

Hoes

Ying Yang Twins

I hate hoes
I hate hoes
I hate hoes
Oh

[Chorus]

All these hoes is the motherfucking same,
Play you to the left like a motherfucking lame,
Call you out you motherfucking name,
Fuck you all lames
I got game!
I hate hoes, hoes hate me
I hate hoes, hoes hate me
I hate hoes, hoes hate me
I hate hoes, hoes hate me

For real bitch, don't take the shit wrong
Thinking I'm nice I'll break you jawbone
Get the fuck on
Leave me alone
Bitch you better go on
See, you all hoes ain't optimistic
Cockblockin' bitches
You improper bitches
What's the problem bitches?
You say your nigga hurt your feelin's
Well, hoes done hurt mine
Not once, not twice,
But bitch all the time
So I'm a dog to a broad
Have 'em all crying,
I done cried before,
That don't make me a hoe
That just show me where my feelin's ain't supposed to go
See, I got the magic stick you dumb bitch
Other nigga you fuck with, be on some punk shit
And I'm gonna show you all I don't need no help,
Just as soon as I loosen my belt

Bitch!

[Chorus]

I need a moment,
I can't stand bitches and hoes
'cause a bitch is a bitch and a hoe gonna hoe,
But a woman hold her own
She got her own home
She drive her own car
Buying drinks at the bar
Take a nigga out to eat
Take a nigga to the mall
Treat a nigga good
And wash a nigga draws
But bitches ain't shit,
Always talking shit
They wanna be the shit
But is they shit? No
And hoes, they fuck off the god damn chain
Everything and everything but don't take names
So that's a nasty hoe and I can't do shit wit it
Please get out my face I don't need a case
Yeah, I love you all respectful women
Independent women
I takes 'em out all the time
But you all hit the baggage need to keep on tracking
I ain't speaking I ain't talking to nothing
'cause

[Chorus]

Just keep my name out you mouth
Before you find out how a down south hoe will out
You're a hater, she's a hater, three a hater, for
Everywhere I go I see some hating ass hoes
Southern Belle, Jazzy Belle, Never Monogamous
?? be hot because my deeper esophagus
Still they run up on me, smile and phone me,
Laugh 'cause soon as I turn my back they stab it
Learn to play fair
Stop trying to care
Two hoes to one nigga,
Bitch, learn to share
Baby, you dead ass broke

For hating on the rich chicks
See how I flow?
Bitch, put it on you wish list
Two seater wit the chill on
My baby daddy put the grill on
Fixing to put the heels on
Chrome spokes with the low pros
And the trunk funk blows up the cedar on the dashboard

[Chorus]

This is the men's national anthem for this year
All you real women,
You all can sing this shit too
If you a hoe and you hate another hoe,
You can sing this shit too
If you a bitch and you hate and bitch,
You can sing this shit too
So everybody's gonna sing this shit
I hate hoes, they hate me too

Yup

Yup

Yup

Yup

Yup

Bitch!

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Jackson, Eric / Crooms, Michael Antoine / Holmes, Deongelo / Kohn, Angela / Thompkins, Jeffrey

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>