

Scope

Luniz

I know the whole deal on you tramps
I got the 411 on you stunts
Ho's rig me up or rig me up, only once
My dick's at attention, amazed by the tingle
Thinkin about the ho, so I gave one a jingle...THEN
Threw a fuckin brew down my neck
St., crooked letter, D-E to the S
Dug the shitty gold-diggin bitches
But then I got cheaper like Lucky's, the low price leader
It's the thang to do, up and give the ugly ho's the boot
Cause know I think the fine ho's are skipping to my loot
I know the scoop, I know the whole deal on you tramps
(Treated me like a wet food stamp)
You think you all that cause the shit that you wearin
The gear that you got, the whole crew be sharin
I'm in that ass gigglin, you out for my loot in again
Ya brain must be jigglin

Look at my beanie
Ooo wee got a loonie on my weanie, kablowee
Got tricks up my sleve's like a whodini, you see me
Puttin it, but couldn't it be cool
Won't buy yo ass sea food, fuck, buy me School, my niggas if you got the fat
Pontiac Lafonne's
You'll pull hella bitches like the Fonz
I cons, ho's that mainly won't True's & Vouge's on the "O"
School a young-ass bitch wit a old fool
They only out to get dividends when living in the sauna
A "Material Girl" like Madonna
Your honor, shit is getting hectic and more crazy
Hell yeah they on welfare, but don't spend it on they babies
Act shady, when you call they scandalous-ass a slut
But bro, a ho is someone that get's paid to fuck
If the shoe fits on you bitch, wear it like them fake pony tails
Oops...let my muthafuckin homie tell the scoop

I know the scoop...I know the whole deal on you tramps
(Treated me like a wet food stamp)

I had a brand new jeep and we was rollin
Told her it was mine, but that shit was really stolen
She asked me to shoot her to the crib, so I did
Walked to the house and the bitch had about 12 kids (small world!)
Hangin on my brand new Girbaud's
What's wrong wit my nose, I got a shit stain on my clothes
Look down and say a little BeBe
And felt like bootin that little nigga
'Cross the room like I was Pay-Lay
That's how they get you to the crib
You did couldn't pass off the chance, cause that ass was hella big!
And she was walkin and that fat ass was swingin
I'm thinkin about bangin her, somebody kept ringin her
The phone was ringin every twenty seconds
And I'm still gettin bothered by these dirty adolescent's
Spillin hella kool-aid on my K-Swiss
Hey bitch are you finished?
Grab this bottle, and poured hella drank in it

He was drunk, so the other kids jumped on
Mama grabbed the high hell, and straight clumped em
I still fucked, but it took a little drank though
And I bet I still fuck a stank ho
Why, bother?
I'm bombed out like Pearl Harbor
For sex I cut em loose like a Barbara Beef Cake
The cheapskate, never got swundeld for a bundle
Bitches got weaves on, hair long like Rapunzle
I crumble, a phone number, but I stills bury bozack
Rollin in dough like Pillsbury
I don't carry a pull out, just my pager
But I'll pull out major, Black got more sacks then Lawrence Taylor
Captain Save A...Ho's stashes loot on the low tip
To get the boots, he buys this bitch a Girbaud fit
Shooby, doo-wop, Ohh I got's to have it
Yuk got cabbage, I clothesline a bitch line Randy Savage
Not your average sexual, man to be
Ya handin me the buddah, a bitch couldn't drown me with the Bermudha,
Triangle, I dangle bank roll, suck the dank roll
And I bet I still fuck a stank ho, it's like that

[Chorus Till Fade]