Hooker

Bea

And you ain't nothin' but a hooker
Sellin' your fuckin' soul
And you ain't nothin' but a hooker
Sellin' your fuckin' soulBack 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 pocketAnd 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 aboutAnd you ain't nothin' but a hooker
Sellin' your fuckin' soul
And you ain't nothin' but a hooker
Sellin' your fuckin' soulI 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 thatWhat 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' recordsMy salutations, no hesitations
No reservation, just cancellation
And if I blow it then I blow it
'Cause I'm a poet and I know itYou ain't nothin' but a hooker
Sellin' your fuckin' soul
And you ain't nothin' but a hooker
Sellin' your fuckin' soulYou 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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