

Heintje Simons

"Somethin' 4 You Raggedy Ho's"

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* corrections DIRECT to the typist

Verse 1: JT Money

Uh, a-1-2-1-2, check it out, on the mic, we got tonight,
check it out, Madd Ball in the house, a-come on,
Bustdown's in the house tonight, a-come on, yours truly
JT in the house, come on, we got the whole PC in the
house, come on, and we sendin' this one out to all, you,
stinkin', ass, motherfuckin'
Bitches, listen to this here, no time to be sincere
'Cause this just a diss here
My attitude toward bitches is rude
Don't wanna see 'em unless they're in the nude
So then it's off with the clothes
Now I'm a low-life, with no wife, you know how that shit
goes
See, I expect a lil' somethin'
I hope you don't, 'cause hoe, You Gets Nothin'!
All I got is straight pipe, and back-bone
And when I'm finished, put your clothes on and go
home
Hurry up and don't act like a deaf, toots
'Cause I'm quick to catch fists and throw left hooks
To the foreheads of all bitches
I just wanna hang around and pipe 'em, then I splak
'em down
It's just the game I play
I long-dick them hoes, and send 'em on they way
'Cause I'm a cold-hearted nigga with no feelings
For a bitch or a mutt, but I'm out for that butt
But I believe in safe sex
So pass the latex or gimme straight neck
See, I ain't tryin' to get burnt or stabbed
By a bitch with an itch, or a pussy like a campfire
See, I'm the motherfuckin' Woman-izer -
Oops, I mean Bitch-izer, plus I'm rich and wiser
But bitches don't look in my pocket
Could you let the cat out the bag and let me knock it?
Shit, just how the game's played
I lie to get down, bang the boots and get paid

'Cause see, that money gotta be right first
So bitch, get the rubbers, and I'll get your purse
Respect the game, that's how it goes
Lil' somethin' for ya raggly-ass hoes!

Yo Bustdown, whatcha gon' do with this, my nigga??

Verse 2: Bustdown

You go jack be nimble, jack be quick
If you don't suck dick, trick-bitch, you ain't shit
See, I'ma hit you with the phrase that pays
5' 10", brown skin, with dick for days
To all you hoes, take a chill pill
'Cause I'm on the mic, gettin' hype with the real deal
I take a rhyme to the limit
I drink a 40, take the mic and diss a bitch in a minute
To all you ladies, I don't mean to insult ya
You feel dissed and you're pissed, and for that I can't
fault ya
But see, I fell in love a couple of times
And all I got was cramps and a mind full of bitch-
rhymes
They want a nigga livin' large
They wanna give you the pussy, a quick nut and a rape
charge
I know they're nothin' but jail bait
But when I jump on stage, ?geronimo?, them hoes
tailgate
But them hoes only get clowned
Straight-up dicked down, and then I skip town
That's why I need a for-real hoe
'Cause I'll kick a weak freak to the curb with a steel-toe
And they'll break you if you let 'em,
So I tell the truth about them hoes and I let Keith sweat
'em
So tell me, why should I slang like powder
When I cam run game on a bitch and talk her out her
last dollar
See, I'm smooth like tile
I get buck wild, I even fuck wild
I play a nigga like the next man
Fuck his main bitch, and at the weddin', be the best
man!

JT: Yeah, it's like that and ya don't quit!
But check it out, I'm 'finna bust this ill shit!

Verse 3: JT Money; Rasta verse: Madd Ball

[JT Money] JT, a nigga with dick to go 'round

Slangin' pipe, dickin' all the hoes down
Collect bitches by the dozen
Fucked my own cousin, make a bitch leave her
husband
I put a bitch in the choke-hole
I hate a broke hoe, so hit the door, hoe!
I need a bitch with a nigga that's payin'
So she could buy ME a place to stay in
I can't be workin' for a livin'
Bitch, I'm out to get, not to be givin'
'Cause I'm a goddamn player
I leave a bitch sprung out on me, after I lay ya
And I'ma get the hoe' riches
Madd Ball, kick somethin' for these raggedy-ass
bitches!
[Madd Ball] I used to fuck Sheena, but now I'm fuckin'
Jill
Go a Red Lobster, made the bitch pay de bill
Some a dem a (??) but everybody fi' just chill
'Ja blood claat girl, watch de deal!
Sho' nuff she givin' the head up at her will
So never get pregnant just because (?) de pill
Pass me a rubber let me show ya some skills
(????????) the top like a windmill
So everybody, everybody fi' just chill
It's not my fault, bitch, ya know ya got bills
(?????) pussy, girl, ya musta been ill
Dis is the Posion Clan, girl, ya betta chill
Muve ya blood claat, ya know how it go
This one dedicate' to them raggedy-ass hoes!

Outro: JT Money and Bustdown

[JT] True, somethin' for you raggedy bitches from my
nigga,
Madd Ball, from me, JT Money the Bitch-izer, from my
nigga Bustdown, you know what I'm sayin'?
[BD] So yo, this is dedicated to all you raggly-ass hoes,
and
to all you jealous-ass niggas, especially in New
Orleans!

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