

Don't Touch My Hair Hoe

Brooke Candy

I was walking down the street, drinkin' my black tea boba
And this bitch--oh no no no no!
This bitch had the nerve, the audacity, to touch my motherfuckin
g hair
Do NOT touch my hair! No, nonononono, okay?

[Hook:]

Don't touch my hair, ho, or my chinchilla coat [x4]

Don't touch my hair ho, don't touch, don't touch my hair ho
It's real out here in the field bitch, and I'm a fucking scarec
row
I'll scare these birds away, ho, your bitch is on my payroll
I get that money like my name was Sonny, but I don't ever share
though
My weave costs more than your 4 door, I'm slipping on chinchill
a coats
I'm finna go guerrilla though, I'm shippin' out Brazilian coke
I'm making that dinero, stay dipped in gold like Pharaoh
Mothafucka, I swear though, don't touch my fucking hair, ho

[Hook]

Don't touch my hair, my coat, my car, my ho, my drugs, my money
You touch my hair, my girls, my clothes, then this shit won't b
e funny
But if you cool, I'll let you touch your tongue on my punani
And if you lick it right you'll hit the apple seed like Johnny
Cash rules everything around me, bitch, I'm high, had a pill an
d brownie
Got a hideout way out in Downy cause I got a warrant in every c
ounty
So bitch beware, ho, I'm not sure if you care ho
I'll wipe you out like Nair, ho, don't touch my fucking hair ho

[Hook]

I can't believe she did that, now why she had to did that?
See, that's the type of shit that's gonna make a bitch get bitc
h slapped
I don't believe she did that, man, why she had to did that?
The next time that you touch my weave, I'll push your fucking w
ig back