

Hoe (ft. YG & Yo Gotti)

Kirko Bangz

When I think about you, I think hoe!
When I dream about you, I think hoe!
It only took me some hours to hit, I think hoe!
When I see you at my niggas crib, I think hoe!
When you pull up in your whip, I think hoe!
Act different when you get your chips, I think hoe!
Wouldn't do it for your homies, do it for your bitch, hoe!
Hoe! These hoes only fucking with a nigga, with them figgas
You ain't got it, them bitches ain't fucking with you
Stop saving these hoes, fuck these bitches
Stop bringing them around a real nigga
'Cause a hoe gon' be a hoe, and a bitch gon' be a bitch
Don't put your dick up in a hoe that make you money
And these hoes fucking different niggas every night
But she still be up in church every Sunday
So bitch, tell the DJ play my shit
And tell your home girls to get with it
Don't be ashamed to be a hoe, if you a hoe, then let them know
You getting money and they need to fuck with it
When I think about you, I think hoe!
When I dream about you, I think hoe!
It only took me some hours to hit, I think hoe!
When I see you at my niggas crib, I think hoe!
When you pull up in your whip, I think hoe!
Act different when you get your chips, I think hoe!
Wouldn't do it for your homies, do it for your bitch, hoe!
Hoe! When I wake up in the morning, I think dough
Bad bitch, follow all the rap niggas, she a ho
Got a 100 thousand likes and a million something followers
I'm a street nigga, I'm just tryna get my dollars up
Kirko Bangz and my nigga YG
Yo Gotti, trill nigga, ask your hoe about me
Real Nigga shit, don't do that, get your feelings hurt
Want a red bitch in a mini skirt
Chanel boots, Celine purse
Shawty not a stripper but can make it twerk
When you think about me you think bread
When I think about you, I think head
When I think about you, I think hoe!
When I dream about you, I think hoe!
It only took me some hours to hit, I think hoe!

When I see you at my niggas crib, I think hoe!
When you pull up in your whip, I think hoe!
Act different when you get your chips, I think hoe!
Wouldn't do it for your homies, do it for your bitch, hoe!
Hoe! These hoes gon' be hoes
You cuffin' and loving her, but she fucking on the low
And I'm like "damn", bitch, what you saying?
Hoe, you know you got a man
But she gon' fuck all the niggas, that all the bitches is fucking
And she gon' post all them pictures that she don't look like in public
She gon' be in the club, bottles poppin', she boppin'
When the sparkles start coming, bitches start table hoppin'
They see me when I'm coming down, ridin' slow
You ain't a hoe, why you fucking on the floor
You and your girlfriend wear each other clothes
Bitch we don't save these hoe's
When I think about you, I think hoe!
When I dream about you, I think hoe!
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Hoe!

Songwriters

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