

Dre Dr "Housewife"

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Chorus: Kurupt

Now this this is one of them occasions

where the homies not doin it right

I mean he found him a hoe that he like

But you can't make a hoe a housewife

And when it all boils down you gonna find in the end

a bitch is a bitch, but a Dogg is a man's best friend

So what you found you a hoe that you like

But you can't make a hoe a housewife (wife)

[Dr. Dre]

I mostly sold dick while I packed a gold clip

Worked my money-maker, she got paper, she bout to trip

(Where the fuck is my money?) I cannot G guilty

You pimpin strong, but comin home, to sheets that be filthy

She on the dillzy, I take advantage

All up in them panties, I got this bitch speakin Spanish

I'm mannish - get yo' nails out my back

Slut I'm bout to nut and get up, go scrub yo' cat

Learn the player rules, this is how I play a dude

Might not be a freak, but she got on the choosin shoes

Dollar signs are folded, I can't control it

Tryin to leave her, beeper just exploded

She sweatin me, won't let me, broad turned fraud

Now she on this dick huh, got her turnin tricks huh

Man it's a trip I don't trip I'm in yo' Lexus flexin

I left her up in Dallas, Texas - assed-out

Chorus

[Hittman]

Naw hoe is short for honey, almost had her Wailin like
Bunny

Tellin tales of bein pregnant, catchin Norstrom sales
with abortion money

I spotted her, seen her with my nigga when I shot at her

Now we got beef, he caught up in the hoe's erotica

Exotic - she's psychotic, rockin his Nautica

Soon he'll need antibiotics (sucka bitch)

Name a sexual disease, she got it like Sam Goody

You be like, "Damn how could she hit me off with
chlamydia?"

Fool I pity ya

We live in the city off, ballers

with more bouncin than a Zapp, she will doo-wah-
diddy-ya

Prettier to grittier, the wittier can get her

to the Hotel, Niko, on some Sauve shit like, Rico

That's when I caught a Vision like Coleco

A high-post hoe, a perfect way for me to keep dough

Huh, have her sellin ass on Bronson Ave. and Pico

[Kurupt]

At the ho-tel, mo-tel, or the Holiday Inn (say what nigga?)

I said if that bitch keep fuckin up (beotch) then we'll fuck her friends

I said I dip, dive, what can I say?

Niggaz need to stop fuckin with O.J.

Some niggaz bang blood, some niggaz bang crip

And bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks

I had to dream of hoes, I had to scream at hoes

I seen my hoes in all kinds of clothes

Lil' Almond Joy, I truly enjoy

if you blew my balls, right through my drawers

Come back to the mansion, chill at the spot

From the way she was blowin, I know she does it a lot

I have a eight-and-a-half, nine-and-three-quarters

The hoe started callin when I started boss ballin

Gimme some head, gimme some ass (uh-huh)

Gimme some cash, pass it to Daz

Pass it to Snoop, or pass it to Nate

Hoes eat dick like eggs and steak

That ain't shit new, I thought you knew (what?)

I knew you would, you wish you could

break a G down, break me down

But I'ma see you on the rebound (what what?) D.P. style

Chorus

{*door slams*}

[D.O.C.]

Lil' 1/2 Dead

[1/2 Dead??]

Lil' 1/2 Dead the money jumped out to say

ol' Snoop Dogg on the look out boy?

[D.O.C.]

Yeahhh

[some hoe]

He gotta be MORE than 1/2 Dead

if he don't fill my motherfuckin drink up!

[1/2 Dead??]

Or fill your motherfuckin mouth up

[D.O.C.]

Ahhhhhhh-HAHAhahahahAHAHH

[some hoe]

I don't think so

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