

Stank Ass Hoe

Cypress Hill

Once again, we back
Now all these new niggaz tryin' to bust grips
Keep tryin' and I'm shittin' all over yo tapes
And yo CDs, you see these
Niggaz wit the weed leaves, you need these
Hill biggas to bust trigga, sicka, sicka
The rhyme spitter, spittin' over the transmitter
I got double platinum records on the wall
While you got double cheeseburgers in yo toilet stall
Cats wanna try me, you must be high
'Cause you havin' fuckin' illusions, no lie
What you usin'? Gimme some of that shit you fakin' it
(Shit)

Any little tittle you got, I'm takin' it
You can't have it, you didn't earn it
Spit on yo name, shit on it, and burn it
Suckas wanna floss and play the big boss
What movie you livin' in and how much did it cost?
What role are you playin'? I'm only sayin'
You're the record gettin' played and I'm DJ'in
Playin' you, playin' you, and playin' you
Decayin' you, I'm tyin' and breakin' you
You're a weak ass hoe, punk slow yo role
You're nothin' but a clone, with nothin' to show
You're a weak ass hoe, need a style of your own
You're a weak ass hoe, you're a weak ass hoe
(Punk ass nigga)

Leave me alone, punk nigga wit no flow
(Carbon copyin muthafucka)
(You ain't shit)
You're a weak ass hoe, you're a weak ass hoe
(Fuck your little record, punk)
(Eat a dick)

Now look at her over there lookin' all fine
(Damn)
Shakin' her ass, tellin' me to grab from behind
Please don't mind me, you'll find me
(Don't mind)
Rollin' the pine trees, women askin' to sign these

Well okay, but you're gonna get me in trouble
Nice ones, I gotta be out on the double
I'll be in that corner table wit my homies
(Right over there)
Gettin' stoney tryin' to avoid the phonies
Huh, what you askin'? Do I got plastic
To buy you and yo friends drinks? Do I have assets?
(No)
Do I got a big home? Do I live alone?

(No)
Can I use yo cell phone? Feelin' my bone
She wanna ride me, she wanna tie me
Around her tiny little finger and ride me blindly
I don't think so, you stink, hoe
The chain in yo brain is missin' a link, hoe
Please back up, I know you look good
But that ain't enough to get half of my stuff, bitch
(That's right, you're a stank hoe!)

You're a stank ass hoe
Tryin' to get dough, leave me alone
'Cause you can't roll, you're a stank ass hoe
Nut ridin' pro, you're a stank ass hoe
A stank ass hoe, leave me alone
(Broke ass hoodrat)
You can't roll, you're a stank ass hoe
(You can't roll)
A stank ass hoe, you're a stank ass hoe
(Stank ass hoe)
(Dick suckin tramp)

(Bring it back homie, come on, huh)
Here goes another example to begin' it
With a twist like pussy I'm in it
(Yeah, yeah)

When I look at me, I look and see
(Baby whatchu lookin' at)
How long it took for you to throw the book at me
Damn, that shit hurts, but I put in work
(Hurts)

These niggaz are like germs, over the counter they lurk
And smirk when you fall down, I calm down
(I know)

And put the anti bacterial assault down
Kill germs that wanna test, they want the best
Comparin' you to me is like a nigga to the cess

Never settle for stress, or wack rappers
I'm rockin' outta the West and rockin' the East after
You're a bitch ass hoe, knockin' on my door
Leave me alone, 'cause you got no soul
You're a bitch ass hoe, need to find a place to go
(Trick ass hoe)
You're a bitch ass hoe, you're a bitch ass hoe
(Punk ass niggas)
Don't touch the microphone, you're a bitch ass hoe
(Eat a muthafuckin dick)
You're a bitch ass hoe, leave me alone
Got no place to go, you're a bitch ass hoe
(Trick ass hoe)

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