

702 F/ Missy Elliot

"Stories of Hoez We Know"

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[Intro: Kurupt + (Daz)]

Yeah, let me tell you about this bitch
(look at that hoe right there!
She finer than a motherfucker..
Well go spit at her!)
I seen her over there in the mall..
Fuckin' the biggest titties a nigga ever saw
(Girl, come over here and give us your number girl
Quit fakin' on us, shit, come on...)

[Kurupt]

She was pretty as shit, fly as can be, lil' pretty ass bitch
I played her cool like a coin machine
Exactly, I'm in the back - you know what I mean?
I ain't 'bout to approach her, cause I knows her game
And I know what she be doin', and I knows her name
She's Belina, man when I seen her on the corner,
chillin'
Eh yo, I understand that I want her
Take her to the back where she belongs
She heard of me Kurupt, and she heard of my songs
Eh yo, it's no doubt, I'm 'bout to turn this mutha out
Like hammer this slammer, so let's play house
Yo, it's all about the games that people play, everyday
I met her up in L.A
There's no stalls I don't have no flaws
I'm rough and raw, met her up at the Crenshaw Mall
She was chillin', I'm chillin' like a villain
Eh yo, I'm cold as ice
Kurupt, I'll step to her and my game's precise
I'm like "Yo what's up girl?, it's me Kurupt
you know I'm here, let me share your world"
Eh yo, she's like "what's happenin'?"
Yo I've seen you before, I don't believe it
What you doin' up at this mall?"
I'm like "Yo, I'm out to get some clothes"
And this is just story, one story about many hoez

[Chorus]

This is stories..
Of hoez we know..

This is stories..
Of hoez we know..

[Daz Dillinger]

I bust a hoe from way back and she was stacked
With a million plus bricks, body and shit
I met her in the Beverly Center, up in Beverly Hills
She had a Guess bag, some D.A. and why the bitch look
fly
Them, me, him, he, can be with you, tonight you'll see
You wonder why I spit this game
Tha Gang, always remains the same
I got bitches, who least expect it
I got drunk fine bitches who strip butt naked
I got skinny hoez, thick hoez, who perform
I got bitches, in the quietest storm
I got a bitch named Pam - broke up with her man
Hit the pussy one time, she didn't understand
I had another hoe in the club, by the name Love
Love was the girl who loved clit plus dick
All kind of freaky shit, (c'mon) doin' it wild
Penis on a tuesday night, we doin' it wild
You know my name and you know the game
YOu know the game can never be the same
Once I leave you hoe, I ain't never comin' back
Dick run fat, so slap you dead on your back hoe

[Chorus]

This is stories..
Of hoez we know..
This is stories..
Of hoez we know..

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