

No Mo

Juicy J

It's the weekend. So man, fuck your problems, man, I don't give a fuck about your motherfuckin' problems, brah. You know what I'm sayin'? You need to stop chasin' these hoes, my nigga. You know what I'm sayin'? Bitch is takin' all your motherfuckin' check, nigga, you know what I'm sayin'? Like nigga you broke than a motherfucka 'cause you spend it all on these dirty ass hoes. Find you a real woman, my nigga. Yeah

Ain't nobody cuffin' no mo' (nooo)
I can't fall in love with these hoes (nooo)
Ain't nobody cuffin' no mo'
Smoke a blunt, bust a nut then its back to the dough
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I can't fall in love with these hoes (nooo)
Ain't nobody cuffin' no mo' (nooo)
She gon' bust it open, I'ma throw this cake on the floor

Mister Officer, Mister Officer
Please take the hand cuffs off of her
Why you stalkin' her? Why you stalkin' her?
Hackin' phones tryin' to find out who she talkin' to
You was callin' her, you was callin' her
Last night she ain't answer, I was all in her all in her
We was all in her, we was all in her
Made her bust that pussy careful, all my dawgs in here
It was me, Juicy J, and all my wolves from 'round the way
I spend 20, I spend 30, I blow 50 in a day
That ain't nothin' to a boss, I spend 300 on a Wraith
I can't save no mo' hoes, ain't no room in my safe (nooo)

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All these niggas cuffin' and these bitch really nothin'
I can't fall in love, hey bitch, that shit ain't up for discussion
Treat you like a freak because I know your ass be bussin'
He toss a couple dollars, you gonna let that nigga touch it
You used to niggas trickin' but tonight we fuckin'
I can't take you home to momma, I can't take you out in public
I don't spent so much on you I gotta put you in my budget
Shake that ass, make that money, who am I to judge it?
These hoes belong to everybody, everybody
Kill that bitch, that's a dead body, dead body
These hoes, they be backstage, sellin' pussy
These hoes be on Backpage, sellin' pussy

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Hey