

**Heinz Rühmann****"Somethin' 4 You Raggedy Ho's"**

Visit "[Somethin' 4 You Raggedy Ho's](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* 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!

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