

Rt. 40 Ho

Ballyhoo!

Route 40 ho you got no place to go
Except the backseat of his car
Wouldn't get you very far

You got 2 little kids with a drunk dad
Who wasn't there to put food on my hotel bed
You think fucking for money is where the living is at
I got some shit to say about that

Route 40 ho you got no place to go
Except the backseat of his car
Wouldn't get you very far
Route 40 ho get the hell off of my street
I don't like you hanging around so please retreat

Get yourself cleaned up and get a good job
Many things you can do without making your head bob
Drinking, kneepads, suitcases and such
I don't think your kids like you very much

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