

Play That Hoe

Insane Clown Posse

"Play that fuckin' ho!"
"Whose pussy is this? Whose pussy is this? Whose is it?"
"Whose pussy is this? Whose pussy is this?"
"This is yours, yours, yours"

Excuse me, bitch, I don't mean to trouble you
Can you guess the beat? Yeah, it's EMW
The Inner City Posse's gettin' fucked up
It's the Faygo and the OE gettin' sucked up
Bitches puttin' me in a bad mood
'Cause I was itchin' on my nuts and her sayin' that it's rude
The ho said "That's disgusting, J"
Don't worry about it, bitch, 'cause you'll be sucking on 'em anyway
Mind your own, sewer freaks
She stormin' out the house mad, and I'm starin' at their buttcheek
When a bitch lets everyone hit it in the butt
She's always comin' back with a fat gut
She's showin' pictures, and then nothing was said
They all know it's mine 'cause the baby had a big forehead
I ain't no kind of daddy, ho
I'll be fillin' up its bottle with Faygo
You better get an abortion, no fuckin' doubt
Or I'ma reach down your throat and pull the mother fucker out
She's bitchin' and bitchin', but I ignore it
And then she gonna ask me to fuckin' pay for it
I gave the ho an empty twelve-pack
Take your ass to the store and take a two-liter back
That's all I'll pay for, bitch, now get the fuck on, ho
Stick around, I got something you can suck on, yo

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Rollin' down West Vernor, it's the same
I'm gettin' sick of seein' [?]'s God damn name
Spray painted on the walls all around you
It's a damn shame that the deadly doughnuts never found you
Latin Counts, Young Gun, and X-Men
The Cobra's will bring they ninety-eights down to ten
Yet the second the ICP shows they face
Billy clubs and handcuffs all over the place
Runnin' from the [?] through the alleyway
They can't catch Violent crazy-ass motherfuckin' J
But I guess I wasn't so crazy this time
'Cause now I'm chillin' in the back of car forty-nine
Sittin' in a bull pin, I heard a switch
I looked up, and the cop was a fuckin' bitch
I jumped up and quickly started frontin'
I said, "Baby, we can go out for doughnuts or somethin'"
She brought my [?] juice
If I could only get this bitch to cut me loose
She snuck in one night, and we started to rub
Next thing I know, I was fuckin' her with my billy club
I was out the next day, I called her on the phone
She said, "Hello, Joe," I said, "Bitch, fuck on"
I'm a free man now, so fuck you, ho

That's why I tried to tell you so, yo

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I'm a mack daddy, ho, there's no stoppin' me

I'm playin' bitches like a motherfuckin' game of Monopoly

Take a look at my boy Nate the Mack

By the time he was twelve, he had your mother on her back

When you were growin' up thinkin' love notes'll get her

I was at home fuckin' my babysitter

Bitch buy me a slice at Little Caesar's

You bitches, hoes, sluts, and skeezers

Hit it, quit it, and get away wit' it

You'd like it too, bitch, so why don't you fuckin' admit it

I forgot your name, so I'ma call you ho

When I snap, you'll answer to your uncle Joe

Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch

You're hangin' on my dick 'cause I can make you rich

Yeah, okay, you can stay then at night

In the back, with the rest of them sewer rats

Well, you know we'll fuck in my bed, of course

But then I'll keep you in the back like a fuckin' horse

I'm finna head to the Faygo sto'

But remember, homie, you gotta play that ho

"Whose pussy is this? Whose pussy is this? Whose is it?"

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"This is yours, yours, yours"

"You bitch! Ain't that right, ghetto style?"

"Yeah"