

Les Sultans

"Blow Dem Hoes Up"

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Blow dem hoes up cause all of these punks
Behind my back they call me nigga and on my face
they front
You see, I know the real deal
And that's the main reason why I serial kill
Now mothafuckas livin' straight up fake these days
And it's gonna take The Terrorists to pave the ways
Remember way back? When a long time ago
A nigga couldn't even look at a white hoe
Now you think you got blackman in check
You better give me my respects, redneck
That's bullshit and Dope-E don't like that
Egypt made a hype track, now it's time to fight back
Get back cause I'm too strong
I been waitin' to say this for so long
You been holdin' me back and now I'm pissed
So I lift my head up and raise my power fist
Cause you're prejudiced and I know this is injustice
We need to fix thus next on my hitlist
Cause, damn it, I'm tired
I blow you hoes up and set this world on fire...

Blow these hoes up...
Prejudiced bastards...
Tell'em, Dope...

Prejudiced white mothafuckers upset me
I wanted to blow dem hoes up but the Coalition wouldn't
let me
See, you're obsessed that fact that I'm black
And I'm obsessed that fact that I'm black with a bat
Swingin' on the head of a honky
Callin' me shit, junk and jigaboo and don't even know
me
I'm feel to put stop to this
All the conversatin' and waitin' is over, punk, throw your
fist
And face the black nation
Demalest the hope of meditation
Cause th whole damn committee is white
That shit ain't right and Dope-E don't like it

These mothafuckas try to claim authority
Provin' on majority, make us to commit larceny
On a white shit talker
Includin' your white hoes too cause we're bitch stalkers
And The Terrorists' about to murder your ass
Real slow over evil sounds
Terror strikes the light and the whites might not like
Tonight to overcome the daylight...

Blow dem hoes up...
Prejudiced bastards...
Tell'em, Dope...

Dope-E tellin' you the story of facts
Writin' exact to wax, fuck you oreo-blacks
Cause you're jockin' the other, you don't know your
color
You need to learn to hang with your sistas and brothas
Your momma shoulda told you not to fuck with white
trash
Cause when the shit hits the fan they won't cut for your
ass
All they do is turn their noses
And that reminds me of Guns'N Roses
I heard you used the word 'nigga' in your song
When we see your punk group we gonna whip that ass
long
Face the Holocauster, fool, and my DJ Egypt-E got my
back
With a gat and he'll spray your whole crew, fightin'
back you ain't able

You be layin' in dramaroom with attorney and boosty
cables
They'll try to jumpstart your fuckin' heart
And time they get it started I'm gonna rip it apart
You sissy mothafucka, see, nobody needs you
Step to the terror set and you'll have ceasors
Honky, see how I sound, yeah, you hate it
Now go with that misteminor shit before I get
aggravated...

Blow these hoes up...
Prejudiced bastards...
Tell'em, Dope...

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