

Pick These Hoes Apart

DJ Khaled

Another one

DJ Khaled! Ain't tryna flatter you but baby you a star

I had to come after you, I seen you from afar

When she walked in I was standin' by the bar

Soon I saw you girl my dick was standin' hard

She so wet I make that pussy fart

Pussy good, I just might buy you a new car

Girl you could come and meet my mom tomorrow

The way you walk I thought you was a model

I'm just a regular nigga from the bottom

I hope you ain't one of them hoes that like to gossip

First I eat it then I beat it just like Michael

Yeah, I write but I consider myself an idol

Ain't wanna say it but I think I like you

Certain shit I just gon' do because I'm prideful

Let a nigga get a little close to you then inside you

It's okay bae don't be scared I ain't gon' bite you Love 'em with your mind and never with your heart

Yeah, I'm shinin', don't you see me from afar?

We the type of niggas pull up in new cars

Sometimes you gotta pick these hoes apart

She can't wait to fuck a nigga in your squad

Real niggas wet your head and they shinin' hard

Rolex today that Audemar tomorrow

Sometimes you gotta pick these hoes apart One thing about that sack boy, I'mma run it up

Your favorite trapper's favorite trapper and you the runner up

Free credit, say one bitch, you know I got that sauce

Really got out here and got it I'm a motherfuckin' boss

'Cause I call when I call I ain't tryna catch no feelin's

Dick rock hard, yeah I hit her with the buildin'

To all my haters I be mad too, you gotta watch this

Pull up in them 'Raris by the twos just like they chopsticks

It ain't about the sprint lil nigga, it's about the marathon

One time for my city bitch, they love me like I'm Farrakhan

Woke up on the first, yeah I bought a couple bricks

Got 'em all off then gotta suite up at the Ritz Love 'em with your mind and never with your heart

Yeah, I'm shinin', don't you see me from afar?

We the type of niggas pull up in new cars

Sometimes you gotta pick these hoes apart

She can't wait to fuck a nigga in your squad

Real niggas wet your head and they shinin' hard
Rolex today that Audemar tomorrow
Sometimes you gotta pick these hoes apart
Shawty 'cause of you, went and dropped the roof
Went and got the loot
Went and hit the dealer, went and dropped the deuce
Tried to make her mine, I'm a hustler lookin' for a buster
Baby go and find 'em, see you on your Oprah gram
We can hustle, both can shine
She 'bout the paper and I knew that
My mind's telling me don't do that, my dick hard so I flew that
That fake love, we grew that
Take off all that Mac and let me see the real
Twisted off that batch and I can see your grill
Fuck the blogs, baby chill
I pick these hoes apart
Fuckin' with her mind so much it started fuckin' with her heart
And I just play my part
I'm just seein' if you real, you wasn't with me from the start
These hoes'll tear your heart apart
Montana Love 'em with your mind and never with your heart
Yeah, I'm shinin', don't you see me from afar?
We the type of niggas pull up in new cars
Sometimes you gotta pick these hoes apart
She can't wait to fuck a nigga in your squad
Real niggas wet your head and they shinin' hard
Rolex today that Audemar tomorrow
Sometimes you gotta pick these hoes apart

Songwriters

KEVIN COSSOM, BENJAMIN DIEHL, DEREK GARCIA, JAY JENKINS, KHALED KHALED, KARIM
KHARBOUCH, DIEUSON OCTAVE

Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>