

# Hooker

## Bea

And you ain't nothin' but a hooker  
Sellin' your fuckin' soul  
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Sellin' your fuckin' soul Back up, they want you, I swear  
You got no worries, you got no cares  
All you got is motherfuckers who will jock you  
Yeah, you got money in your pocket And you shoot up the ground like a rocket  
You move so fast, Lord you can't stop it  
There you are in the club swingin'  
And I'm just standin' there, standin' there laughin' All the things people have you believin'  
I feel sorry for your ass is out of season  
Maybe you should think of cuttin' down drinkin'  
'Cause you look like a fat rat sinkin'  
I coulda helped you but you had to act out  
You don't have a fuckin' clue what I'm about And you ain't nothin' but a hooker  
Sellin' your fuckin' soul  
And you ain't nothin' but a hooker  
Sellin' your fuckin' soul I saw it comin' through the line like a full back  
You're a crack slack, a fuckin' rap back, yeah  
Don't react, you're not fact  
Don't give a fuck, yes, like that What you gonna do now that you ain't got nothin'?  
Look around honey, you been frontin'  
Everybody knows that you're a fraud  
And I'm makin' records My salutations, no hesitations  
No reservation, just cancellation  
And if I blow it then I blow it  
'Cause I'm a poet and I know it You ain't nothin' but a hooker  
Sellin' your fuckin' soul  
And you ain't nothin' but a hooker  
Sellin' your fuckin' soul You wanna try me  
Don't you know?  
You wanna try me  
Don't you know?  
You wanna try me  
Don't you know?  
You wanna try me  
Don't you know?

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