

H.W.A. "1-900-Bitches"

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Intro:

[touch tone sounds]

(Children in unison)

Momma, Momma, dad's calling 1-900 numbers again!

[phone rings]

[Verse 1]

Picture this: the house is empty

You're looking at the phone, so motherfucking
tempting

Then you see us on the TV, so you copy the number

Real fine hoes make your mind start to wander

Dial 1-900 on your telephone

Hoping that your wife don't bring her fat ass home

The phone is ringing, your heart is beating fast

You know I'm talking shit on your monkey ass

1-900-248-2437

You dialed it again, that makes it eleven

Times you called, yeah, that's a bitch

Call it again, 'cause you're making me rich

Five dollars a minute you call

After that, you get fucked up your doo doo walls

Seventy five cents, now the rates begin

Chorus:

1-900-248-2437 Bitches

A hoe with an attitude is fucking with your ears

(2X)

[Verse 2]

The telephone company and the workers, too

Looking at your bill, tripping on you

Time after time, they see the same number

Them goofy motherfuckers start to wonder

So they went to the phone, and tried it for themselves

Four weeks later, they got to seek help

Just like the pipe, they call it addiction

You can't stop calling, creating confliction

Still your fucking wife in the middle of the night
Me on the phone, you there at home
Buying me diamonds, then a fur coat
Next comes the rope off your motherfucking throat
And after you steal everything you can
You go seek counseling just to get another chance
Eight weeks later, there you go again
You see the number, go get your paper and pen

Chorus:
(2X)

[Verse 3]

President Bush, and Barbara, too
Sitting at home, with nothing to do
Knowing in their minds they got a big problem
They want to call up the hoes to help them solve it
Now what in the fuck they do that for?
'Cause Barbera won't soothe Bush no more
All the way in the White House, they blowing up the bill
Motherfucking hoes, yeah, you know the deal
Noriega, sitting in his cell
He want to get away, to get some bail
He want to call uÃâ, ÷ the hoes, but no collect calls
Just laugh in the joint, and play with your balls
Poor Mandela, just getting home
Calling up the hoes on the telephone
All the way in Africe, we got it going on
Motherfucking hoes, you know we're too strong

Chorus:
(4X)

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