

Juvenile f/ Skip

"A Hoe"

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(Verse 1, Skip)

When y'all gon' learn?
We don't live like y'all
We gon' choose our time to go
Somebody gon' kill y'all!
I tried to reach y'all
Couldn't feel y'all
I listen to what'chu sayin'
But what'chu sayin;
That wasn't real dogg!
I could spit a verse and kill y'all
Do the people that buy y'all shit
Take the time to heal y'all?
Proibly not, probly listen to the tracks
I know you gon' hate this one
Listen to the facts
How you pull the nerve to ever start dissin' niggas?
When you was on BET straight kissin' niggas!?
I'm from Holly Grove
You're background prissy nigga, pissy nigga!
OBC, come and get me nigga
I was in the hood yesterday
Had a talk wit'cha uncle
He say "stay where you at"
cause "the hood don't want'chu!"
They gotta crew clipped up
Waitin' just to pump you
In any one of them whips
That'chu whip when you come through

(Hook, Juvenile & Skip)

[Juvenile]

(A hoe) What kinda nigga kiss another man!?! (A hoe)
What kinda nigga need his mama to hold his hand!?! (A
hoe)
Mmm-hhmmmmmm (A hoooeeee)
A hoe!

[Skip]

(A hoe)

What type of nigga wear tear-drops, and aint killed

shit!?! (A hoe)
Sayin' he a drug-lord and ain't dealed shit (A hoe)
(A hooooeee)

(Verse 2, Juvenile)

I smoke weed til' my eyes look like Japanese
I sip Daquiri's wit' the Nolia in the back of me
400 a ship, ain't nothin' comin' after me
I read ya bitch ass statement you made in the
magazine
You playin' wit me
Wit' my hood on your album cover?
Real street niggas gon' know you fake as a
motherfucka
I'ma still be here after your company flops
Waitin' for my fuckin' album to drop
One of my niggas got fucked up, and one in jail
Will they ever get they shit right? Time will tell
The only thing that called shots, whoadi, is balls
And I ain't hearin' no kinda communication from y'all
U-T-P, designed to be the finest in the business
And we climbin' up the chart with the dependants
Ya feel it? Ya gotta be deaf not to hear it
Because I puts nothin' but the truth in the lyrics

(Hook, Juvenile & Skip)

[Juvenile]

(A hoe) What kinda nigga kiss another man!?! (A hoe)
What kinda nigga need his mama to hold his hand!?! (A
hoe)
Mmm-hhmmmmmm (A hooooeee)
A hoe!

[Skip]

(A hoe) What type of nigga wear tear-drops, and aint
killed shit!?! (A hoe)
Sayin' he a drug-lord and ain't dealed shit (A hoe)
(A hooooeee)

(Verse 3, Skip)

Wont'chu come down Olive
Wont'chu come down Eagle
Wont'chu come down Clayborne where someone can
see you
Just pass down Hamilton, anywhere in the Grove
And any one of them whips, we gon' fill 'em with holes
Remember the cats you ran with? Red and Bubba?
They begged me to tell you "fuck you", so fuck you!
You disgraced your mother, actin you actress
Who's really your daddy? Rabbit or 'Atrice?

(Juvenile)

You ain't never had a fight, wit' all them marks on ya
face

I'm a grown man, stay in ya place

So tell me now, why is the hate?

I'm the reason you straight

The reason why you in them more then them 8

I be up in ya hood too nigga, I don't see you

Dont'cha know you're KILLIN YOUR OWN PEO-PL

You talk that Holly Grove shit, I don't believe you

Seventeen witness see you and me too?

(Hook, Juvenile & Skip)

[Juvenile]

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What kinda nigga need his mama to hold his hand!?! (A
hoe)

Mmm-hhmmmmmm (A hoooeeee)

A hoe!

[Skip]

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