

Hoe's in My Room

Ludacris

Fresh off the streets, just finished a show in Long Beach
Ready to relax, kick up my feet
Maybe smoke a blunt or two, that's what I want to do
Broke out and called up the homeboy Snoop (What happenin' nephew?)
Oh, nothin' just called, lookin' for some women who can fondle my balls
(Well you hit the right dogg, I can help you with that
Gimme 15 minutes, and I hit you right back)
Off to the hotel, I was ready indeed
Slapped the button in the 'llac to control the speed
Put one up in the air, the cops just stared
Waved my hands out the roof like I just ain't care
Got to the tele and I slid through the door
On to the elevator, hit the penthouse floor
And what would happen next only time could tell
'Cause I got up to my room, and I was mad as hell (Ah! Damn!) Who let these hoes in my room? (These hoes)
Who let these hoes in my room? (Did you let 'em in?)
Who let these hoes in my room? (I wanna know)
Who let these hoes in my room? Now it was five B.A.P hoes and they look like trash
But one was midget, so we'll just say four and a half
I was stuck speechless, couldn't believe my eyes
What'd I do to deserve this unpleasant surprise?
And I was thinkin' to myself, "This is just my luck"
Then my nigga bust in like "What the fuck!?"
(Oh shit it's Snoop!) Who in the hell let them booger bears out they cell (Not me)
And what they doin' in ya' room? Nigga make 'em bail (Yeah)
Got some fine bitches, dime bitches on they way (Okay)
And told security, "Let 'em in, with no delay" (Ha Ha!)
So when they get here, they'll probably be like half naked
Don't mean to trip out, but bitch y'all got to dip out (Dip Out!)
Catch the elevator up one floor
Presidential with the slidin' key for the door (Oh No!)
What the fuck goin' on? Shit, all around the world Luda, then it's the same song
Them bitches was so ugly, I told 'em to go home Who let these hoes in my room? (Man who let these hoes in
my room man?)
Who let these hoes in my room? (Did you let 'em in?)
Who let these hoes in my room? (Who let 'em in?)
Who let these hoes in my room? Now, these chicks wouldn't leave, they was ready to clown
One was 5'6 and weighed three hundred pounds
(No she didn't come through with a thong on

She did for the hell of it, big fat whale of it)
You can't separate me, I'ma separate you
Bitch ya' pussy smell like Pepe Le Pew
(You filthy, nasty, sick in the head
Sitting in my dressing room with dick on ya' brain)
She said "I want you to climb in this underwear, silly"
But I was turned off by her tupper-ware titties
(Fake bitches, break bitches, make bitches
Kick rocks, when they fucked up in they face
Tick-tock, you gots to get up out my space
Hey Ludacris let's get the fuck up out this place, let's bounce)
Then it got to my head, and something reminded me
I know who let 'em in, it was Bill O'Reilly (Faggot)
(Ya' white bread, chicken-shit nigga!)Who let these hoes in my room? (Who let these hoes in my room?)
Who let these hoes in my room? (Did you let 'em in?)
Who let these hoes in my room? (I need to know, who let these hoes in)
Who let these hoes in my room? (Ay, y'all gotta go)

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