

The Blues Brothers

"Walkin' Like a Hoe"

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(Phone hang up)

Verse 1:

Now first off all ya'll ho's should know a nigga don't
work fa' ya'll
My dogs don't give a fuck and we'll fuck you sluts on
coconal
Bitch it ain't no need fo' no skeezy ho, cause bitch I
feed 'cha ho
Young greasy ho, you sleezy ho, put a nigga don't
need 'cha ho
Believe me ho, bitch you don't know nann nigga like me
How you gone play a nigga like me
Straighten that thug nigga like me
And I know I shouldn't say this,
but just take the dick and I slang this dick for days (ho)
Try to explain this shit away
I'm 24/7 like Triple A, so shut up

Chorus:

You walkin' like a ho, you talkin' like a ho
You dressin' like a ho, actin' messy like a ho
But bitch you lied to me, said you was shy to me
You out the closet now

So bitch you stand like a ho, make yo' plans like a ho
Wear yo' pants like a ho, she gone get mad like a ho
But bitch you lied to me, huh, said you was shy to me
You out the closet now

Verse 2:

Now that's a shame,
you done fell in love with another nigga in the game
You done tried to colt
And done flip the damn thing just to have his last name
Fucking with the last pimp
And he tellin' you the same shit he said last year
Same cheap shoes, same hair do's, and you still

getting yo ass
You one of the slow ho's, and you got top of the line
slow head
Like for the dick to be locked, cocked and shot all over
yo' forehead
You a po' rat, and yo' pussy fat so show that (ho)
See every nasty bitch, love nasty shit and you know that
(so ho)
Getting you pussy eat while ya' masturbate
that's a thing of the past
Doing bad, and you looking bad, so bitch don't even
ask
Hoe shut up

Trina:
Nigga who the fuck you calling a ho
I ain't no motherfucking ho

Trick:
What up, what up, should a surprised me

Chorus:

You walkin' like a ho, you talkin' like a ho
You dressin' like a ho, actin' messy like a ho
But bitch you lied to me, said you was shy to me
You out the closet now

So bitch you stand like a ho, make yo' plans like a ho
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You out the closet now

Verse 3:

Ain't no dick for free, ain't shit for free
Cause you don't do shit for me
And if you wanna stay with me you gotta break me off
and play with that click for me, or suck this dick for me
Get on top and do a split for me
Cum all over my shit for me, and make a spit for me
bitch
See I don't need 'cha, I don't see ya'
And I really wouldn't wanna be ya'
You done tried me and done lied to me
So it's hard for me to believe ya'
And I don't need 'cha, calling me,
Talking 'bout come go to the mall with me
And I hate the shit you be starting see
Young silly bitch stop following me
I don't need 'cha

Chorus 1x

Trick Daddy ends repeating parts of verses and chorus

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