

Fuck You Hoes

David Banner

Catalacks and Chevys, with them Butterfly doors
You get it how you live it, yeah, you let these niggas know
Singing fuck you hoes, yeah, fuck you hoes
Put your middle finger up, and scream fuck you hoes

26s on the Lack, got them haters shit they mind
You countin all the money, that wop, hundred, man
30 stacks of cash, I done gave it to the hood
They gave nothing to us, I'm placing diamonds on the wood
On the wood, rain, stupid motherfucker
My cash flow is nuts, see me bustin out the rubbers
Make me pull out this pistol if they doubt, I done left Mississippi,
but suckers, I'm back
I'm back, but I never left the trill
I just took a lil sign, watch you cock off in your bitch
And let these other rappers eat, but na, nigga, it's all about DB
Motherfucker!

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Listen, went from being a petty hustler
Now I'm the boss, I make deals with heavy customers
The trick is, 200 for the buyin
And once you flip that 10, it's 200 for the flyin
Swervin out the lobby, not stolen, just buyin
Pull up out the spot, like we done more drivin
Lamborghini, Butterfly doors
Pistol, that be touching the floor
We speadin, ducking the law
We bumpin Weed, fuck the world
We heated, up in the forin
Say a prair for one of my foes
She livin, fuckin with Jones
That nigga Ace, he got that hustler flow
Get in the kitchen, cut up the blow
Ride with a couple of bros
Survivin the feends, shit is a no go
Gotta be in the whip, with them grams on the floor

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