

Pull Ya Hoe Card

Kam

[VERSE 1]

Now why must a buster try to act so hard?
Let me clear this bull as I pull niggas' hoe cards
The wall over your eyes, let me remove it
Don't claim to be a soldier when you know you can't prove it
Niggas talk a good game when they're lame as fuck
And you're a coward like Howard, the famous duck
A star-struck groupie might not recognize
That had that ass in a tight spot checkin eyes
In real life you're a midget, niggas thought you was bigger
Homies in the hood askin me (What's up with that nigga?)
If you only knew, you'd probably do somethin drastic
That's why I don't be kickin it, cause niggas is plastic
It was all about money, while I slept she spent
Now honey need to check what she represent
I still got love for em, but they need to be told
All that glitters ain't gold
Don't make me pull your hoe card
(Get your hands off my pocket
What you're handlin my pockets, nigga?
Get your hands off my pockets)
Don't make me pull your hoe card
(Now do everybody see these cards?)
(Yeah, I ain't no punk
I don't give a damn where I am
I'm gon' tell the truth)

[VERSE 2]

It always got to be one
Diarrhea-mouth nigga on the street who let his mouth steady run
411er, call him Mr. Information
Now how the hell do my name always come up in your conversation?
Spreadin gossip like a goddamn plague
If you don't know me, homie, then don't call Kam Craig
Spittin caps on your trap'll get you slapped like a hooker
Sweatin niggas so hard, you think they in a pressure cooker
I took a lotta shit, now I gotta get down
(All them Muslim niggas is marks) Now how that shit sound?
You better ask around before you come up missin
We got ways to handle people who don't want to listen
With respect from the streets to the cell blocks
Somebody might find your tongue and your ears in a mailbox
The hell shocks a hoe and bro broke her down
Yes, I guess the card that was pulled was a joker clown
(To be a hoe)
Don't make me pull your hoe card
(He's postin, he's postin
...right?
Take the hoe, take the hoe)
You know that
Don't make me pull your hoe card
(Think that this is some joke?)
(Come on, take a card, any card)
(Yes
We gon' have to fight tonight)

[VERSE 3]

So will the real O.G.'s please stand up?
Swearin you a gangsta, but got the wrong hand up

'I put that on the hood', that's your favorite line
Quick to jump a gang sign and say (I'm down for mine)
Always talkin bout jail, the nigga ain't served one bid
Braggin bout what you will do, or what you done did
You'd be the man if we let you tell it
But your nuts about the size of a shot gun shell, it
Seems we gon' have to pull your skirt up
Cause I know you ain't down to kick no dirt up, word up
It's like a three-ring circus, all the clowns I see daily
Like they fresh outta Ringling Brothers, bought em in Bali
So let the sideshow begin, step right on in, hoe
Those knowin don't talk, and those who talk really don't know
Turnin tricks on the young and dumb
They hot (But goddamn, Kam, where these busters keep comin from?)
The word of a nerd ain't no good
Cause O.G.'s run the pen, and B.G.'s run the hood
Ain't nowhere to hide, in the streets or on the yard
So if you ain't a troop, somebody due to pull your hoe card
(Right, right, that was live
The director captured the essence of street life
In a war-type situation)
(Think that this some joke?)
(Please don't make me hurt you)
Don't make me pull your hoe card
(And we don't even have to hide
the moneys that we make from hookers)
(It's all in the cards
It's all in the cards, youknowmsayin?)
Don't make me pull your hoe card
(Think that this is some joke?)
Don't make me pull your hoe card
If y'all want these cards, don't take em