

Category Hoes

Lil Durk

I got vulture hoes (You do)
They be slutty as shit (For real)
Some be sippin lean (how much?)
Cup be muddy as shit (damn)
Got too many friends (oh ya)
Bitch too bloody and shit (that's crazy)
She don't bring up her pants (she don't)
I know she fuckin' him
But she don't fuck with him
That hoe be stealing from him
Cool lil bitch from the hood
But don't get to feelin' this bitch (I'm not)
She hit the mall every day (finesse)
She just be given me shit (finesse)
That's cause she ain't got a bae (what she got?)
She play with' the gifties and shit
Facts
Facts

I'ma put you on my scammer bitch
(I'ma put you on my savage bitch)
I'ma put you on my hooper bitch
(I'ma put you on my uber bitch)
I'ma put you on my shooter bitch
(I'ma put you on this tutor bitch)
I'ma put you on my cougar bitch
(I'ma put you on this hooper bitch)
I'ma put you on my bad hoe
That hoe be hanging with factors
She wanna bag
She be in her bag though
I hit that until her back broke
She want me to be her backbone
That pussy I'd do the dash for
She know a young nigga cash long (She know a young nigga cash long)
She gon' pop out when her man home (She gon' pop out when her man home)
I just want some head my baby don't act slow (Just want some head my baby do
n't act slow)
Right after this you know you goin' back home (Right after this you know you
goin' back home)
You 'bout to go kiss on that nigga you dead wrong (You know you dead wrong)

You talkin' threesome for them flights, I'ma pay for them
Don't fuck on the first night you goin' to H&M
You lost so many times feel like you hate to win
Our first-time fuckin' I'ma break her in
Hundred thousand worth of jewels, that's how I made an M
Thirty thousand for a show that's why I gave a ten
K, that's my bae
I know these niggas lappin' in her DM everyday
But wait, let me talk
I just gave my bro your number y'all should go and talk
Link up
Smoke and fuck
Don't be shy, no no
Open up
Bitch you basic ask for cash

Bitch you crazy
You know I'm crazy
Let my side bitch wear your bracelets
She got on Gucci track pants
Come and gimme lap dance
I'm just tryna pop out
Feel like KD, got bands
Oh oh oh, get naked for me
Oh oh oh, get naked for me
Take your pants off and get reckless for me
Me and Tee inside that room with them bitches goin' get Ya ya ya ya

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I got a bitch in the jex
She used to give me her checks
Gotta stay tight down there for a nigga
She just be givin' me neck
She a lil don ass bitch
Had to go get her a bag
She told them she wanted that big O
That lil bitch sick in the head
First time hittin' my college bitch
I tried breakin' her bed (breakin' her bed)
She got insomnia
But an orgasm make it easy to rest
She got a quad that's four roomates so we had to wait 'til they left (let's get it)
And she got tired of eatin' on campus, brought her a plate from the chef (eat up)