

Hill Cypress "Stank Ass Hoe"

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Sen Dog]

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Once again, ha ha ha

We back, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

[B-Real]

Now all these new nigas tryin to bust grips

Keep tryin, I'm shittin all over yo tapes

And yo CDs, you see these

Niggas wit the weed leaves, you need these

Hill biggas to bust trigga, sicka sicka

The rhyme spitter spittin over the transmittor

I got double platinum records on the wall

While you got double cheeseburgers in yo toilet stall

Cats wanna try me, you must be high

Cause you havin fuckin +Illusions+, no lie, what you usin?

Gimme some of that shit (shit), you fakin it

Any little tittle you got, I'm takin it

You can't have it, you didn't earn it

Spit on yo name, shit on it, and burn it

Suckas wanna floss and play the big boss

What movie you livin in and how much did it cost?

What role are you playin? I'm only sayin

You're the record gettin played and I'm DJ'in

Playin you, playin you, and playin you

Decayin you, I'm tyin and breakin you (ah ha ha)

[Chorus: B-Real (Sen Dog)]

You're a weak ass hoe

Punk slow yo role

You're nothin but a clone

With nothin to show

You're a weak ass hoe

Need a style of your own

You're a weak ass hoe

You're a weak ass hoe (Punk ass nigga)

Leave me alone (Carbon copyin muthafucka)

Punk nigga wit no flow (You ain't shit)

You're a weak ass hoe (Fuck your little record, punk)

You're a weak ass hoe (Eat a dick)

[B-Real]

Now look at her over there (damn), lookin all fine

Shakin her ass, tellin me to grab from behind

Please don't mind me, you'll find me

Rollin the pine trees, women askin to sign these

Well OK, but you're gonna get me in trouble

Nice ones, I gotta be out on the double

I'll be in that corner table wit my homies

Gettin stoney tryin to avoid the phonies

Huh, what you askin? Do I got plastic

To buy you and yo friends drinks? Do I have assets?

Do I got a big home? Do I live alone?

Can I use yo cell phone?, feelin my bone

She wanna ride me, she wanna tie me

Around her tiny little finger and ride me blindly

I don't think so, you stink, hoe

The chain in yo brain is missin a link, hoe

Please back up, I know you look good

But that ain't enough to get half of my stuff, bitch

(ah ha ha, that's right, you're a stank hoe!)

[Chorus: B-Real (Sen Dog)]

You're a stank ass hoe

Tryin to get dough

Leave me alone

Cause you can't roll

You're a stank ass hoe

Nut ridin pro

You're a stank ass hoe

A stank ass hoe

Leave me alone (Broke ass hoodrat)

You can't roll (You can't roll)

You're a stank ass hoe

A stank ass hoe (Stank ass hoe)

You're a stank ass hoe (Dick suckin tramp)

(Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha)

(Bring it back homie, come on, huh)

[B-Real]

Here goes another example to begin it

With a twist (yeah) like pussy I'm in it

When I look at me, I look and see

How long it took for you to throw the book at me

Damn that shit hurts, but I put in work

These niggas are like germs, over the counter they lurk

And smirk when you fall down, but I calm down

And put the anti-bacterial assault down

Kill germs that wanna test, they want the best

Comparin you to me is like a nigga to the cess

Never settle for stress, or wack rappers

I'm rockin the outta the West and rockin the East (?)

[Chorus: B-Real (Sen Dog)]

(Punk ass nigga)

You're a bitch ass hoe

Knockin on my door

Leave me alone

Cause you got no soul

You're a bitch ass hoe (Trick ass hoe)

Need to find a place to go

You're a bitch ass hoe (Punk ass niggas)

You're a bitch ass hoe

Don't touch the microphone

You're a bitch ass hoe (Eat a muthafuckin dick)

You're a bitch ass hoe

Leave me alone

Got no place to go

You're a bitch ass hoe (Trick ass hoe)

[humming]

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