

Bald Head Hoes

Lil' Wyte

Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Every where I go I see some bald head hoes
Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Gossipin', talkin' shit, bald head hoes Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Every where I go I see some bald head hoes
Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Gossipin', talkin' shit, bald head hoes Sick and tired of these bald head hoes, ole funky ass hoes
Get my number then stop playin' on my muthafuckin' phone
If you like my music bump that shit dont try to get in my business
Keep my name up out yo topics if they involved in gossipin' I got my own life, most of y'all news is rumors
Tryin' to get me and my girl in a mix but y'all can't do shit to us
I rise above the jealousy and then take a vacation
To a place where blue water and sand is half the population Then come back and have to hear it all over again
But that's okay the studio's here and plus I got my pen
Back to bald headed hoes, that is the way it goes
To the ones that wear the same outfit every time they go to court Bitch get a fuckin' job, hoe get a fuckin' crib
Go get yourself some hair implants, better yet a fuckin' wig
They need some life straightnin', they keep procrastinatin'
Maybe Dr. Phill should do a show on bald headed hoes that's hatin' Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Every where I go I see some bald head hoes
Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Gossipin', talkin' shit, bald head hoes Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Every where I go I see some bald head hoes
Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Gossipin', talkin' shit, bald head hoes I gotta get my hair done at the spot
'Cuz I can't be walkin' up in no beauty shop
Them hoes be in there talkin' all that goss
'Bout all the hoes and the cars they heard I got 'Cuz see I'm a low key man to begin with
Dont dress classy but can bang any classy chic
If I want shit I'ma, a big nigg even without the sets
Nappy head bitch keep your record out my mesh Hoe you got me fucked up askin' foe a check
I need to call Terminex, I think I got a pest
I need to tote a bigger gun and probably wear a vest
To fight off all these gold diggin' gobbers on the set So you dont want me to use a rubber but I heard
You's a freak under cover, they call you Ms. Yeast
Man just fucked her real name, Wokk Wokk, she's a sluter
But it's all good it's the juice man from the north
I got so much cheese I dont need a hoe Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Every where I go I see some bald head hoes

Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Gossipin', talkin' shit, bald head hoes Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Every where I go I see some bald head hoes
Bald head hoes, I see some bald head hoes
Gossipin', talkin' shit, bald head hoes

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>