposed to let it go, ok I feel you

But if I ever see you bitch, I'ma kill you  
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You ratchet ass reality show  
Wanna star an ass,  
Always looking pass a good hard working man  
Ass bitch  
See a broke nigga the hoe is laughing  
Knowing damn well your account is over drafting  
Fuck a regular nigga main she looking for a... pick  
Her road is to marry him then divorce him on some half  
shit  
If she don't get that far, with that star  
She got some black... photographs to get that car  
Or put them on media take out  
He pulling the media cake out  
Before the bomb drop in his back yard  
And on facebook the bitch act hard  
And soon as you see that groupie shit  
Diss that broad  
Don't be like me, you know how these girls are  
They nuts over ours nuts kinds like squirrels are  
I lift my problems, put my drama on the curl ball  
Still my... was on world star

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