

## 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