

Mr. Biggs

"Hoe Check"

Visit "[Hoe Check](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bitches Line yo ass up
Hoe Check, Hoe Check
Hoe Check, Hoe Check
Fuck Nigga Check, Fuck Nigga Check
Bitches Line yo ass up

Mr. Bigg's in da muthafuckin show talking bout these-
HOES!!!

Let me hear you say--- HOES!!!
Let me talk about them--- HOES!!!
Let me hear you say --- HOE!!!
Let me talk about them---HOES!!!
Let me hear you say---HOES!!!
Let me talk about them---HOES!!!
Let me hear you say---HOE!!!

(Verse 1)

I'm out on parole and I'm sittin on swole
The Cadillac outside with the mac dee's and vogues
Put the Jag in the shop and got the brains blowed out
I keep my brim to the ride with a grill in my mouth
Gots some hoes in the backyard they barbequing them
stakes
I sippin on that Alaze, I'm smoking on that better hay
Sittin by the pool with my ray bands on
Talkin shit to my momma on my cellular phone
Askin me when I'm comin back to Kali to see her
Cuz she know when I come I bring that fiyah ass reefer
Got the gold cuz them hoes got they shoes on my rug
M.O.B. and P.C.P. tearin up them folks club
Holla at cha later tell my sister I miss her
Tell my niece I'm comin to see her; I'll be in Kali for
Christmas
If I'm dirty I'm gone drive cuz I want you to know
Mr. Bigg's in the muthafuckin show talking bout these---
HOES!!!

Let me hear you say--- HOES!!!
Let me talk about them--- HOES!!!
Let me hear you say --- HOE!!!
Let me talk about them---HOES!!!

Let me hear you say---HOES!!!
Let me talk about them---HOES!!!
Let me hear you say---HOE!!!

(Verse 2)

Shit!
Why do these bustas fall so weak
For these Waffle House hoes and these cheap ass
freaks
Niggas buying bitches clothes ???
Ya'll taking this shit to far
Tryin to make these bitches starve
They driving round in yo Jag while you there selling
birds
When you go to the feds she gone kick you to the curve
That's fucked up what I heard from yo lil cousin Mick
You done bought her all this shit, she ain't even suck yo
dick
Ya'll pussy ass niggas got this game half backwards
The shit done got out of hand, you da hoe and she da
man
Got yo house, got yo cars, got yo boat, and yo plane
Every got damn thang in that got damn bitch name
Slow down man, I see the dogs and them helicopters
The Fed's around the corner and them Bama ???
You jumped off in da game and I want you to know
Mr. Bigg's in the muthafuckin show talking bout them---
HOES!!!

Let me hear you say--- HOES!!!
Let me talk about them--- HOES!!!
Let me hear you say --- HOE!!!
Let me talk about them---HOES!!!
Let me hear you say---HOES!!!
Let me talk about them---HOES!!!
Let me hear you say---HOE!!!

(Verse 3)

I met this bitch by the strip on a hot night
All up on my dick cuz my name be in the spotlight
She had this lil tattoo on her titty
Already knew my name cuz I be ballin down here
The Port city the bitch had some golds in her mouth
Talkin real fly with some fake ass green eyes
Ass sittin on swole in them guess jeans
Talk kinda funny and said she was from New Orleans
Said she want me to be her main
Said she had a spot where I can sale a bunch of cane
I don't trust no hoes unless we got the same blood
I don't play no games with them bitches in the club
Bitches like to try all type of shit

Be a trick, suck a dick and move to the next lick
Now bitch how da fuck you don't know
Mr. Bigg's in the muthafuckin show-talking bout these---
HOES!!!

Let me hear you say--- HOES!!!
Let me talk about them--- HOES!!!
Let me hear you say --- HOE!!!
Let me talk about them---HOES!!!
Let me hear you say---HOES!!!
Let me talk about them---HOES!!!
Let me hear you say---HOE!!!
repeat

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