Rich whores

Kreayshawn

Oh my God.
Did you hear the new Gucci Man album ?
I love Gucci Man !
I love Kreayshawn !
Lets get it bumpin' bumpin', yeah !
This is for my hoes,
hoes in the second-hand clothes.
Who use they dollar bill to put the powder in they nose.
I love my hoes,
hoes in the second-hand clothes.
Who use they dollar bill to put the powder in they nose.
Rich whore, rich whore,
spending at the thrift store.
Line it up, line it up,
sniff more, sniff more !
Rich whore, rich whore,
spending at the thrift store.
Line it up, line it up,
sniff more, sniff more !
What up, bitch ? I heard you go to FIDM.
What up, bitch ? I see you dancin' with no rhythm.
What up, bitch ? I know you like that gangsta rap,
but you'll probably piss your pants if you ever seen the track.
I fuckin' hated school, but i love my trapper keeper.
That's where i kept my work,
go ahead and ask my teacher.
I got pretty features,
"Did you major in photography ?"
Well, I did, and fuck that noise.
I'm a self-taught prodigy.
Honestly, I'm probably a bonafide problem child.
I was born with hella steez,
you had to go buy your style.
Ginger Spice, Ginger spice,
hustle hard since Fisher Price.
You offer up a couple lines,
I just hit the Swisher twice.
Sporty Spice, Sporty Spice,
hustle hard for forty nights.

Fourth days, 40k, forty hoes, forty wives,
fourty fashion students who designing all my merchandise.
And she hella shallow,
damn, she could be my perfect wife !
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Broke house, poor house,
crack house, trap house,
art loft, sky freight, sky high penthouse.
We in the downtown suite,
and the view is mayne.
A rapper talked about it so she had the system lame.
Her boyfriend's in an indie band,
and he got a mustache.
The music's fuckin lame,
he lookin like a muskrat.
Trust that, co-sign it, take it to the bank.
You can put a pig in makeup,
but you cant disguise a skank.
I'm sharper than a shank and my marijuana stank.
My life is like a work of art,
your canvas lookin' blank.
So add a little color, put some paint on your palette.
Because I fill them galleries, them painter hoes is mad at me !
Line it up, line it up, line it up,
sniff it !
Line it up, line it up, line it up,
sniff it !
Chop it up, chop it up, chop it up,

sniff it !
Chop it up, chop it up, chop it up,
sniff it !
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