

Hoes In My Room

Ludacris

Hey, thank all y'all for comin' out tonight
It was a beautiful night tonight at The Shizznit
Where pimpin' and dead, these hoes just scared
Thanks Snoop Dogg, Ludacris, all the players from the LBC
It was a beautiful night tonight
Oh, look at these fools, hey, security, come get these niggaz
Fresh off the streets, just finished a show
In Long Beach, ready to relax, kick up my feet
Maybe smoke a blunt or two, that's what I wanna do
Broke out and called up the homeboy Snoop
What happenin', nephew, oh, nothin', just called
Lookin' for some women that can fondle my balls
Well, you hit the right dogg, I can help you with that
Gimme fifteen minutes, and I'll hit you right back
Off to the hotel, I was ready indeed
Slapped the button in the 'llac to control the speed
Put one up in the air, the cops just stared
Waved my hands out the roof like I just ain't care
Got to the tele and I slid through the door
On to the elevator, hit the penthouse floor
And what would happen next only time could time tell
'Cause I got up to my room, and I was mad as hell, ah, damn
Who let these hoes in my room?
(These hoes)
Who let these hoes in my room?
(Oh no, did you let 'em in?)
Who let these hoes in my room?
(These hoes)
Who let these hoes in my room? Now it was five B.A.P hoes and they look like trash
But one was midget, so we'll just say four and a half
I was stuck speechless, couldn't believe my eyes
What'd I do to deserve this unpleasant surprise?
And I was thinkin' to myself, "This is just my luck"
Then my nigga bust in like, "What the fuck?" Who in the hell let them booger bears out they cell, not me
And what they doin' in ya' room, nigga make 'em bail, yeah
Got some fine bitches, dime bitches on they way, okay
They told security, "Let 'em in, with no delay", hey
So when they get here, they'll probably be like half naked
Don't mean to trip out, but bitch y'all got to dip out, dip out
Catch the elevator on more floor
Presidential with the slidin' key for the door, oh no
What the fuck goin' on, shit, all around the world, Luda
Then its the same song

Them bitches was so ugly, I told 'em to go home
Who let these hoes in my room?
(Man who let these hoes in my room?)
Who let these hoes in my room?
(Oh no, did you let 'em in?)
Who let these hoes in my room?
(Well, who let 'em in then?)
Who let these hoes in my room?
(Get out) Now, these chicks wouldn't leave, they was ready to clown
One was 5'6 and weighed three hundred pounds
No, she didn't come through with a thong on
She did for the hell of it, big, fat whale of it
You can't separate me, I'ma separate you
Bitch ya pussy smell like Pepe Le Pew
You filthy, nasty, sick in the head
Sittin' in my dressin room with dick on ya bread
She said, "I want you to climb in this underwear, silly"
But I was turned off by her tupper-ware titties
Fake bitches, break bitches, make bitches
Kick rocks, when they fucked up in they face
Tick-tock, you gots to get up out my space
Hey Ludacris, let's get the fuck up out this place, let's bounce
Then it got to my head, and somethin' reminded me
I know who let 'em in, it was Bill O'Reilly, faggot
Ya white bread, chicken-shit nigga
Who let these hoes in my room?
(Who let these hoes in my room?)
Who let these hoes in my room?
(Did you let 'em in?)
Who let these hoes in my room?
(I need to know, who let these hoes in?)
Who let these hoes in my room? Hey, hey, y'all gotta go, y'all gotta get the fuck up
Outta here, ugly ass bitches
I don't understand how these bitches always
Get in my dressin' room, you know what I'm sayin'?
Soon as I get off stage, it's seven or eight ugly ass bitches
Posyed up in my dressin room
And security act like they don't know who did it
I know you feel what I'm sayin', I'm my nigga around the
whole world
We need to form a society or somethin'
Fat, gorilla, monkey mouth bitches can't get
In our mothafuckin' dressin room or backstage
And if they do, we kindly put our foot up their asses
And re-direct them bitches to security dressin' room, you dig?
Sick of these ugly ass bitches bein' my dressin' room