

Hoe Down

Millionaires

Look at that fat slut over there
Her dress is so tight, it's making me stare
She's lickin' on that lollipop with her tongue
So lets just shoot her with our guns
So my mommy's in the kitchen, cooking that chicken
It's taking way to long so I give her a whipin'
My daddy walks in as I'm layin' it down
But he don't say shit, 'cause I rule this town
Dumb bitches
So we're going to a show to hear this band play
The beat starts kickin', but this bitch is in my way
I asked her to move but she said: "Shit, son!"
Well I could beat you ass, does that sound fun
Yeah, uh-huh, what, okay
Yeah, uh-huh, o-o-okay
Okay!
My parents always told me not to drink or cuss or fuck
But look how I turned out, just their fuckin' luck
So come and follow us, we'll show you a good time
But if youre gonna whine, bitch don't waste our time
Bitch!
Yeah, uh-huh, what, okay
Yeah, uh-huh, o-o-okay
Okay!
Yeah, uh-huh, what, okay
Yeah, uh-huh, o-o-okay
Okay!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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