

# We Dont Love Em

Mac

Yeah, KLC DJ Wop, it's all about them hoes  
I know my nigga, Wop don't love them hoes  
My nigga KL, he ain't loving them hoes  
My nigga Cult definitely ain't loving them hoes  
Do y'all know what's up with this Mac nigga, feel it To all the bitches, hoes and all that shit  
Running around with them tights on trying to find the tricks  
Running behind that dick chasing niggas with brand names  
I see you tight coming, you making it harder for the right woman Off in the club giving rappers a hug, trying to  
get some love  
Letting them put their hands on your glove  
Off in the limo you and that slim hoe, they hit the ass  
And let their partner and them know so now you on they demo They wrote a rhyme about cha  
They told the world how they got that out cha  
All up in the mouth too you with the groupie route boo  
They made you famous, your man's got to be your bitch  
He saw the video tape and said all man that ain't shit Instead of ending it he defending it, I'll give you that much  
Either he lame or your pussy is pure gold with diamond clusters  
But he a buster 'cause everybody fucked you  
But he the only one saying he love you, you's a Hoes, hoes, you know I'm 'bout them hoes hoes  
But I don't love them hoes, hoes, I'm way above them hoes, hoes  
Wop don't love them hoes, hoes, KL don't love them hoes, hoes  
Fiend don't love them hoes, hoes, Coonts don't love them hoes  
Check this out, hoes I seen her in the house in blue shaking her ass  
Winking her eye at every nigga who passed  
Trying to fell that glass put his pants back  
The ass fat but you asked backwards  
A trip with a simple effect even don't have to Simple things you be after you caught up in the rapture  
Me and my niggas point at you with laughter  
But get down or try to understand you world  
And what it did to make you such a shallow ass girl I know you laid with this nigga that you met last night  
You fucking him because his white Land Cruiser's looking tight  
Stroking, telling you that it was love at first sight  
But you don't realize that it was love for the night Now you at the crib crying, you sick of all them niggas lying  
But you the one that's doing all the lying  
Supplying the cat to all the niggas who be trying to mack  
On the Celia you wants to be real familiar Now back at the spot where the champagne pop  
You in the club corner getting wet in some rain drop  
It's common to you so you except it  
It's unknown how many niggas you done slept with We don't love them hoes, hoes

We don't love them hoes, hoes, I'm way above them hoes, hoes  
I'm 'bout them hoes, check it hoesMy nigga slim, I let them hoes know I'm from the 3rd yo  
My name is Macadon and I'll get all up in em' slow  
I gives a fuck I get bucked nigga what  
My nigga DJ Wop told me to let them niggas know  
What's up my girl Storm, she definitely in the house  
I'm from uptown so you niggas know I got all about

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