

## **Fes Taylor f/ Mr. Prezident, Sassy**

### **"House Wife Ho"**

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[Chorus: Fes Taylor] A ho is a ho, and a house wife to  
You never know what a house wife do When them  
doors close, lights out to But if you had a chance, you  
would wife that to [Fes Taylor] Baby, you know I'm still  
down for you And loving you, is all I know how to do So  
if it's out of you, or my ex-broad I left force, so me and  
you can score like a chess board Sex four hours, get it  
wet more, kinda like Fish in the pet store, yes lord,  
press pause I don't wanna nut yet, sweat pour, G5 I  
beat it up, mama, then I jet off But you something  
different, so I stuck around Tours out in Brazil, and I  
ain't even fuck around Gotta be love, something that I  
never feel With an ass like that, I turn my head around  
But did a second glance, I know, if I fucked up I get a  
second chance, it's like the second hands Ticking on  
the clock slower, I should of realized Thinking that it's  
not over, just trying to kill time Driving in the box Rover,  
thinking I feel fine Drinking on distilled wine, I made a  
mil', signed Still got shit on my mind, chills up my spine  
Can't find peace at home, so I slide Trying to substitute  
shit I don't get at the crib Like, I already gave you a ring  
And all I ask for, is you clean out your closets and  
backdoors Then why you trying to catch me wit trap  
doors, what's that for? [Chorus] [Sassy] A thug is a  
thug, he gon' do what he gon' do I'm far from a ho, I  
just play the game to [Mr. Prezident] I think we heading  
down different paths, but that ain't in my plans I'm bout  
getting cash, ma, you can kiss my ass I gotta hit the  
ave, hard body, pinching slabs Plus I'm noticing lately,  
you been tripping bad Look I ain't getting mad, we can  
be friends though Dumb ass you went from a Porsche  
to a pencil Got me thinking something wrong wit ya  
mental Peace and upgrade, guess you ain't get the  
memo Let's not pretend, though, ma, you know my  
M.O. I smashed everything from N.Y. to N.O. It's all  
X.O.'s, tug of war, best though You keep pulling on the  
rope, I let go Let go, coke told you my out right Pops  
said you can't turn a ho into a house wife [Chorus]

