

Günther Willumeit

"Treat 'Em Like Hoes"

Visit "[Treat 'Em Like Hoes](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Mr. Doctor]

Biatch, I see you standin in the window, fiendin
One o'clock at night a nigga high and baby fiendin
You made it a muthafuckin daily routine
To blow me up, but I ain't callin less I wanna get my
dick (ah)
Oh yeah I got the present, ? for the kicks y'all
Get a carter coat to go with that and I might stay fo
awhile
Niggero gotcha fiendin for the flavor of dick
Gotcha cravin it, even gotcha tastin
The shit was simple when I fucked you on the first date
Damn you must of known I'd go up in ya cus you had on
that lace
That night, hooker, I ain't forgot the thick brown ass
But I'll just hit it when I want, yeah I like the way ya fuck
(Then why you never call?)
Cus I be stuck in traffic, or handlin business,
Why you give me static bout it
Ya know you aint the only one so what ya trippin ho
Youre fiendin for the deuce-nine dick
And fuckin my homie from the four ya know

[Chorus]

Ya treatin me so bad
And I wanna know why
Why did ya do me this way, baby
I wanna know why
Why, why did ya treat me so bad
Whoooooa, I wanna know why
Why did ya treat me, treat me
Treat me, baaaaaad
Why did ya treat me so bad

[Brotha Lynch]

Well I'm so high off this chronic shit
I bumped my head on a helicopter
And I ain't knowin what to tell my doctor
A couple of hits'll have yout fiendin 24 street dick
The night-stalker from the fo'
Lose a hoe, bruise a ho

Do ya hoe cus if ya do I'll put you up
We'll make some g's up out of a momo ho
All the free dope you wanna smoke
And if I come up short, I'll let you meet my mini mac 1-0
Cus in the gardens where the chronic grows
We stay high, way high, bitch what you think
I keep my skrilla up in the bank so ain't no gank
So fuck me or feed me or you don't need me
Find your BG, kickin it with my YG's
And we just gettin high of this chronic shit
Bumpin heads on the helicopter
And we not knowin what to tell our doctor
A couple of hits'll have ya fiendin 24 street dick
And break em off proper

[Mr. Doctor]

Now tell me how many joints can ya smoke to this
nigga
And how many biatches will suck my dick
Take a hit, take a hit, then you pass the shit
Get to coughin eyes water, why you fuckin with the
chronic
Cus we dip front to back, and my locos ride
Bumpin season of the sicc, switchin side to side
Now let me slide to some gangsta shit
Bout a biatch that we was switchin fo the fuck of it
And never had to claim that trick
Blaze some weed, gettin paid from the sucka
And when a nigga leave, pass a homie on his way to
fuck her yeeah
Had the bitch down for the calls in fact
Had the muthafucka straightup macked

[Brotha Lynch]

And thats right bitch, you know me
Runnin that shit like so much pimp
Some nigga got mad and went to the pad for the mac
But didn't know, I packed a forty-fo
Ho, remember when you touched me on my dick and
said
Oh! Yo shit's a rock, but you didn't know
You touched the barrel of a forty-fo
Fo in the mornin, ho you was at my door
And I'm knowin these raggety hos, so bitch
You know I know you was at my locc's house
Fuck the bullshit, ho
Cus we know, we got ya fiendin
24 and 29 street dick

[Chorus]

Visit [Günther Willumeit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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