

Housewife

Rich Kidz

Now this this is one of them occasions
Where the homies not doin' it right
I mean he found him a hoe that he like
But you can't make a hoe a housewife
And when it all boils down you gonna find in the end
A bitch is a bitch, but a dog is a man's best friend
So what you found you a hoe that you like
But you can't make a hoe a housewife wife
I mostly sold dick while I packed a gold clip
Worked my money-maker, she got paper, she 'bout to trip
(Where the fuck is my money?)
I cannot G guilty
You pimpin' strong, but comin' home, to sheets that be filthy
She on the dillzy, I take advantage
All up in them panties, I got this bitch speakin' Spanish
I'm mannish get yo' nails out my back
Slut I'm bout to nut and get up, go scrub yo' cat
Learn the player rules, this is how I play a dude
Might not be a freak, but she got on the choosin' shoes
Dollar signs are folded, I can't control it
Tryin' to leave her, beeper just exploded
She sweatin' me, won't let me, broad turned fraud
Now she on this dick huh, got her turnin' tricks huh
Man it's a trip I don't trip I'm in yo' Lexus flexin'
I left her up in Dallas, Texas, assed-out
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Now hoe is short for honey
Almost had her wailin' like Bunny
Tellin' tales of bein' pregnant
Catchin' Nordstrom sales with abortion money
I spotted her, seen her with my nigga when I shot at her
Now we got beef, he caught up in the hoe's erotica

Exotic, she's psychotic, rockin' his Nautical
Soon he'll need antibiotics
(Sucka bitch)
Name a sexual disease,
She got it like Sam Goody
You be like, "Damn how could she hit me off with chlamydia?"
Fool I pity ya
We live in the city off, ballers
With more bouncin' than a Zapp
She will doo-wah-diddy-ya
Prettier to grittier, the wittier can get her
To the Hotel, Niko
On some Suave shit like, Rico
That's when I caught a Vision like Coleco
A high-post hoe
A perfect way for me to keep dough
Huh, have her sellin' ass
On Bronson Ave and Pico
At the hotel, motel, or the Holiday Inn
(Say what nigga?)
I said if that bitch keep fuckin' up then we'll fuck her friends
(Bitch)
I said I dip, dive, what can I say?
Niggaz need to stop fuckin' with O.J.
Some niggaz bang blood, some niggaz bang creep
And bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
I had to dream of hoes, I had to scream at hoes
I seen my hoes in all kinds of clothes
Lil' Almond Joy, I truly enjoy
If you blew my balls, right through my drawers
Come back to the mansion, chill at the spot
From the way she was blowin', I know she does it a lot
I have a eight-and-a-half, nine-and-three-quarters
The hoe started callin' when I started boss ballin'
Gimme some head, gimme some ass
(Uh-huh)
Gimme some cash, pass it to Daz
Pass it to Snoop, or pass it to Nate
Hoes eat dick like eggs and steak
That ain't shit new, I thought you knew
(What?)
I knew you would, you wish you could
Break a G down, break me down
But I'm a see you on the rebound D.P. style
(What? What?)

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{Lil' half Dead
Lil' half Dead the money jumped out to say
Ol' Snoop Dogg on the look out boy?
Yeah
He gotta be more than half Dead
If he don't fill my motherfuckin' drink up!
Or fill your motherfuckin' mouth up
Ahh haha haha
I don't think so!}

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