

Beatin These Hoes Down

DJ Paul

[DJ Paul (Screwed)]

Be a real nigga, believe I'm beating 'em hoes down,
Be a, be a real nigga, believe I'm beating 'em hoes down, push her,
Be a real nigga, believe I'm beating 'em hoes down,
Be a, be a real nigga, believe I'm beating 'em hoes down, push her,
[Be a real nigga, believe I'm beating 'em hoes down,
Be a real, real nigga, believe I'm beating 'em hoes down, push her,] x2
[Be a real nigga, believe I'm beating 'em hoes down,
Push her head into the wall,
Till you hear that cracking sound,] x2

[Lord Infamous]

Sometimes I be wanting to take my fist and beat these bitches badly,
Take them traps,
I never nap,
Cause Scarecrow gotta have the...,
Dividends,
That's plenty as,
We're managing those prostitutes,
Kick a black bitch in,
The bigot,
So hard that she pickin',
The skin up,
Offa my boots,
... My brotha been so sick, don't have no mercy on these hoes,
Make them walk that strip until they wearing out they shoe soles,
And ever since then, I can't stand to see a bitch with a doppler,
And mess me up, that funky bitch, cause I'll uh,
Bitch you need to work, go to work,
Do some dirt,
Bring Lord Infamous back some money 'fore you get yo ass hurt,
Bitch... you betta meet yo fuckin' quota, bitch you betta wise up,
Fuck around and getcho ass put in a piledriver,
Bust a mothafuckin' pint of Hennessy 'cross yo fuckin' head,
Hit you in the kneecap with a pipe and try to break yo leg,
Man there's plenty money to be made, in the M-Town,
Niggas betta learn you gotta beat a fuckin' bitch down,

[DJ Paul (Screwed)]

[Hook 1] x2

[Hook 2] x4

[Lord Infamous]

One day me and Paul was chillin' in the cut, dawg, just glidin',
A couple of bitches I knew asked for a ride,
... We just cruisin' in this lil' pimpin', rollin' up phunks,
And ?,

And Paul, asked the bitch, "You wanna (Your room... it's on) hit the Le'Corta or something?",

The hoes were with it, so we fell... up, in... the Le'Corta,

And we smokin', makin' blunts,

And sippin' on that grapefruit gin,

Now the bitches fucked up and Da Scarecrow spittin' crazy game,

Paul in the corner gettin' his dick sucked by that other dame,

Now I got this stal-lion coming on up out them drawers,

Oh Lord it's time to bang the walls, bang the walls,

... Now we do, but I still think the hoes don't get the picture,

Fired up a roach and hit the rest of the liquor,

[DJ Paul]

Yo what's up, where you want us to drop you off to?

[Lord Infamous]

Next thing I know, she came out her purse, with a deuce deuce,

I (.22 Blast Blast) started busting with the 80 (.380 Blast Blast) out the ankle holster,

2 wounded bitches in the hotel, fuckin' with Locstas,

[DJ Paul (Screwed)]

[Hook 1] x2

[Hook 2] x4

Lyrics submitted by Edwin.

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