

# Shawty Violating (Wup That Hoe)

## Yo Gotti & La Chat

Wup that hoe [x13][Chorus x2: Yo Gotti]  
Wup that hoe, Wup that hoe (she fucked yo baby daddy)  
Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shit I aint mad at ya)  
Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shawty violating)  
Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shawty been hating)[Verse 1:]  
There were two hoes, Yo Gotti, one couple hearin  
Who be hollering look at that hoe fucking her friend  
Knowing 'bout the beef and shit I gone tuck my eyesPop my collar, hit my boy and let these hoes fight  
Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee  
Shawty got a right like she Laila Ali  
Thats just my baby mama  
And her best friend  
Coming out they stilettos to do these hoes in  
U fucked the wrong nigga  
Caught the wrong bitch  
Hit the wrong club, and got yo ass kicked  
I fuck wit hood hoes  
Them hoes stay jacking  
Look at shawty weave  
I'm like dammmmmnnnn what happened  
[Chorus: x2]Wup that hoe [x13][Verse 2: Lil' Chat]  
The hoe done fucked my baby daddy  
Now the hoe is out here braggin'  
When I see the hoe, through the door her ass Im gone be draggin'  
Bitch I be ya mad  
What you did hoe is nothing  
But I gotta beat yo ass cuz you think you did something  
I aint fucked up bout no nigga  
Niggas coming by the dozen  
I be with da shit, my paper is thick, like niggas kill they cousin  
Talkin shit now I cant go  
Throw dem thangs on dat hoe  
See you buckin in da club before you know you on da floor  
I be strapped like jab in the back  
Beat dem killers thats gone attack  
Hoe you know its gone be on when you talking about fucking off with Lil' Chat  
Bust these bitches with a bottle  
Naw I'll bust you with my popper  
Hoe you really don't want no problem cuz my 38 will resolve them

Hoe you fresh straight out the mall  
Brand new set, get staright, get dirt  
Shit its gonna help you get blazed up cuz you'll get smoked just like some perk  
I don't play no games with these bitches  
Lil' Chat straight gone let you know  
If you disrespect my gangsta  
Imma staright up wup you hoe! (straight up wup you hoe)  
[Chorus: x2][Verse 3:]  
My main girl trippin', she think Im fucking off  
Ask me 'bout some bitches, I had to play it off  
Told me if she catch me then she gone cut a shine  
Found a couple rubbers but I told her they weren't mine  
She checked my phone, she watched my home, she searched my clothes  
She asked me 'bout  
Where I'm at and who I'm with  
She tryna figure pimpin out  
She cursed me out said I'm a dog  
She sitting here crying and saying I'm wrong  
Calling my phone all through the night and ask me when I'm coming home  
Rule number 1, if shawty from the projects  
Niggas takin' care of, you hoes better respect that  
Nigga got her pregnant, you hoes better respect that  
Where I'm from hoes get guns and leave hoes wet[Chorus: x2]Wup that hoe, wup that hoe ['til fade out]  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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