

DJ Paul f/ Lord Infamous

"Internet Whore"

Visit "[Internet Whore](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro, DJ Paul] She got DSL, DSL Nigga what that is?
(Dick suckin lips) She got DSL, DSL Nigga what that is?
(Dick suckin lips) [Hook x2, DJ Paul] I met her on
MySpace Found her on Facebook Got head on YouPorn
(Gave that ass a touch) She's an internet whore, you
can enter that whore She's an internet whore, you can
enter that whore [Verse 1, DJ Paul] I met her on
MySpace, fell out of touch A couple of years later, right
back to her on the Facebook She drove 5 hours, ATL to
M-Town That's how I knew that fuckin n' suckin was
'bout to go down She got in town, I told her "Meet me at
the Starbucks" I know what'cha thinkin, why did I say
the Starbucks What'chu be yellin's I be hatin it at the
coffee shops, by the college They full of sexy bitches
with some knowledge Actin like they good girls, really
they hard taste Typin on that PC, sippin on some Latte's
Back to the story, she entered on in and I'm afraid
(Lord have mercy) Cause she wasn't lookin like her
homepage I'm thinkin now, like what the hell I'm
supposed to do She was a hundred pounds bigger,
with a old-school hair do Matters worse, I already took
Viagra She got some big lips, I better make the best of
her [Hook x2, DJ Paul] I met her on MySpace Found her
on Facebook Got head on YouPorn (Gave that ass a
touch) She's an internet whore, you can enter that
whore She's an internet whore, you can enter that
whore [Verse 2, Lord Infamous] Oh please-Oh please
You homicidal bitch, won't you just stay away from me
Quit breaking in my house, won't you just give me back
my keys Quit sending niggas to try to be upheld O-R-D
You gonna make me catch a murder charge on these
Lucy's You murder my baby mama's You tell 'em that
they goners You wanna snatch my kids? Don't you know
I'll kill you, bitch? You throw me right, and I will You
gonna get me killed Quit throwin them damn bricks I'm
tired of payin for his shit Man I cannot get rid of this
hideous bitch She won't leave the Infamous alone She
said she bought her tone That's why she's on the phone
She play on E and moan Or eat a yellow curse And man
it's gettin worse That's why I wrote this verse She
slipped the pinky condom. found out it's a piece of shit

Was huntin, fucked her anyway, and now she pregnant
I don't want a miniature of this bitch in a cradle Cause
meetin whores on MySpace nowadays is very fatal
[Hook x2, DJ Paul] I met her on MySpace Found her on
Facebook Got head on YouPorn (Gave that ass a touch)
She's an internet whore, you can enter that whore She's
an internet whore, you can enter that whore [Outro, DJ
Paul] She got DSL, DSL Nigga what that is? (Dick suckin
lips) She got DSL, DSL Nigga what that is? (Dick suckin
lips)

Visit [DJ Paul f/ Lord Infamous](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.